

Current Literature

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VOL. XLV., No. 6 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey DECEMBER, 1908
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A Review of the World

WE SEEN the enemy and they done us." This shining paraphrase of an historical telegram is credited to Mr. Connors, chairman of the Democratic state committee of New York. The remark came just after the election. Theodore Roosevelt's statement, "We have them beaten to a frazzle," which is also redolent of the soil, came just before the election. The two expressions, one the result of foresight, the other of hindsight, tell the story, in brief, of November 3. Mr. Bryan's third effort to be elected President of the United States has fallen about as far short of success as either of his previous attempts. He has carried but four states—Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada and Oklahoma—outside of the "solid south" and the border states, and he has lost an equal number of the border states—Maryland (by a divided vote), West Virginia, Missouri and Delaware. The sum of his pluralities by states this year is about 50,000 less than it was in 1900, while Mr. Taft's is about 350,000 greater than McKinley's was. Taft's popular plurality in the country at large is about 250,000 greater than McKinley's. Taft's vote in the electoral college is almost twice that of Bryan.

IN WHATEVER way regarded, therefore, the figures reveal a sweeping victory for Taft. The only way the Democrats can derive consolation from the figures is by comparing them with the phenomenal figures of four years ago, when Parker ran, instead of with those of eight or twelve years ago, when Bryan ran. Taft's plurality in the popular vote is less than half that of Roosevelt's four years ago. His electoral vote is but fifteen less. The chief loss in the popular vote was in the Western and Middle states. In several of the Eastern states—Rhode Island, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut—Taft's

pluralities run ahead of Roosevelt's. The most sensational feature of the whole result was furnished by New York City. It gave Taft a plurality of over 15,000. Even New York county—the old New York City—gave Bryan less than 6,000 plurality.

ASIDE from the result on presidential candidates, the election returns furnish a number of other interesting features. Indiana and Ohio, while giving Taft majorities, respectively, of 10,000 and 75,000, elected Democratic governors. In each state the liquor question almost dwarfed the national questions, and in each state the Republican candidate for governor had identified himself with the local option cause, to which is attributed his defeat. Harmon, who is elected governor of Ohio by a plurality of about 20,000, is already looming up as candidate for the presidential nomination at the Democratic convention four years from now. John Johnson is another Democrat who has carried his state, Minnesota, for governor, despite a Taft plurality of 100,000. He also is expected to bulk large as a presidential possibility four years hence. The re-election of Hughes as governor of New York state is another matter of national interest. His plurality, about 70,000, is a handsome one, but it does not approach Taft's, which was over 200,000. The election of Foelker—who risked his life by going from a sick-bed to Albany to vote for the anti-race-track bills—to Congress from Brooklyn, and the defeat (either at the primaries or the polls) of all but two of the Republican state senators who voted against those bills, is taken as a further vindication of Governor Hughes and his anti-gambling crusade.

IN MOST states Taft ran ahead of the Republican state ticket, and Bryan behind the Democratic ticket. Missouri was an exception,



MR. TAFT CASTS A VOTE

After his strenuous campaign, Mr. Taft was still able to sit up and take nourishment, and the smile of imperturbable good humor never left his face.

where Hadley, the Republican candidate for governor, who has figured prominently as an inquisitor of Standard Oil officials, received 17,000 plurality, while Taft received but a little over 3,000. Special interest attaches also to the re-election of Judge Dunne, of San Francisco, and of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver. It was Judge Dunne who sentenced Schmidt and Ruef to prison, and his re-election, after a hard fight against him, is heralded as a signal victory for the forces that are trying to clean up the city. Judge Lindsey's work, as judge of the juvenile court, has won international fame. He ran on an independent ticket against two old-party candidates, and his vote was almost as large as that of both his rivals added together. In South

Dakota a vote was taken on the continuance of the present divorce mill, and a decisive majority was rendered against it. People in search of quick and easy divorces will hereafter have to go elsewhere to find them. "The election of 1908," says the *New York Evening Post*, "establishes a new high-water mark for independent voting."

ALL the minor parties seem to have been disappointed in the election returns. The exact figures for Chafin, Hisgen, Watson and Debs will not be known until the official returns are all in, but from the meager returns obtainable in the Associated Press dispatches neither the Socialist, the Populist, nor the Prohibition candidate has made any notable increase over the vote of 1904. Chafin has acknowledged his disappointment that the Prohibition sentiment that has been achieving so many recent non-partisan victories should have manifested itself so slightly in his vote. Debs has explained that the falling off of the Socialist vote in a number of places (notably in Chicago, from 47,743 in 1904 to about 20,000 this year) is not a decline of the real, simon-pure Socialist vote, since many Bryan Democrats voted for the Socialist candidate four years ago merely as a protest against Parker. The *New York Call* (Socialist) admits, however, that it is not satisfied with results, but it consoles itself with recalling that "only sixteen years ago the voting Socialists of this country were a mere handful, numbering 21,000." Hillquit, the Socialist candidate for Congress in lower New York City, whose election was thought probable by many impartial observers, polled a smaller vote than he polled two years ago, and was third in the race. Hunter and Stokes, Socialist candidates for the Legislature, were also badly beaten. In Milwaukee the party had better fortune, again electing six candidates for the Legislature. In Oklahoma the vote of two years ago was doubled.

THE Independence League vote throughout the nation is designated as "little more than a joke," tho complete official returns may modify this view. Hisgen received but 5,260 votes in Chicago, where Hearst has two papers. In California, where another of his string of papers is published, Hisgen's vote was below that of either Debs or Chafin. New York City, however, gave him over 27,000. In his home city, Springfield, Massachusetts, Hisgen's vote was considerably less than two years ago,



WAITING AT THE POLLS

The second man in the line (on the right) is John D. Rockefeller, about to carry out his intention to vote for Mr. Taft, the public announcement of which, a few days before election, created such a stir, bringing forth repudiation from Taft and denunciation from Roosevelt. The gentleman in the silk hat is Judge Parker, candidate for President four years ago. He and Mr. Rockefeller had to stand in line, wait their turn and sign their names to establish their identity just as every other voter had to do.

when he had a plurality for governor. The vote in Georgia, the home state of John Temple Graves, the League's candidate for Vice-president, has excited much unholy merriment in the old-party press. It was but 83 for the whole state. The New England factory towns did but little better. Connecticut gave the League ticket but 501 votes; Rhode Island 814. It was a disappointing day for minor parties all around the horizon.

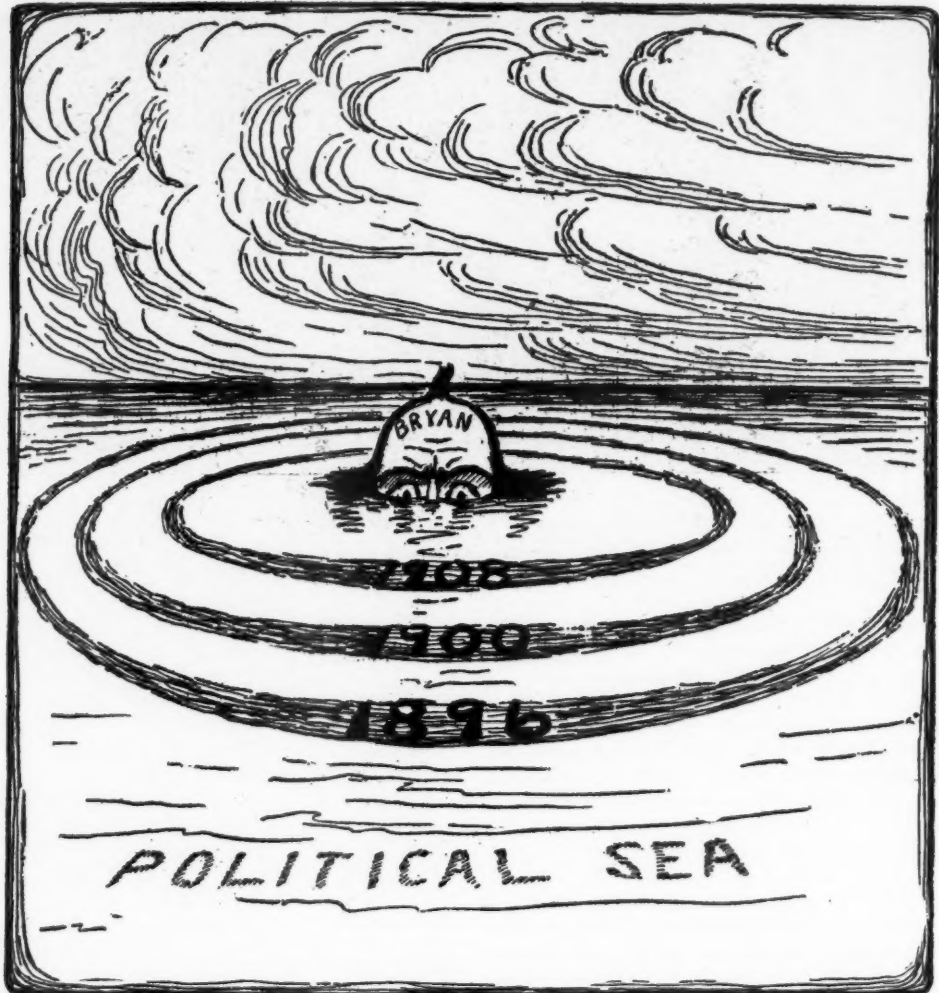
IT IS always an amusing if not profitable thing to read after election the pre-election prophecies. Those of the Democratic leaders, from Mr. Bryan down, were wildly astray. Mack, the Democratic chairman, professed to be sure of 308 electoral votes for Bryan. He got a little more than half that number. Conners claimed 200,000 plurality in New York State for Chanler, Democratic nominee for governor. The claim was close to accuracy except for the fact that it was Taft who got the 200,000, and Chanler was defeated by 70,000 plurality. Conners came within about 270,000 votes, therefore, of judging aright the result in his own state. But some of the Republican leaders in New York State were far astray as well on the Hughes vote. "If Governor Hughes is nominated," said Mr. Barnes, the Republican leader of Albany county, several months ago, "the Democrats will sweep the state." "If Hughes is nominated," said Woodruff, Republican state

chairman, "it will be impossible to elect him." But of all the forecasts of the election, none furnishes such delectable reading to-day as that made at the close of the campaign by Henry Watterson, who had charge of the press bureau for the Democratic national committee. Here are the words of him:

"It is all over but the shouting. They may pour out the Taft-Sinton millions, they may pile up the tainted Trust dollars, they may repeat the villainies of 1896, of 1900, and of 1904, but it will avail them not. The chink of gold cannot deaden the sound of the death rattle in their throat; all the bonfires from Hell to Breakfast cannot give a rosy flush to the death pallor that shines upon their cheek; like Belshazzar of old, they read the writing on the wall, caught and caged, and they exclaim, 'Woe, woe is me, my sin has found me out at last.'"

Colonel Watterson now sorrowfully admits that he "oversized the spiritual and undersized the material in the hearts and minds of the people."

THREE other predictions are worthy of a moment's consideration. Theodore Roosevelt, a week before the election, wrote to Senator Lodge, asserting that east of the Alleghanies "we shall have a larger plurality than four years ago," but west of the Alleghanies "we shall see a heavy falling off in the majorities." If we do not count in Pennsylvania, through which the Alleghanies run, both parts of this prediction were true. He stated that



GOING DOWN THE THIRD TIME
Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

he did not anticipate the loss of any electoral votes in the West except in Missouri and Nevada, the chances were about even in Kentucky, and chances slightly favored Taft in Maryland. Taft won in Missouri by 3,000, and in Maryland by 600; he lost in Nevada by 500, and in Kentucky by 15,000. Mr. Roosevelt slipped up in his forecast on Colorado and Nebraska, both of which states went for Bryan, but by the small pluralities of 5,000 and 2,500. This is very close estimating, and shows that seven years in the White House have not lessened Mr. Roosevelt's ability to gauge public sentiment. Mr. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee,

also established his claims as a political prophet. He claimed 325 electoral votes for Taft—only four too many. He claimed for Taft three states—Colorado, Nebraska and Nevada—which went for Bryan, and he put two states in the doubtful column—Kentucky and Missouri—one of which went for Taft and one for Bryan. Many of his forecasts of pluralities were surprisingly correct. He gave Taft 75,000 in Ohio—just what he got. He gave him 20,000 in West Virginia; he got 20,000. He gave him just the same and he got just the same in South Dakota. He gave him 2,500 to 5,000 in Montana; he got 3,000. He gave him 100,000 in Minnesota; that is



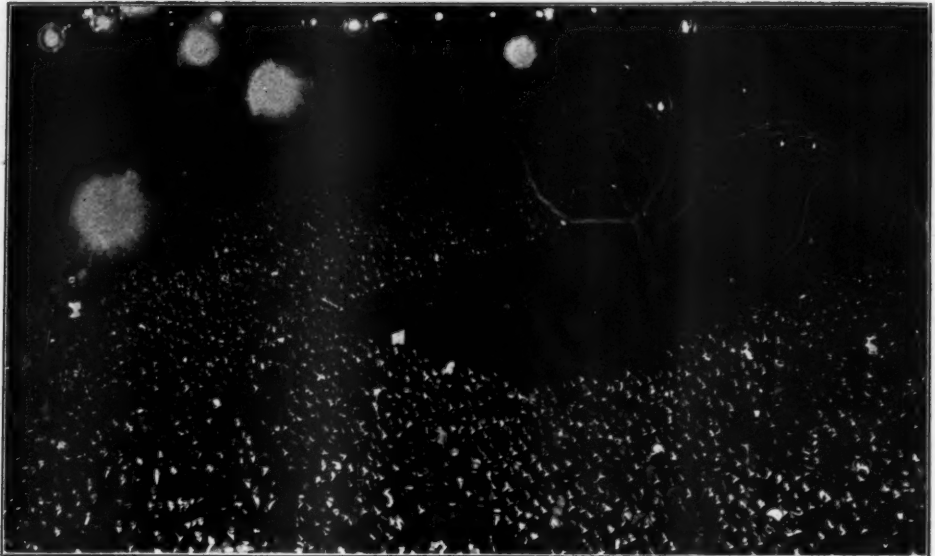
THE SAME OLD CYCLONE

—Kemble in *Harper's Weekly*.

what he got. The pluralities claimed in other states were in nearly every case less than Taft received. The "human card index" seems to have worked on a scientific plan. Another forecast that was marvellously correct was that made in the *Success Magazine* from a "straw vote" gathered from 11,000 of its life subscribers. The general result was correctly foretold (including the election of Hughes) in every state except one—Missouri.

OF THE general press comment on the election, that from the South is probably the most worthy of notice. Nothing Taft did in his campaign attracted more attention than his trip to Southern states, with the frank avowal that while he might not win a single electoral vote in that section, he believed the time had come for a Republican candidate to ask for its vote with a view to re-establishing a normal political division there in the near future. One of the bitterest of the anti-Republican press South, the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, which thinks Mr. Roosevelt "the worst President the United States ever had," and "one of the most lawless men in the United States," says of Taft's election: "He is not a man of towering ability, and not a man of greatest force, but he is a man of infinite good

humor, of broad toleration and a lover of justice. We desired to see a Democrat in the White House—above all that Democrat of towering mind and of flawless character whose cause we have championed to the best of our ability—but if we must put up with a Republican, Mr. Taft is the best man that could have been selected. Mr. Taft has a broader sympathy with the South than any Republican who ever preceded him in the position he is so soon to fill." In another editorial it states that Taft is "extremely popular" in the South, and "entirely without sectional prejudice." The *Houston Post* is another of the papers bitter on the subject of Roosevelt. But it speaks with much respect of Taft. "The President-elect," it says, "is a man of fine ability and good character. There is no personal objection to him. Were he not fettered by the influences which have corrupted the Republican party, he would be able to follow his bent and give the country a magnificent administration." The *Atlanta Constitution* thinks that in the recent election "the Southern states began the writing of their political declaration of independence." It explains as follows: "The result means that the time has passed when a resident of one of these states must buy his social security, often, perhaps, at the price of his



IN CITY HALL SQUARE THE NIGHT OF ELECTION

This is part of one of the crowds waiting on the evening of November 3, in New York City, for the election returns. From the vacant space in the middle the crowd was kept off by a cordon of policemen. Every other available foot of ground was occupied as they watched the newspaper bulletins giving bit by bit the news of Taft's election.

political convictions. Many business men, the South over, most of them adherents of the

Democracy all their lives, dared to support hopefully and openly the candidates of the Republican party because their conviction led them that way."



CHARLES E. HUGHES ADDS ONE TO TAFT'S PLURALITY

Clad in the frock coat in which all his campaigning was done, the Governor of New York State called for his ballot, announced his residence address, signed his name in a big book and then cast his ballot.

A DISPOSITION is manifest also in a number of Southern Democratic journals to see a silver lining to the cloud in the probable effect of Taft's election upon business. "The victory," says the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, "is a business man's victory, and the voting that did it was based on the deep conviction that Mr. Taft's wide and varied experience and judicial temperament are the best calculated to lead to good business results and the development of confidence." The *Louisville Times* congratulates itself that "by temperament Mr. Taft is one averse to the practice of rocking the boat." The *Knoxville Sentinel* attributes Taft's election to the "unjust and unreasoning prejudice" of the business men of the country against Mr. Bryan. The *Little Rock Gazette* seems to be of the same mind. It remarks: "You could go into any Southern city and find men of the old Southern stock, men born of Democratic parents and reared amid Democratic associations, the fathers of many such men having been Confederate soldiers, who would not hesitate to tell you that they intended to vote for Taft. Why? Because these men are in business,

and they believe their business will prosper better under Taft than under Bryan." Another silver lining to the cloud of defeat is seen by the *New York World* in the character of the Democrats who are brought to the front by the election. In Harmon of Ohio, Marshall of Indiana, and Johnson of Minnesota it sees leaders who should do much to regenerate the party in the next four years.

* *



HAT about Mr. Bryan's political future? This question is one that is agitating a very considerable section of the American press, especially the anti-Bryan press. Once again it finds that he is politically dead, and once again it exhibits an uneasy feeling that he "is not sensible of it." Mr.



MR. KERN AT THE POLLING PLACE

The Democratic candidate for Vice-President (the gentleman with a soft hat on and his face toward the camera) is now aspiring, with excellent chances of success, to become a United States Senator from Indiana.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM HERALD SQUARE

Another of the great crowds on election night surged around this part of the city hungry for news and cheering the announcements. This, of course, is a night picture, and the dark shadows in the distance, to right and to left, are a continuation of the mass of humanity extending far down Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

Bryan's statement on the second day after the election is scanned in vain to find any indication that he regards the vote as a mandate against him personally. "If I could regard the defeat as purely a personal one," he remarked, "I would consider it a blessing rather than a misfortune, for I am relieved of the burdens and responsibilities of an office that is attractive only in proportion as it gives an opportunity to render a larger public service. But I shall serve as willingly in a private capacity as in a public one." This declaration brings to the *Richmond Times* "serious and lasting disappointment," because of his failure to say that he will not again be a candidate. "His avoidance of any such assertion," it thinks, "can hardly be dismissed as accidental." This paper opposed his nomination this year, but supported him after his nomination. It professes high regard for him personally, and believes history will give him a prominent place as a reformer. But it adds:

"By this test shall his whole career be judged, for better or worse. If he is a high-minded,



MR. HISGEN VOTES EARLY

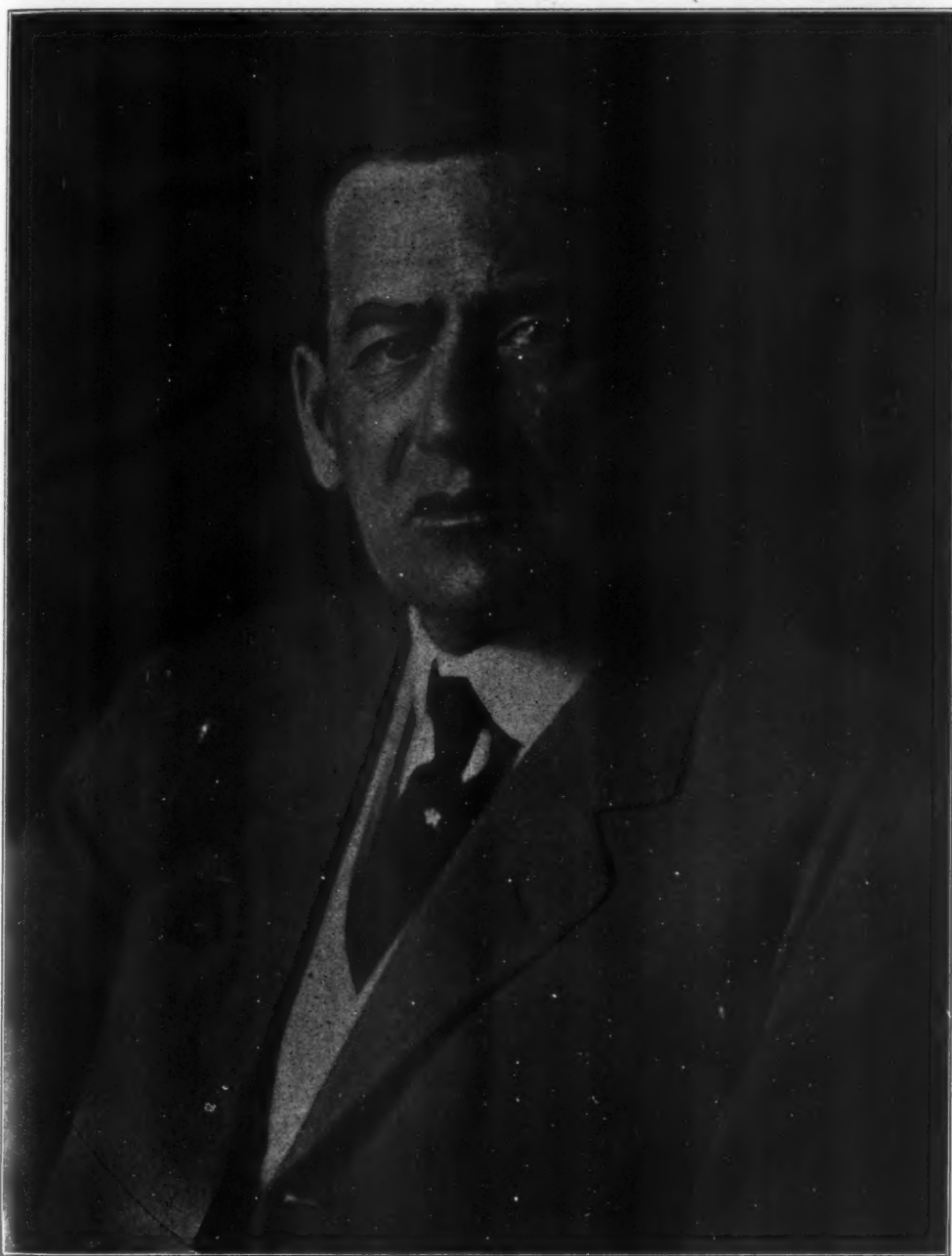
At nine o'clock on the morning of election day, the Independence League's candidate for President slipped in his ballot for the League electors, at the polling place in Springfield, Mass., where he has his home.

public-spirited and generous man, he will not again, in the light of the story of the past twelve years, invite or assume individual responsibility for the future superintendence of his party. If he is not such a man, if he should yield to the inner whisper which bids him accept the possible chance for preferment, come what may, then will history, in offset for such constructive work as he has accomplished, lay upon him sole responsibility for the disruption that must inevitably follow."

MR. MACK ventures this observation: "I do not believe that Mr. Bryan will again be the candidate of the Democratic party for President." Mr. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, asserts that the result in New York City "was due only to Bryan's weakness and the strength of Taft." But Mr. Bryan has failed to admit this, and the *Pittsburg Dispatch* thinks it quite probable that he still nurses the

ambition to be President. "It is a well known theory," it remarks, "that there are certain periods in each person's life the safe passage of which increases his chances for prolonged life. Mr. Bryan has survived enough political climacterics to establish the presumption of immortality. Ordinarily one Presidential defeat is fatal to further ambitions. Two are so clearly so as to convince even Bryan, for the time being. But when a man has achieved three defeats there seems to be no reason why he should not keep on running till a green old age. The hope that in the course of three or four more candidacies that long-expected landslide will come his way may easily spring eternal in the Bryan breast." The *New York World*, another paper that opposed Mr. Bryan's nomination but supported him when nominated, calls attention to the growing size of the popular plurality against him: 601,000 in 1896, 849,000 in 1900, 1,100,000 in 1908. It estimates that the plurality against the Democratic state tickets this year is but 400,000 as against 1,100,000 against the national ticket—"a difference of over 700,000 against Mr. Bryan personally." It assumes as a result that the party is "rid of Mr. Bryan's perpetual candidacy," and is therefore in a better condition to-day than it has been since 1892. Colonel James M. Guffey, of Pittsburg, so unceremoniously unhorsed from leadership of his state delegation at the Denver convention, is now quoted as saying: "We have wiped Mr. Bryan off the face of the earth. He will never be resurrected."

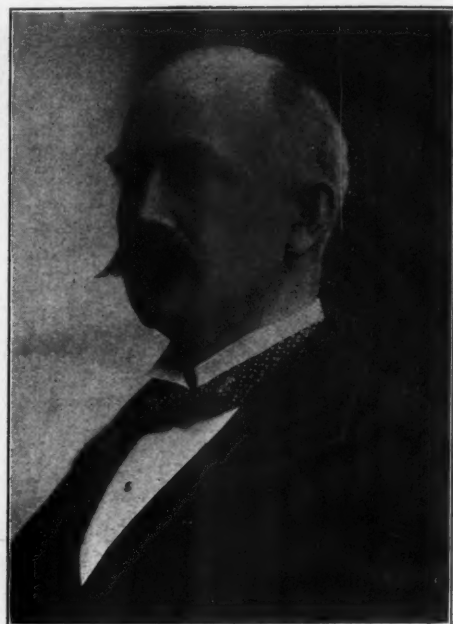
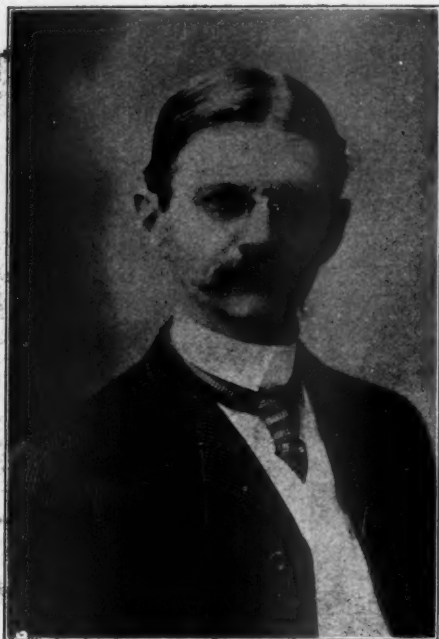
THIS year Nebraska has elected a Democratic legislature, and there is little doubt that, if a senator were to be elected, Mr. Bryan would be the man chosen. But "the fates themselves seem to war against him," observes the *Springfield Republican*. Eight years ago, after his defeat, he would have been chosen senator had not the legislature been unexpectedly captured by the Republicans. This year the Democrats capture the legislature, but it will be two years before Senator Burkett's term expires, and another legislature must be elected before his successor is to be chosen. If Mr. Bryan could have found a field in Congress all these years for his natural activities, we should have had, *The Republican* thinks, fewer Bryan candidacies for the presidency. He stands "as the most conspicuous example in our history of a public man forced by the extreme localism of the American representative system to remain steadily in



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THREE TIMES, BUT NOT OUT

John A. Johnson has broken the record in Minnesota, having just been elected the third time on a Democratic ticket in a Republican state. He overcame this year a Taft plurality of 100,000.



FOUR GOVERNORS-ELECT WHOSE VOTE ILLUSTRATES

At the same time that Indiana gave Taft a plurality of about 10,000, Thomas R. Marshall was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket by a plurality of about 15,000. In consequence, he takes a position of leadership in the national Democracy. In his case, as in that of Harmon, local option was the main state issue.

Altho Ohio gave Taft a plurality of about 75,000, Judson Harmon, Democrat, was elected Governor by about 20,000. He was a member of President Cleveland's cabinet and his success will make him a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination four years hence.

private life." Two character sketches of Mr. Bryan published during the campaign are still attracting attention. One was written by William Allen White, and was published in *Collier's*. It ran as follows:

"In the years that have passed since that day of triumph twelve years ago in Chicago, the face of the young man has grown more rugged. The hair has worn from his forehead. Lines of care have marked his kindly face. Maturity has stamped him indelibly. But his skin is still clear, and seems to reflect in some occult way an honest soul; his mouth is the mouth of a truthful man.

But at the core he is still an agitator, whose mission is to arouse the people, not to rule over them. He is indomitable, but not just. He is strong, but not wise. His heart is right, but his head lacks training. And the times demand justice now—not enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan's election would stop the clock of reform, because of his lack of intellectual strength. . . . Our civilization will survive only as it is just. And he who errs on the side of the weak errs just as fatally to the final settlement of this contest as he who errs for the strong."

THE other sketch to which we refer was published in *Harper's Weekly*, and is written by "An Englishman." If we were to

make a guess as to the identity of its author, we would name James Bryce; but that is the merest guess. The opening paragraph of the article is a severe but brilliant piece of analysis:

"Mr. Bryan is the Peter Pan of American politics. Peter Pan was the boy who simply would not grow up. Mr. Bryan may not in so many words have refused to grow up. On the contrary, I am sure he has tried hard and pathetically to reach a state of intellectual maturity. The trouble is he has failed. He remains essentially what he was when he burst upon the Chicago convention twelve years ago—'the Boy Orator of the Platte.' I hear people talking of 'the new Bryan.' There is no new Bryan. There is a new America, which is a very different thing. But Mr. Bryan himself is unchangeable. Not only has he not grown up, but he never will or can grow up. He shows his sincerity in opposing expansion by not expanding himself. As he was, so he is, and so he will continue to be. Pitt's contemporaries used to say of him that he was not born, but cast. One might say the same, tho with a very different intention, of Mr. Bryan. The faculty of development in him is wanting. He has amassed in the last decade an enormous number of experiences, but no experience. He has honestly tried to improve his mind; he has travelled all round the world in an effort to see



THE RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDEPENDENT VOTE


Governor Deneen, of Illinois, has been re-elected after a hard fight, but his plurality was about 150,000 less than that given to Taft. That means that about 75,000 persons voted for a Democratic governor and a Republican President. Deneen's opponent was Adlai Stevenson, Vice President in Cleveland's second term.

and weigh things for himself. But the experiment has not proved other than a barren one. How could it? Travel is pre-eminently one of those exercises of which the intellectual profits are directly proportionate to the contributions of the traveller. Mr. Bryan went abroad as the average Western American, with all the ingenuousness of mind and nature that belongs to the character. As a Western American he returned, having seen everything and understood nothing; and a Western American he remains, undiluted and unbroadened, with the same facile command and sloppy metaphysics, the same untutored artlessness of attitude and outlook. I dare say many Americans will recall with pleasure a book, published some six years ago, that purported to be the comments of a Chinese official on Western civilization. Even to those who had never been to China, it was all but self-evident that no Chinaman was its author. But Mr. Bryan not only went to China and travelled through it, but came back without the least suspicion that the volume was not what it pretended to be. He actually sat down and wrote an answer to it—and an incredibly thin and vacuous answer it was—solemnly defending Western life, polity, and religion against the strictures of this impudent Oriental. Nothing could have marked Mr. Bryan's intellectual equipment with greater precision. It revealed, as indeed did all the letters he wrote on his travels, his prime and impregnable defect—an incapacity to rise above the most elementary level of reflection, insight, and com-

prehension. To put it briefly and brutally, he cannot think." Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, a Republican, was elected Governor by a plurality of 17,000, running nearly 14,000 ahead of Taft. His popularity is due in large part to the skill and courage he manifested a year or two ago, in New York, as an inquisitor of Standard Oil officials.

prehension. To put it briefly and brutally, he cannot think."

IT IS, perhaps, needless to say that, in the midst of his defeat, Mr. Bryan does not lack eulogists. "The result," remarks the *Memphis News-Scimitar*, "may mean that Mr. Bryan shall never adorn official station. It cannot, however, prevent him from being in his role as a private citizen the Republic's greatest ornament." Neither Mr. Bryan nor his cause, nor the affection of millions of the plain people is dead, thinks the *Columbia State*. They can not be killed by defeat; and some day the victory will come, and Mr. Bryan, whether living or dead, will have his share in that victory. The *Richmond Evening Journal* thinks that his one chief difficulty is that he is too far ahead of his times. "Bryan Democracy," it says, "is a garment cut to fit the future. The country has not yet grown to the stature and proportions that we idealize in our thoughts and would grasp in our higher aspirations. Bryan is truly a voice crying, Prepare the way. Some day—perhaps in our day—the just and human principles of this great mind and heart will be embodied in the laws."

UT of the storm-cloud, vivid with jagged lightnings and vocal with deep mutterings, that hung over Danville, Illinois, all through October, emerged on the morning of November 4 the figure of a young-old man with a slouch hat perched rakishly on his head and a large, black, sinful-looking cigar between his somewhat discolored teeth. For a fortnight or more, about fifty men from the Chicago Federation of Labor had been circulating through that region telling the people what a bad bold man this grizzled old fellow was. Eighteen bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church ("misinformed leaders of hysteria," the old man calls them) had signed a document asking for his political extirpation. The Baptist ministers had met and denounced him. Mr. Gompers, the head of the greatest labor organization ever seen in America, had pleaded personally with the laboring men to relegate him to private life. Mr. William J. Bryan had made an effective thrust at his political vitals. Outside of this old man's own bailiwick he had been assailed in the most vigorous terms, and candidates for Congress had been pledged to sit up nights hating him if they were sent to Washington. But all was of no avail. Joseph G. Cannon had not represented the eighteenth congressional district of Illinois for thirty-four years of almost continuous service without having made some friends and learned some tricks of the political trade that stood him in good stead. All that the combined efforts of his assailants succeeded in doing was to cut down his thumping plurality of 10,000 two years ago to about 8,000 this year.

THE Congress to which Mr. Cannon thus triumphantly returns will be again a Republican Congress, marking the ninth successive victory of the Republican party in securing control of the House of Representatives. The majority will be somewhat less than that of last year, but it will be still large enough for all practical purposes, ranging high up in the forties. Of the "big five" who were in control last year, four are re-elected, and the other one is promoted to be Vice-President of the United States. Three of the victorious four, Cannon, Dalzell and Tawney, had, however, the fiercest fight of their political lives this year. The other, Sereno E. Payne, received a larger majority than usual. Only two of the important House committees, those on commerce and judiciary, will be disturbed as

a result of the election. Hepburn, of Iowa, chairman of the first, and Jenkins, of Wisconsin, chairman of the second, lose their seats. Otherwise the next House will be much the same as before. Landis and Overstreet and Watson, of Indiana, will be missed, the Republicans capturing but two of the delegation from that state, as against nine two years ago. From Nebraska one lonesome Republican Congressman will report for duty this year, the other four having gone down to defeat. In no other states were there any startling changes. "The fact that the Democracy has again lost the House by a wide margin, as well as the presidency," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "indicates that the country found quite as little use for the party itself as for its presidential candidate." The further fact that that party has had greater difficulty in regaining public confidence since its free-silver campaign than it had after its civil war record is a fact that "can be satisfactorily explained, perhaps," the same paper thinks, "only on the assumption that the Democratic party is about to die."

FAR more significant than the slight changes in the House of Representatives are the changes taking place or about to take place in the United States Senate. The control of affairs in that body fell largely, a few years ago, into the hands of a steering committee consisting of Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hale, Platt (of Connecticut), and Spooner. The death of Platt was the first break in this conservative coterie. The retirement of Spooner was the second. The death of Allison a few weeks ago was the third. And according to an announcement made just before the recent election, Senator Aldrich will retire at the close of his present term two years hence. Under the control of these men the Senate has been a conservative body, whose resistance to popular reforms has excited widespread clamor. The phrase, "the treason of the Senate," which a few years ago formed the title to a series of magazine articles that was probably the exciting cause of President Roosevelt's speech against "muckraking," has expressed fairly well the feeling held by a considerable part of the public toward the upper house. Slowly but surely the growth of public sentiment toward radicalism has invaded the Senate, until Washington correspondents are declaring with one accord that that body can not be depended upon much longer to live up to its reputation for conservatism.

THIS tendency will probably be accelerated by the recent campaign. The disclosures made by Mr. Hearst in his publication of the purloined correspondence between John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and Senators Foraker and McLaughlin, Congressman Sibley, and others, will certainly have an influence lasting far beyond the close of the presidential contest. The first effect is the downfall of Senator Foraker, whose term is soon to end. He has been one of the strongest opponents of the "Roosevelt policies" of late years. The most prominent aspirants to fill his place are Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, and Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, both of whom are in close sympathy with the Roosevelt program. In the place of the conservative Allison will be found ex-Governor Cummins, who is described as a second edition of La Follette. There seems to be every reason to expect that Indiana, which has elected a Democratic legislature, will send John W. Kern, Bryan's running mate, to the Senate in place of Hemenway, and Mr. Bryan himself will in all likelihood go there two years hence if the Nebraska legislature continues to have a Democratic plurality. Platt, of New York, is certain to drop out this year, and it is equally certain that Mr. Roosevelt can choose his successor. The dispatches from Washington indicate that it will be Mr. Root, who, of course, is very far from being a radical, but who is pledged by his record to the Roosevelt policies. Two years later, upon the retirement of Senator Depew, it is thought probable that Mr. Roosevelt himself will consent to accept election as his successor. All these changes, it will be observed, are in the direction of a closer correspondence between the upper house and the public sentiment in favor of more rigid regulation of great corporate bodies. "More and more," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "have the radicals been coming into power; more and more are those senators who were supposed to be representatives of the 'interests' been losing their dictatorial power. The people see no reason why they should not rule the Senate as well as the house; as well as the various state assemblies."

THE Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* furnishes other details illustrating this same tendency. Ankeny, of Washington, a representative of the old order, is succeeded by Wesley Jones, "a man of the new type." In South Dakota, Kittredge, an



"ALSO"

—Galbraith in *Boston Herald*.


ally of the old regime, is followed by Crawford, free from all such alliance and likely to remain free. Senator Long's defeat in Kansas by Joseph L. Bristow is regarded as another case of the same sort. Long has been one of the targets for the scorn of Senator La Follette, and his defeat is attributed in a large measure to the Wisconsin senator's attacks. Says *The Times* correspondent, commenting on these cases:

"These are mere instances—the latest instances. Such things have been going on for years. Slowly, silently, the complexion of the United States Senate has been changing. When La Follette came in from Wisconsin the old augurs, secure in the confidence born of many years of rule, thought to elbow him aside and make him a laughing-stock. The little, square-built, pompadour-haired fighter went after their scalps—got some of them, Long's, for instance—and in the very few years that have elapsed since he made his brick-strewn way into the Senate has seen every election record a supporter of the New

Idea. They no longer scoff at La Follette in the big white building on Capitol Hill; they are mortally afraid of him, and as respectful of him as a rattlesnake."

The lower house of Congress, says the same writer, is to-day no more like the house as it was under Carlisle's leadership than it is like the House of Lords. The Presidency has, under Cleveland and Roosevelt, "been completely altered in scope." The Senate is at last yielding rapidly to a new order of things. The Supreme Court alone swings in the storm by its ancient anchors. But in the next four years, four, and perhaps five, new men may take the places of present incumbents, and while Mr. Taft is the last man expected to appoint to such positions featherheads or radicals, it is deemed more than possible that his appointees may change to a considerable degree the spirit of our highest tribunal in its treatment of problems growing out of modern industrial developments.

* * *

HEN the re-election of Governor Hughes, of New York, is commented on by the press of the nation there is a note of enthusiasm that is common to Republican, Democratic and Independent papers alike. The bills against race-track gambling which the Governor pushed to a successful issue have caused a loss the past summer, it is estimated, of \$2,000,000 to the race track associations. They and allied interests, such as the liquor associations, made a strenuous fight against his renomination. Defeated in that, they made a still more arduous campaign against his re-election. They were aided by the traction interests, and, perhaps, by the influence of the insurance societies. For several weeks the betting odds were against Hughes, and just prior to his return from his campaign in the middle states for Taft the situation was decidedly discouraging to his friends. He had but three weeks in which to turn the tide. Even before he reached the state, he asked a series of questions of Mr. Chanler, his opponent, that checked the flight of that gentleman's aeroplane in mid-air. Chanler took the worst possible course he could have taken. He began to dodge and evade. Driven rather hard, he tried to beat the Governor at his own tactics, and asked a series of questions for Mr. Hughes to answer. The answers were given within a few hours' time. Mr. Chanler then replied, but the weakness of his replies

and the length of time taken to make them placed him in a disadvantageous light. Mr. Hughes ran far behind Mr. Taft on election day, but had the handsome plurality of 70,000.

ALL over the country the press has commented on the result almost as if it were a national instead of a state election. "If ever there were a triumph of the people," says the *Boston Herald* (Ind.), "it is this triumph of Governor Hughes." "The Republican and Democratic machines of New York," observes the *Philadelphia Record* (Dem.), "are less dangerous because of his re-election, and his victory should prove an inspiration to honest men called to public place in all parts of the nation." He ranks with Roosevelt and Taft, the *Kansas City Star* (Ind.) thinks, as an exponent of the square deal, and "has not only carried New York State, but he has conquered the nation." The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) thinks it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of his re-election. "As a victory attained by sheer force of merit," it goes on to say, "it has hardly a parallel in the history of American politics" when one considers it in the light of his whole political career and remembers that his series of victories have been accomplished "without recourse either to intrigue and combination on the one hand or inflammatory appeals to the people on the other." "Such an example," it concludes, "of the highest citizenship, crowned with such a manifestation of the public approval, is a priceless possession for the nation. There is not a good cause in the country to-day that is not the stronger for it, and all Americans, regardless of party, have reason to acclaim it as a piece of national good fortune." Many other Democratic papers comment in the same strain, despite the fact, as pointed out by the *New York Times* (Ind.), that Mr. Hughes is "frankly a partisan himself," and has by his course as a party man put the party method, when confined to its proper limits and legitimate functions, "in better repute than ever." The *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.) thinks that he has been waging the same battle against special privileges and corrupted interests that must be waged in every state, and his victory "has made him a national character." He is "one of the party's great men," in the judgment of the *New York Tribune* (Rep.), and "it is its capacity to breed such men as Hughes, Roosevelt and Taft, in contrast to the Democratic party's poverty in serviceable leadership, that has made it so remarkably

successful in recent years." We have looked in vain for dissenting voices in the chorus of praise from the press of the whole country.

* * *



OW that the presidential election has taken its place in the list of things accomplished, the returning tide of prosperity seems to be accelerated all along the line. The conditions were all ready for it. Large crops had been safely harvested, the medium of exchange had become abundant (\$222,000,000 more of it being in circulation at the opening of November than last year), and peace was encircling the globe. As soon as the ballots were counted forces were released that set mills to clattering and factories to roaring. The scenes on the New York Stock Exchange resumed their old-time frenzied appearance. The price of Steel Common went within a week to the highest point of its history, the quarterly report of the giant corporation showing earnings of \$27,106,274, considerably in excess of the highest expectations of the market. The Harriman Pacific roads made a September report that was "the amazement of Wall Street." The gross earnings were \$464,360 in excess of the corresponding month a year ago, while the expenses of operation and maintenance were reduced from 60 per cent. of last year to 43.3 per cent. this year, the net earnings for the month thus being \$1,416,000 greater than last year. These two things alone—the Steel corporation's report and that of the Pacific railways—were enough to create a bull market. The election of Taft, of course, had nothing to do with these reports, which pertained to conditions ending September 30. But coming along a few days before the election, they helped to swell the wave of prosperity, and to give added force to the claims of the Republicans that Taft's election meant the return of prosperity.

A GAIN of eight points in Steel Common three days after the election, a gain of seven points in Union Pacific, seven in Northern Pacific, six in Reading, ten in New York Central, ten in New Haven, are a few details of the story as told at once by Wall Street. The price of copper stocks soared as the price of copper went up to 14¼ cents a pound, the highest price since the slump of a year ago. "Within a week," remarked the Springfield Republican, "the whole face of the industrial situation and outlook seems to have

changed, and words of caution become pertinent where before exhortation for greater business hope and confidence was in order." Mr. Taft's post-election announcement that "every business man who is obeying the law may go ahead with all the energy in his possession," and that "every enterprise which is within the statutes may proceed without fear of interference from the administration, when acting legally," was taken as reassuring, tho coupled with the warning that "a rigid enforcement of the laws against dishonest methods" may still be expected. From New England came the announcement that the cotton mills had been making the heaviest purchases, during the preceding month, ever known in the history of the trade. From Pittsburg came the announcement of a five-million-dollar order from the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Westinghouse companies. On the heels of that came an announcement from the General Electric of contracts aggregating a like sum for hydro-electric equipment in California. In New York City the local contracts registered for building exceeded all records of the last ten years. From the 3,000 members of the National Association of Manufacturers came word, in response to inquiries of *American Industries*, the official organ of the association, that they would put at least 200,000 additional hands at work before January next. If the rest of the 13,000 manufacturers of the country employing more than 100 hands each do equally well, that will mean a call for at least 650,000 more employees in that branch of industry.

THE short-of-help cry was, in fact, raised in Pennsylvania and some sections of the Middle West within a week after Taft's election, and the call "Come back!" went at once from the agents of the transatlantic steamship lines to the emigrants who have returned to the old world during the last year, the number being 226,000 in excess of the year previous. Everywhere the voice of hope and encouragement has been raised. "There is nothing in sight," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "to alarm the industrial world and keep it from giving undivided attention to a most important task—the full restoration of prosperity." "There is not a single cloud on our commercial sky," says the *Washington Star*, jubilantly; "basic conditions are splendid. Industry is ready to take up its march." "We close the year in confidence and hope," sings the *Louisville Post*; "the wheels begin to turn



CHIVALRY

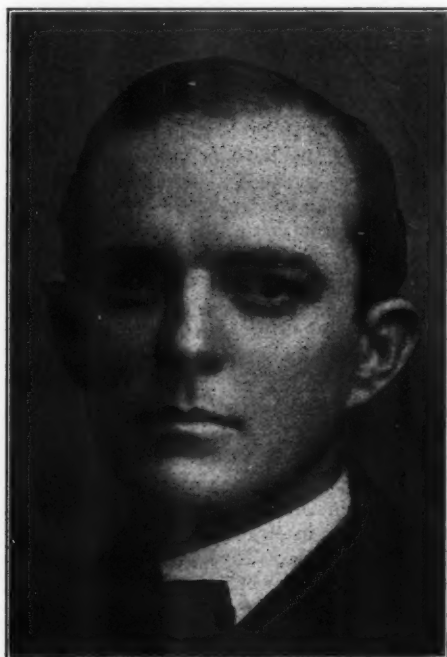
—Macauley in N. Y. World.

around; the strain is relaxed; the night passes and prosperity dawns on a self-governing people secure in their rights and loyal to their obligations."

* * *

IN THE shooting affray in Nashville in which ex-Senator Carmack was instantly killed, and in the murder of Captain Rankin by night-riders in the western part of the same state, Tennessee assumes for a time an unenviable prominence. The Carmack tragedy is a sequel to the recent political campaign. The ex-Senator was a candidate for governor, on a platform declaring for state-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic. He was beaten by Governor Patterson, on a local option platform. In his campaign and in his subsequent writing as editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*, Carmack made reference in his usual caustic style to one of Patterson's leading supporters, Colonel Duncan Cooper. The latter demanded that his name be kept out of Carmack's paper. The demand was refused. Cooper made threats of personal violence, and Carmack was persuaded by his associates to arm himself. The two men met on the street. Carmack and the son of the colonel exchanged shots, Carmack fell dead, young Cooper was taken to the hospital shot in the shoulder, and the elder Cooper was arrested. No event has so stirred the South since the shooting of Editor Gonzales by Tillman in South Carolina.

THE men are all prominent citizens and have many friends. Carmack was twice in Congress, and served one term in the United States Senate, distinguishing himself for his brilliancy and wit as a debater. He was at the time of his death probably the most popular man in Tennessee politics. The Coopers come of a distinguished family that has given the state a senator, a chief justice, and a secretary to President Johnson. Colonel Cooper himself was a friend of President Cleveland's, is one of Governor Patterson's intimate advisers, and used to be a close friend of Carmack, to whom he gave his first start in a journalistic career. Young Cooper is just out of college, has been studying law, and is said to be "a boy of great charm, thoroly liked and regarded." One of the friends of all three men, Colonel Shook, says of the tragedy: "This thing is a tremendous shock to the entire South; it is equaled by nothing since the Civil War." He apprehends as a result "violent bitter partizanship between prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists." The former, it may be noted, control the legislature as a result of the election. The latter elected their candidate for governor.



JUST OUT OF A COLLEGE; NOW IN A PRISON CELL

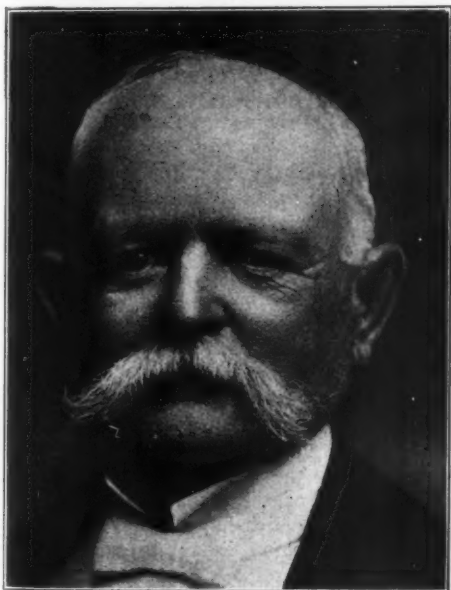
The young man who took up the political quarrel of his father, Colonel Duncan Cooper, and shot Ex-Senator Carmack on the streets of Nashville.

ONLY a few weeks preceding this tragedy the state was startled by the murder of Captain Rankin, and the escape, almost by miracle, of Judge Taylor from the same fate. The Carmack tragedy stands by itself. The night-rider murder was but one of a series of acts of lawlessness that is agitating several states, and has led to the calling of a conference of governors to consider methods for united action, namely, the governors of Kentucky, Arkansas and Tennessee, and perhaps those of Missouri, Mississippi and Alabama. In all these states, but especially in the first three, night-riding of about the same sort as that which characterized the Ku Klux Klan in its later degenerate days has been revived, for the purpose of avenging the riders for real or fancied wrongs. In 1811 an earthquake created what is known as Reel Foot Lake, in Western Tennessee, covering 40,000 acres. It submerged a valuable forest of walnut trees. Thirty years ago a Mr. Wilson acquired the land grants covering the region, and he has been ever since trying to drain the water off, being prevented by legal proceedings. On the shores of the lake quite a community of squatters has become settled, whose livelihood con-



THE BRILLIANT VICTIM OF AN ACRID POLITICAL CONTROVERSY

Ex-Senator Carmack was one of the most popular and able men of the South. His career in the Senate of the United States is vividly remembered for his skill as a debater, his caustic personal remarks and his abounding wit and eloquence. He is hailed by many as a Prohibition martyr.



HIS QUARREL WITH CARMACK WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE DEATH

Colonel Duncan Cooper, prominent for years in Tennessee politics, demanded that his name be kept out of Carmack's paper. Carmack's refusal led to the fatal ending. Colonel Cooper and his son are now under arrest for murder.

sists in large part of fishing in the waters of the lake.

LAST March a lease of the fishing privileges was made, and injunctions were served by the lessee on the squatters. Captain Rankin and Judge Taylor have been the organizers of the West Tennessee Land Company, which purposes to reclaim the submerged land. The two men were called out of their hotel one evening by a band of the night-riders, the former was hung and shot, and the latter, taking advantage of the fact that the rifles of his captors were empty for the moment, plunged through a bog and into a small river, concealing himself in the twilight behind a log, and afterward swimming ashore and wandering about the country for two nights and a day before he reached safety. Governor Patterson promptly declared the region under martial law, scores of arrests have been made, several of the lawless conspirators have made confessions, and the trials are soon to proceed. The grievance of the squatters is one that excites the sympathy of many, but their methods, which are practically the same as those used in Kentucky in the war of the



"LO, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!"

The Duke of the Abruzzi, now as famous for his courtship as he has long been for his explorations, is admired for a face which combines comeliness with strength.

tobacco-growers against the warehouse combination, and in other states to prevent the marketing of cotton, in order to force up the price, is becoming a serious menace to a large part of the South.

TO SAY that such things are condoned in the South would be entirely untrue so far at least as the leading newspapers are concerned. Kentucky is witnessing, as a result of night-riding, according to the *Louisville Courier Journal*, an actual exodus of farmers, who are disposing of their property and moving out of the state. The editorial utterances in the press of the South strongly condemn the lawlessness. Here is one of them, from the *Columbia, S. C., State*: "We wish to here emphasize one certain truth: The men and the newspapers that give countenance or comfort to any lynchings at any time are giving warmth and food to the reptile representatives of that spirit of savagery that was exemplified in Tennessee. There can be no condoning, no temporizing with that spirit. The law must be master; not through sufferance of the mob, but—for those that do not love it—through

terror of its strength." The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* calls Colonel Cooper's reason for the shooting of Carmack miserably artificial and weak. "Riots, forcible boycotts, night riders, cotton burners, lynchers, gentlemen murderers," it says, "all alike aim perhaps unwittingly, but none the less surely, at the destruction of law, and with the law goes society." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks that if Colonel Cooper has too sensitive a soul for the give-and-take of political warfare he should have retired long ago from politics. Viewed even from the standpoint of the "code of honor," Mr. Carmack, it thinks, was the victim of "a cowardly murder." Here is a sample Northern comment, from the *New York World*:

"It is no defence to say that there was right and wrong on both sides. There usually is. But this method of settling political quarrels is a brutal survival from times when cave men fought for cocoanuts with clubs. It is on a level with gang murders or Black Hand feuds among the most degraded toughs of New York. With such sordid crimes neither personal honor nor sense of public duty has any conceivable connection. In the sequel of this tragedy the State of Tennessee is itself on trial. Its title to civilization is clouded if such a murder goes unpunished upon the usual plea of 'self-defence.'"



TWO mutually irreconcilable sets of "facts" continued throughout the month just ended to involve in more uncertainty than ever both the time and the place of that marriage between the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins, of West Virginia. Much and definite information, disseminated from the home of the young lady, justified an inference that the wedding might be celebrated this very month. Within a fortnight have come despatches from Rome hinting the remoteness of the possibility that the Abruzzi-Elkins union can come to pass in any event. The *Tribuna* and other newspapers published in Rome continued their expressions of disgust at what they deem "the undue interference of the American press" in the private affairs of the Italian nobleman. All the particulars which have appeared with regard to the "million dollar dowry," the conversion of the young lady to the Roman Catholic religion, the family dissension in the house of Savoy, the presents purchased for the bride, the messages sent by the young lady to the Duke, are characterized as mere inventions. Even the positive statement that Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy-Aosta, Duke of the Abruzzi,

has been given three months' leave of absence as an officer of the Italian navy with permission to visit foreign countries, is contradicted. Tall, clean shaven, with finely chiselled features and of a rich olive complexion deepened by constant exposure to wind and weather, the Duke looked, on the occasion of a visit which he paid to this country months ago, a picture of young and vigorous manhood. His countenance has paled of late, according to reports. The cares in which his courtship has involved him are many and trying to the temper.

AS TO the manner in which the Abruzzi-Elkins marriage—assuming that it is actually to take place—would be solemnized, the assertion made in our newspapers some weeks since that the place for the ceremony will be Washington is again contradicted by the *Rome Tribuna*. That daily points out a provision in the Italian civil code to the effect that the marriage of a member of the Italian royal family shall take place before the president of the Senate acting as an officer of the civil state, and the president of the council of ministers (the Premier) officiating as the crown notary. It is highly improbable that the President of the Italian Senate and the Prime Minister of the kingdom will proceed to America. Perhaps there is to be a religious ceremony in this country and a legal ceremony in the native land of the Duke; but this again, observes the Roman organ, would involve so many revolutionary practices in the procedure of both church and state as to be well nigh impossible. There has been talk of a possible renunciation by the Duke of his rights to the throne, but this point has not been pressed, notwithstanding the conservatism of a few of the Savoy princesses.

THE conversion of the King of Italy from opposition to this match to an attitude of warm approval is due, say European gossips, to his own failure to make his reign socially successful. Queen Elena is a failure socially as well. But for the brilliance of the Queen Dowager, Margherita—no friend to the American alliance of the Duke of the Abruzzi—the house of Savoy would present rather a shabby aspect to the Roman world of nobles, ecclesiastics and foreign visitors. Only the pilgrimages to the Vatican now remind the visitor to the Italian capital that the eternal city was once mistress of the world. Victor Immanuel III is said to feel this circumstance keenly. Possessed of a warm heart, a keen



THE POSSIBLE AMERICAN DUCHESS

Miss Katherine Elkins has that type of beauty to which the term "statuesque" is often applied. She exemplifies what the Parisian male dressmakers call "the American figure"—long of limb, erect in carriage and with an absence of that droop at the shoulder which Burne-Jones puts into his divinities.

and cultured intellect and great power of work, he lacks that geniality which makes sovereigns popular in these democratic days, according to the *London Post*. Nowadays the Queen, engrossed in the care of a young family, goes scarcely anywhere. The Queen mother has to

sustain the social burdens of the dynasty. It is she, we read, who patronizes art and music, literature and learning, opens new buildings and inaugurates works of charity.

ACCEPTING at its face value the story that the Queen Dowager of Italy has entered an objection to the Abruzzi-Elkins wedding, the position of the American heiress, were she wedded to his Highness in spite of that, would be enormously difficult. Combining unusual intellectual power with great personal charm, Margherita continues to enthral, "as she has always enthralled," all classes of Italians. Moreover, she is an Italian, more than ever "the pearl of Savoy." Without her aid, society in Italy, says the *London Post*, would almost wholly lack "that lustre which royalty adds." The Italians rejoice that Queen Elena is a good mother and devoted wife, but they regret that she does not show herself more in public. It is the expectation of the King of Italy, says rumor, that an American heiress, gifted with the social charms for which her countrywomen are so famous, will remodel the etiquet of the somewhat shabby court, and bring to the Quirinal some of the glitter which attaches too exclusively to the court of the Vatican. From a financial and spectacular point of view, therefore, the house of Savoy feels no opposition to the engagement.

MANY of the comments made in ministerial Italian organs on the romantic episode in the Italian royal house include an exhortation to the Pope to reconcile himself with the house of Savoy. Clerical papers in the kingdom insist that the sovereign pontiff has placed no obstacle in the way of the Abruzzi-Elkins match. Pope Pius X is even ready to join the other sovereign—his Holiness is a king in the Vatican—at Rome in offering his congratulations. The political differences between the house of Savoy, says one paper, and the papacy have never prevented the personal relations of the heads of the two powers from being courteous. The politeness and private good will of the pontiff are, as a matter of course, exhibited on an occasion when the family feelings of the royal house are strongly appealed to. It may turn out true that should Miss Elkins wed the Duke in Washington, the apostolic delegate will officiate at the ceremony with the co-operation of the one prince of the church in the United States, Cardinal Gibbons. But nothing will be permitted that

might imply a formal renunciation of the Pope's claim to be the only sovereign with a right to reign in Rome.

FABULOUS notions regarding the wealth of the Duke's bride are in circulation among the Abruzzese, who can scarcely believe the report that Miss Elkins is a white woman. The men of the Abruzzi come in large numbers to America, but their ignorance of the outer world is reported in the *London Telegraph* to be astounding. They understand that the Americans are for the most part of English descent, and as the English are black it follows that Miss Elkins must be black too! However, the Abruzzese understand that West Virginia is an important state, the revenues of which will afford the Duke's bride a fine income. "This is not precisely a misapprehension," says the *Rome Avanti*, "for the fortune of the Senator comes from his ownership of coal lands and railroads in the state." As for the Abruzzi, that region of Italy is as mountainous as West Virginia, but, unlike the American state, it has an immemorial history, and has given great singers and improvisatori to the world. Among them was that Gabriel Rossetti who became the father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Gabriel d'Annunzio—his real name is Gaetano Rapagnetto—has from the Abruzzi, where the Duke is almost divine.

HUNGARIAN newspapers have taken the profoundest interest in that feature of the Abruzzi-Elkins courtship which eliminates the morganatic element from it altogether. The heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary has a morganatic wife whose children are excluded from the throne because her birth was not royal. The spectacle of an American girl received on terms of absolute equality into the proudest reigning family in Europe will tremendously influence, predicts the *Paris Figaro*, the course of the agitation to secure for the Princess Hohenberg—once the Countess Chotek—the rank she desires for the sake of her children. The whole subject of morganatic marriages has been rendered acute in Austria by the gossip to which the Abruzzi romance has led. The Hungarians are more determined than ever, says the *Budapest Hirlap*, to place the crown of St. Stephen upon the brow of the eldest son of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand—"be the objections of the haughty Austrians mountain high." But the American Duchess of the Abruzzi will be

deemed a morganatic wife at the court of Vienna, says the Rome *Avanti*, whatever rank Italy may give her.



SHRILL cry of "Votes for women!" came from the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons as the members of that deliberative body settled themselves in their seats to listen to the final stage of the debate on the licensing bill. In an instant every masculine countenance on the floor below was upturned to the brass-work filling the spaces between the stone mullions of the balcony reserved for spectators of the fair sex. A young, smartly gowned but dishevelled woman of unusual prettiness was struggling with attendants wearing faultless evening dress and badges of authority. Before the occupant of the Speaker's chair had recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to order a resumption of the interrupted debate, a two-foot banner was thrust through the brass-work—technically called the grille—and a shower of handbills began to descend upon the Conservatives, Liberals, Laborites, Home Rulers and Socialists below. "Mr. Speaker!" shrieked the pretty lady, resisting with all her strength the efforts of the sergeant-at-arms to put his hand over her mouth, "we have listened too long to the illogical utterances of men who know not what they say. Attend to the women! We demand of this government, calling itself Liberal, but really the most illiberal—" By this time the staff of the sergeant-at-arms had managed to suspend the powers of speech of Miss Helen Fox—for that ornament of the Women's Freedom League was leading this most sensational of all the suffragette demonstrations—but they could not hustle her out of the ladies' gallery because she had padlocked herself to the brass-work.

FOR fully ten minutes the attendants pulled desperately at the grille in vain efforts to wrest it from its supports, during which interval Miss Helen Fox delivered herself of fragments of a speech she had prepared on the rights of woman. Meanwhile the two-foot banner had descended on the end of its rope supports to within a few feet of the reporters' tables, where it flaunted itself in the faces of the Commons with the announcement that the "Women's Freedom League demands votes for women this session." For another young lady,



THE SUFFRAGETTE WHO CHAINED HERSELF UP AND DEFIED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Miss Helen Fox arrived in the ladies' gallery with a padlock and chain concealed in a bag. Watching her opportunity, she chained herself to the brass work and interrupted the debate on the licensing bill with a loud vociferation that the women of the country want the suffrage. It took several men ten minutes to get the young woman away.

Miss Muriel Mathers, had chained herself to the grille and was jabbing the staff of the sergeant-at-arms with a hatpin while she cried to the House of Commons below: "For forty years we have listened behind this grille. We, the women of England; we, your wives, sisters and sweethearts—" At this stage of the demonstration the brass-work yielded to the tugging of a dozen men, and came out of its fastenings with a suddenness that precipitated suffragettes, police, sergeants-at-arms and locksmiths to the floor. Some twenty women occupants of the gallery had by this time fled to the corridor without. Below all was confusion.

SHOWERS of handbills were still descending at intervals upon the Speaker's chair and falling in profusion at the feet of the Prime Minister, who had hurried in from the lobby when the ladies were pried from their moorings. The literature emanated from the strangers' gallery, in which a tall, pale youth was loudly demanding justice for the women of England. He was thrown out by the scruff of the neck, whereupon a fresh distribution



THE SUFFRAGETTE QUARTETTE UNDER ARREST

The four young women, who in their facetiousness have donned male overcoats, include that champion of votes for women who padlocked herself to the grille in the House of Commons, Miss Helen Fox. She is at the reader's right. At the other end of the line is that able organizer of the suffragettes, Miss Alison Nollans, on her immediate left being Mrs. How Martyn, a rising orator of the agitation, while Mrs. Billington Greig, the eloquent, is seen pinning a sprig of something to the lapel of her coat.



OUT OF JAIL AGAIN AND UNREPENTANT

These women have just terminated a sentence of three months at Holloway Jail for breaking through the police lines and forcing their way into forbidden places as a method of attracting public attention to the crusade in favor of votes for women.



THE ORDEAL OF CHRISTABEL PANKHURST

She is here in the police court which sent her to prison for attempting to "rush" the Commons, and she is readily distinguishable by her attitude of strained attention, her cheek resting in a hand as she stands in her white dress. Mrs. Flora Drummond, one of the very greatest of the suffragette leaders, has a hand at her forehead, while Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, widowed mother of Christabel, holds a folded paper in one hand as she sits on the hither side in the railed pen.



SUFFRAGETTE HEROINES APOTHEOSIZED

These women have just been released from Holloway jail, and they are going to a suffragette mass meeting in white dresses, preceded by a band. These ceremonial demonstrations occur whenever a fresh batch of suffragettes terminate their periods of durance on bread and water.

of handbills from another direction brought on a new hubbub. But all this was pantomime beside the fury of the fray outside in the narrow passage which leads from the corridor to the gallery. Miss Helen Fox was still chained securely to that section of the grille which had been wrested from the stone. She walked at the length of her chain in the wake of men carrying the heavy brass work, while Miss Muriel Mathers, in the same predicament, brought up the rear of what had now become a suffragette Sedan. It took ten minutes of steady filing to free the captives from their fetters, so securely had the ladies bound themselves with chains fastened around their waists by means of patent self-locking padlocks.

IT WAS by this time manifest that the suffragettes in the ladies' gallery were subordinate factors in a conspiracy generalised from the street to storm the House of Commons through the lobbies. Women with permits had been arriving since eight o'clock in the evening, some coming in couples, and others singly. A whole battalion had organized itself at the base of the equestrian statue of Richard the First in the square outside. The suspicions of the police had been excited as far back as the dinner hour. The secrets of the Women's Freedom League—not to be confused with that "National Women's Social and Political Union" of which Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters are the inspiration and example—were betrayed to the police, now drawn across the entrance to the Commons by St. Stephen's porch. Just then the noted leader of the Women's Freedom League, Mrs. Marion Holmes, appeared at the head of twenty women and charged the platoon of police guarding the entrance by the porch. This created the confusion under cover of which Miss Dorothy Malony, one of the most effective orators in the agitation, was enabled to mount the plinth of the equestrian statue. The riot had now begun.

SUFFRAGETTES from all over England were in the crowds that by this time had gathered to witness what was meant to be an invasion by physical force of the floor of the Commons. "Now then," shouted the inspector in charge of the three hundred policemen on duty in the square, as he stood on tiptoe at the foot of the statue and raised his arm to seize Miss Dorothy Malony by the only portion of her frame available for that purpose,

her ankles, "come down off of that, will you?" The arm of the young lady was around the horse's neck, but she managed to kick the policeman's hat off, while Mrs. Marion Holmes, having effected a diversion, rushed the platoon under the command of the inspector, who, clinging to Dorothy Malony's ankle, fell. The ensuing *melée* prevented co-operation between the demonstrators outside and those within, for at the very moment the young women in the ladies' gallery were padlocking themselves to the grille, crying "Votes for Women!" Miss Malony was flat at the base of King Richard's statue with the police inspector beside her, and Mrs. Holmes, with her force of suffragettes, was beating back the reinforcements from Scotland Yard.

FIFTEEN women, all conspicuous in one capacity or another as workers for the suffragette cause, were soon behind the bars. Less than a week prior to this riot, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the ablest strategist evolved by the suffragette rebellions, and her no less famous daughter, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment at hard labor for an attempt to rush the Commons, in repelling which the services of more than three thousand policemen had been requisitioned. Undaunted by the tactical failure at the plinth of King Richard's monument, the suffragettes held a monster meeting the very next night. Its dramatic moment was the simultaneous rising of the whole vast audience in silent salute to the leaders and workers now in prison. Miss Christabel Pankhurst was at that moment wearing prison garb in Holloway jail. For the greater part of the day she endured solitary confinement. She was not allowed to have newspapers or letters or any communication, except at infrequent intervals, with the outside world. Altho her imprisoned mother has been transferred to the hospital, Miss Christabel is indomitable, and sent her congratulations to the fomenters of last month's riot.

THE Draconian severities of the prison rigor meted out to the Pankhurst ladies precipitated something like a tumult in the House of Commons before any suffragette had padlocked herself to the grille. That able member of the trio of "yellow journalist" brethren controlling so many London publications, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, asked the Home Secretary to consider the possibility of treating the imprisoned suffragettes less harshly.

Before Mr. Herbert Gladstone could reply, a Liberal member urged him to take care that "these rich and delicately nurtured ladies receive exactly the same treatment as is meted out to the poor starving wives of unemployed workmen when they are tempted to break the law and assault the police." The hint was received with loud applause by those among the Commons who profess to be disgusted at suffragette termagence. The Home Secretary got upon his feet long enough to tell the house that the discipline to which suffragettes are subjected while in prison depends upon the "division" to which the committing magistrate assigns them. In his official capacity, Mr. Gladstone averred he could not ameliorate the lot of Miss Pankhurst.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the attempt to "rush" the Commons for which the Pankhursts won their present martyrdom, thousands of London policemen had to be ordered to special duty, ten persons were severely wounded in scuffles, seven constables were put on the sick list, thirty-seven persons were arrested, and traffic was stopped in the metropolis of the world for hours. At the trial of the Pankhursts, no less eminent a member of the Asquith ministry than its Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd-George, went into the witness-box. He happened to be passing through Trafalgar Square with his little daughter while Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter were haranguing the open air meeting which the London *Spectator* denounces as the most deliberate and dangerous conspiracy against the peace of the realm in the past decade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was mercilessly cross-examined by Miss Pankhurst herself, who has passed her examination for admission to the bar, but can not practice because of her sex. Much of the illustrious Welshman's evidence had reference to the phraseology of a handbill containing the words "to rush the House of Commons"—illegal and provocative words in the eyes of the law.

ASSUMING the part of leading counsel for the defence not only of herself but of her mother and of that other distinguished suffragette, Mrs. Flora Drummond, on trial likewise as an inciter to riot, Miss Christabel Pankhurst divested herself of her elegant princess coat, fitted to the figure with great exactness, and stood revealed in a gown of spotless white accentuated at the waist line through the medium of a green and mauve belt. Small

Directoire lines predominated in Miss Pankhurst's effective hat, drooping at both sides of the wide brim. Never had the melody of her accent a more ringing emphasis than when she fenced verbally with the Chancellor of the Exchequer regarding the significance to be attached to the incendiary exhortation to "rush" the Commons. Even the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who went in his turn upon the stand and submitted to the cross-examination of the most celebrated young woman in England to-day, was as much at bay as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for both had to admit much academic championship of woman suffrage in the past. That was all the fair suffragette wanted. She went to jail, but her prestige is greater than ever.

IN SAYING it must be difficult for "the more thoughtful advocates of parliamentary votes for women" to justify the latest measures adopted for the pursuance of their end, the London *Times* reflects the general newspaper sentiment in England. "It is probable," observes the great British organ, "that few of the women who within the past two weeks have been attempting to incite a mob to rush the House of Commons have any intelligent idea of the nature of the action." Those whose lives have been spent, we read further, "as is the case with the majority of the women of this country, in the shelter of a man-made social code which guards them at every point from the rougher realities of existence," can naturally not realize "the dangerous implications of such an attempt." The whole episode, from the original distribution of the inflammatory handbills among the unemployed and the ignorant by Miss Pankhurst's party to the filing apart of the grille and the suffragettes, are denounced by this commentator as "those childish demonstrations which silly women think clever."

ALL the weight of Yuan-Shi-Kai's growing influence at Peking was thrown into the scales to make Prince Chun regent of the Chinese Empire last month. Cable despatches point to the complete success of that clique among the grand mandarins which looks for light and leading to Yuan-Shi-Kai, for he is the most progressive of the Chinese viceroys and the personal adviser of Prince Chun, whose little son, it would seem, is set upon the steps of the throne. Tsai-



OPENED HIS MOUTH AND PUT HIS FOOT IN IT

Emperor William is here revealed in a late photograph from which many lines of care and age are flatteringly eliminated by the court photographer.

Feng, known to the western world, about which he has traveled much, as Prince Chun, is a brother of Kwang-Su, the eclipsed potentate, who was so completely under the sway of the late Empress Dowager. It seems to be the aim of the clique of mandarins at Peking to have as long a regency as possible, according to recent despatches in the *Paris Temps*. That motive would explain the selection of Prince Chun's little four-year-old son to succeed the Emperor Kwang-Su, whose illness and strange death form the subject of such mysterious messages from the Chinese capital. Yuan-Shi-Kai, whatever happens, will be the real ruler of China henceforth, according to the *Journal des Débats*. His one rival is the aged Prince Ching, a reactionary mandarin of a school now departing from the sphere of practical politics. Prince Chun, the new regent, is first and foremost a military man imbued with western ideas of strategy and tactics. He, aided by Yuan-Shi-Kai, will, it is taken for granted, set about the equipment of the Chinese Empire with all the muniments of war. Prince Chun's ideal is the great general staff at Berlin, and he is quoted as having said while in Germany that the brains of a nation should be put into its artillery.



CROSS the mind of that wittiest statesman in Europe, Prince von Bülow, German Imperial Chancellor, fell no suspicions of the sensational surprise he was preparing for the whole civilized world when he forwarded to the Foreign Office at Berlin some half dozen sheets of paper upon which notes of some of his sovereign's innumerable talks on international affairs were jotted. Prince von Bülow happened to be at Norderney, that island retreat whither he repairs at regular intervals for rest and recuperation. His perusal of his beloved Theocritus and Heine, and his rambles about the shore with his little dog at his heels are never interrupted at Norderney except by the occasional arrival of routine official documents to be passed upon by a secretary. Meanwhile an English diplomatist who some years ago retired from the service of his country had been carrying on with Emperor William himself a correspondence destined to result—had the rustivating Chancellor only foreseen it—in the publication by the London *Telegraph* of a document which it well describes as “of a nature probably without precedent or parallel in the history of the press.” What Prince von Bülow glanced at carelessly in his Norderney retreat was a manuscript of this article—so runs the officially inspired despatch—in which “a series of conversations between the Emperor and several Englishmen, held at various dates, were put together.” His Majesty happened to be at one of his shooting lodges at the time the Englishman's request for leave to print came in the morning mail. William II, thus on recreation bent, had the papers put into the despatch box leaving for Norderney that very night, and the Chancellor's secretary sent the documents, in his turn, to Berlin. So far all was red tape and routine.

THE two separate and distinct sensations precipitated a few weeks ago by this series of slips might still have been suppressed but for the further fact that Herr von Schoen, the capable but not well-born head of the Foreign Office, was not in Berlin when the mail from Norderney was opened. Even the head of that busiest of all journalistic centres, the head of the press bureau attached to the ministry, was away. The precious “manuscript of an article in which a series of conversations between the Emperor and several Englishmen, held at various dates, were put

together," fell into the hands of an attaché, who took it for granted that its publication was already a thing decided upon finally by his superiors. "His duty," to employ again the official language of the inspired despatches, "was merely to examine into the historical accuracy of the data contained therein." Back to Norderney, authoritatively verified, went the manuscript; but, as ill luck would have it again, the Imperial Chancellor this time was in swimming. The statesman's secretary therefore sent the document to the Englishman with a brief note to the effect that the Emperor did not object to its publication.

INTO the London *Telegraph*, under headlines of as flagrant a character as its staid English typographical dress would permit, went the words which Chancellor von Bülow had not troubled himself to read until they confronted him in print. The very first thing his Imperial Majesty is made to say in this most effective of all his characteristic informalities is: "You English are mad, mad, mad as March hares. What has come over you that you are so completely given over to suspicions quite unworthy of a great nation? What more can I do than I have done? I declared with all the emphasis at my command in my speech at the Guildhall [London] that my heart is set upon peace, and that it is one of my dearest wishes to live on the best of terms with England." These words were spoken in the course of a long conversation between William II and an English diplomatist, now retired, who professes to desire the removal of "that obstinate misconception of the Kaiser's feeling towards England" which is so deeply rooted in the mind of the average subject of King Edward.

WILLIAM II is eager to remove this misconception. "Have I ever been false to my word?" he is made to ask. Falsehood and prevarication, he insisted, by way of reply to his own question, are false to his nature. "My actions ought to speak for themselves; but you listen not to them, but to those who misinterpret and distort them. That is a personal insult which I feel and resent. To be forever misjudged, to have my repeated offers of friendship weighed and scrutinized with jealous, mistrustful eyes, taxes my patience severely." At this point may be interjected the suspicion of the London *News* that the Emperor was speaking with an eye to the United States. The American people, too,



THE EMBARRASSED CHANCELLOR

Prince von Bülow remains the most distinguished looking German of his day, unruffled by the indiscretion which made the recent session of the Reichstag one long scolding for Emperor William.

listen to those who whisper caution on the subject of William II. "I have said time and again," went on the Emperor, as quoted in the

London *Telegraph* (the interview, be it observed, is officially vouched for as accurate), "that I am a friend of England, and your press—or at least a considerable section of it—bids the people of England refuse my proffered hand, and insinuates that the other holds a dagger." How, his Majesty inquires, can he convince a nation against its will? The English make things "difficult" for him.

MOST sensational in its effects upon London of all the sentences in the "talk" between the mysterious and unidentified Englishman and the Emperor is this: "The prevailing sentiment among large sections of the middle and lower classes of my own people is not friendly to England." The Emperor is thus, he says, "in a minority in my own land," but it is a minority of the best elements—"just as it is in England with respect to Germany." But that is only an additional reason why William II resents England's refusal to accept his solemn assurance that he is her friend. "I strive without ceasing to improve relations, and you retort that I am your arch-enemy. Why is it?" The diplomat ventured to remind his Majesty that not England alone but the whole of Europe had viewed with suspicion the recent action of Berlin in sending a German consul back to Fez when he had left that capital in accordance with a tacit agreement that the powers were to act in harmony. Germany's sovereign was further reminded that Berlin had anticipated the joint action of France and Spain by suggesting to the powers how essential it was for them to recognize Mulai Hafid as the new sultan of Morocco. His Majesty made a gesture of impatience. "Yes," he is quoted as having said, "that is an excellent example of the way German action is misrepresented." Berlin, in sending the German representative back to his post at Fez, was guided only by the wish that he should look after the private interests of his Majesty's subjects in that capital. Those subjects were clamoring for the protection of their government at the time. "And why not send him?" inquired William, with obvious irritation. "Are those who charge Germany with having stolen a march on the other powers aware that the French consular representative had already been in Fez several months?"

IT IS commonly believed by the English, said William II at this stage of the talk, that throughout the Boer War Germany was hos-

tile to Great Britain. "German opinion undoubtedly was hostile," conceded the German Emperor, "bitterly hostile. The press was hostile. Private opinion was hostile." But what of official Berlin? "Let my critics ask themselves," went on the Emperor, "what brought to a sudden stop, and, indeed, to absolute collapse, the European tour of the Boer delegates who were striving to obtain European intervention?" Those delegates had been welcomed effusively at The Hague. Paris went into ecstasies over them. Their next stage was Berlin. "The German people," William II pointed out, "would have crowned them with flowers." They asked the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty to receive them. He refused. German agitation against England died out so far as the Boer delegation was concerned. "Was that, I ask, the act of a secret enemy?" William II looked at the Englishman with the air of one propounding a poser.

BUT he had a more amazing revelation to make—"an indiscretion so blazing," says the *Matin*, "that words die unuttered at bare recital of it." When the war between Boer and Briton was at its height, official Berlin was implored by official Paris and official St. Petersburg to join them in calling upon official London to terminate the struggle. "The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer republics but also to humiliate England to the dust." What was the reply of William II? "I said," to quote his own words, "that so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to put pressure upon England and bring about her downfall, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a sea power like England." Posterity, added the ruler of the German Empire, will yet peruse in its textual integrity the language of a despatch—"now in the archives of Windsor Castle"—in which William II informed Queen Victoria of the answer he had made to the powers which had invited him to co-operate in the downfall of the realm ruled by his grandmother. "Englishmen who now insult me by doubting my word should know what were my actions in the hour of their adversity."

EXACTLY nine years ago, during England's "black week," when disaster followed disaster for her at the front, Emperor William received, he says, a letter from Queen Vic-

toria. It was written "in sorrow and affliction." The Hohenzollern at once replied in sympathetic terms. "Nay, I did more." He bade one of his officers procure for him as precise a statement as possible of the military situation in the theatre of operations. "With the figures before me," his Imperial Majesty confided to his interlocutor, "I worked out what I considered to be the best plan of campaign." This he submitted to the famous general staff of the German Army "for their criticisms." What those criticisms amounted to the Emperor did not reveal, seemingly. At any rate, he despatched his strategical ideas post haste to his grandmother. "That document likewise," he said, "is among the state papers at Windsor Castle, awaiting the serenely impartial verdict of history." The plan of campaign formulated by William II is, he insists, "very much on the same lines" as that actually adopted by Lord Roberts, which, according to his Imperial Majesty, is "a matter of curious coincidence."

FINALLY his Majesty came to that burning theme with all the Jingo journals in London, the new German navy. "Surely," the interview runs at this stage, "that is a menace to England! Against whom but England are my squadrons being prepared? If England is not in the minds of those Germans who are bent on creating a powerful fleet, why is Germany asked to consent to such new and heavy burdens of taxation?" The answer of William II is specific. Germany, he points out, is a young and growing empire. She has a world-wide commerce which is rapidly expanding, and to which the legitimate ambition of patriotic Germans refuses to assign any bounds. "Germany must have a powerful fleet to protect that commerce, and her manifold interests in even the most distant seas." William II says at this point that he expects those interests to go on growing. The fatherland must be able to champion them "manfully" in any quarter of the globe. "Germany looks ahead. Her horizons stretch far away."

THIS brings his Majesty to a topic which concerns the United States, observes the *Paris Gaulois*, more directly than any other matter among the many dealt with by William II—the Pacific. The German government, observed the ruler of the German Empire, "must be prepared for any eventuality" in the far east. That preparation must take the concrete form of battleships. "Who can foresee

what may take place in the Pacific in the days to come—days not so distant as some believe, but days, at any rate, for which all European powers with far eastern interests ought steadily to prepare?" The Emperor bade his friend contemplate "the accomplished rise" of Japan. "Think of the possible national awakening of China, and then judge of the vast problems of the Pacific." Those nations alone which shall possess adequate squadrons of battleships will be heard with respect when the destinies of the Pacific come before the court of the powers for final determination. "For that reason only, Germany must have a powerful fleet." This is the portion of the imperial talk which the *Paris Gaulois* commends particularly to the attention of the American people, altho the *Paris Matin* thinks the Americans have "taken their cue" in the matter long ago, as the growth in the size of the United States navy indicates.

THE stupefaction with which Prince von Bülow read these disquisitions of his imperial master on the present state of world politics in the double-leaded columns of the *London Telegraph* became a positive paralysis when it transpired that this series of indiscretions had actually been at Norderney twice before it stunned the world. The Chancellor's worst fears of what might ensue had little reference to England, where the sensation was primarily personal and only secondarily political. The *London Telegraph* is so widely recognized abroad as "Germanophil"—eager to soften prevalent British asperities directed against the empire of William II—that the "calculated indiscretion," as the imperial utterance is now termed, was regarded mainly in the light of a brilliant feat of journalism. Hence *The Westminster Gazette* (London) simply reflected British newspaper opinion generally when it observed that "as practical people we are concerned not with the fact that the German navy exists, but that it may some day or other on some issue which no one can foresee be used for our undoing if our navy is not its superior." The imperial reference to middle-class German dislike of England was likewise noted.

FRENCH agitation over the German Emperor's "calculated indiscretion" took the form of a suspicion that his Majesty was trying to put an end to the cordial understanding between London and Paris. Clerical French dailies like the *Gaulois* made a political asset

out of the fact that William II, with Alsace-Lorraine in his mailed fist, had been invited by the atheistic third republic to deal Great Britain a blow while the Boer War was raging. This same atheistic republic, points out the Paris daily, becomes the sworn friend of perfidious Albion. This sidelight has inspired much amusement in dailies which, like the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, profess to deem the "cordial understanding" between France and England a selfish pact, based upon London's traditional policy of setting one continental European power against another. If William II's indiscretion was really calculated, and if his object really was to foment dissensions between France and England on the eve of a conference of the powers with reference to the Balkans, his talk with the Englishman of the London *Telegraph* was, thinks the Vienna daily, a clever piece of diplomacy. Other dailies abroad take the same view.

GERMAN public opinion had been wrought to such frenzies before the talk in the London *Telegraph* was public property forty-eight hours that Chancellor von Bülow threw up his office. The whole incredible story of how that manuscript had been tossed back and forth between Nordenfey and the Foreign Office had been received with scorn and sarcasm by all German prints not inspired from the Wilhelmstrasse. The tendency in the fatherland was to infer that William II had carried his theories of his own prerogative to such an extent as to be guilty of a peculiarly flagrant defiance of a plain provision of the organic law of the German Empire. It was not so much the indiscretion of the talk, nor even the seeming carelessness of foreign office bureaucrats in handling state documents of the utmost importance that exasperated such papers as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, an organ of radical opinion. William II seemed, on the face of the facts as first reported, to have forgotten that he can not assume any authority in Germany as of his own right, whatever power he may divinely exercise in Prussia as King of that country.

ON THE eve of the assembling of the Reichstag, all Germany was reminding itself that whatever power William II possesses as Emperor is solely by virtue of authority granted him by the constitution. The state power of the empire does not centre in William II, his sovereignty being derivative, not original. His relations to the Prussian mon-

archy are quite different, his functions as King coming, according to the statutes of the Hohenzollern dynasty, direct from God, to whom alone he is responsible. As German Emperor, William II accounts not to God but to "the totality of the allied governments," finding expression not in William II, but in the Bundesrath, "the supreme organ of the empire." This constitutional question is scarcely less burning throughout Germany in some aspects than that of states rights was in the days preceding our civil war. German princes outside Prussia are extremely sensitive on the subject of William II's assumption of the right to speak on his own responsibility for the fatherland in the domain of world politics. Even his allusion to "my navy"—as if Germany's fleet was dynastic and not national—gave offence in Bavaria and Saxony.

PRINCE VON BULOW lost no time in correcting the first German impression that William II had talked to the London *Telegraph* in his official imperial capacity without reference to the limitations upon his own constitutional powers. But the Chancellor's explanations only further intensified the frenzy provoked by "the calculated indiscretion." The original exasperation based itself upon the discovery that, while German middle class feeling against Great Britain is exploited to secure vast appropriations for a huge navy, the German sovereign tells the English that he does not share German middle class feeling. Bavaria, Wurttemberg and Saxony are told that the coming German navy will face England on the seas. The London *Telegraph* is told that this idea is nonsense. William II, as the Paris *Temps* observes, forfeited the confidence of his people by this discovery that the Machiavellian subtlety of his policy victimizes them as well as the rest of the world. Every suspicion was intensified by what seemed a generous endeavor on the part of the Chancellor to "throw himself to the wolves," by what the Socialist dailies called "a cooked-up story." In what other nation than Germany, asks the Berlin *Tagliche Rundschau*, joining fiercely in an outburst of patriotic anger such as no European sovereign has encountered in the present generation, would such a publication be conceivable? Its imagination is impotent to conjure up a President Roosevelt, for all his unconventionality, expounding world politics to the irresponsibly anonymous, with piquant illustrations from his grandmother's letters.

Persons in the Foreground

THE TAFTS



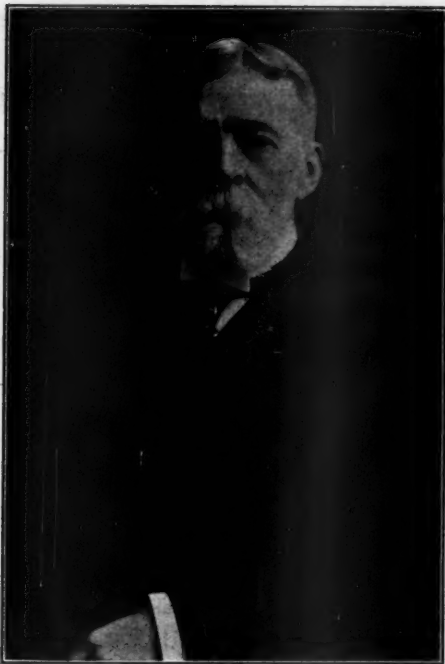
WHEN we elect a President of the United States we are not, of course, establishing a dynasty. We have no "princes of the blood" or heirs-apparent, or things of that kind. Constitutionally, therefore, the immediate relatives of William Howard Taft are of no more consequence to-day than they were five years ago. As a matter of fact, however, the Taft family has taken on a popular interest due not alone to the fact that it is about to furnish a chief magistrate to the nation, but to the discovery that the family itself is a rather unusual one. In a political campaign we want to see a man stand on his personal merits; but it is no damper on our pleasure to find that the man whom the nation has chosen to honor comes of good stock, and has a pedigree that he does not need to conceal. The Taft stock seems to be of a particularly good American brand.

It is a Puritan stock, and when a man inherits the Puritan conscience without the Puritan prejudices he is a pretty good man to build on. One of the ancestors of the family, Edward Rawson, came from England to Massachusetts in 1636, and was for thirty-five years secretary of that commonwealth. Ever since then public service has seemed to be a specialty of the family. William H.'s grandfather, Peter Rawson Taft, was a judge and a legislator in Vermont. His father, Alphonso Taft, was solicitor-general, minister to Russia, and secretary of war under Grant. And William H. has, almost from the days of his graduation from Yale, been engaged continuously in public service. That is the way one's friends phrase it. One's enemies say, "feeding at the public crib." But the service has been so thrust upon Taft that the "public crib" phrase has no force when applied to him. His opponents in the recent political contest alluded once or twice in a sneering way to the many years he has been drawing a salary from the public treasury; but the sneer didn't "take," and that method of attack was abandoned early in the campaign. Here is a brief summing up, by a writer in *Harper's Weekly*—an Englishman—of some of the more recent illustrations of Mr. Taft's "unhurried, ever-

ready instinct and capacity for dealing with men and things":

"He goes to the Philippines, for instance, builds up a system of government from basement to garret, brings order out of anarchy and confidence out of rebellious mistrust, and settles the friars' question by a master-stroke of cold, reconciling diplomacy. Work on the Panama Canal is disorganized, and threatens to stop through the friction of a multiplicity of Boards and the resignation of one engineer-in-chief after another. Mr. Taft visits the Isthmus, looks into things, decides that the army engineers are the men to 'dig the ditch,' and all is peace and progress. Cuba, again, conducts herself by the usual Spanish-American route to the very brink of revolution. Mr. Taft steps in, examines, humors, conciliates, takes over the whole business of government, and almost makes the outside world question the gravity of the crisis by the ease with which he adjusts it. The American and Japanese papers, and the people who read them, scowl at one another over the immigration difficulty. Mr. Taft, *en route* for the Philippines, calls in at Tokio, has an audience with the Mikado, and straightway the rumors of trouble are dissolved in a douche of sanity. An ugly controversy of personal charges and recriminations breaks out between two American diplomats. It is a matter altogether outside Mr. Taft's department, yet it goes to him for settlement and he settles it. I knew all this before I met Mr. Taft; but I think I should have suspected it, even if I had not known it, after ten minutes' talk with him. He strikes one immediately as having a peculiar gift of lubricating sagacity—and that kind of impersonal, disentangling mind which, when united with a winning personality and a dependable character, makes its possessor a court of final appeal for private friends and public colleagues."

There were five sons born to Judge Alphonso Taft, four of whom are living. All of the sons, it is said, inherit their father's intellectual power, and three of them inherit his physical powers, which, by the way, seem to have made a lasting impression upon them early in life. When William H. Taft first entered the office of secretary of war, and saw the portrait of his father gazing down at him, he remarked: "I could not help but be good in here. My good old governor had an overpowering brain—to say nothing of his hand." The four boys had the usual squabbles, but they grew up with a fraternal love that is to-day beautiful to see. Charles P. Taft, the oldest, loves to talk of the days of their glorious boyhood. "We were



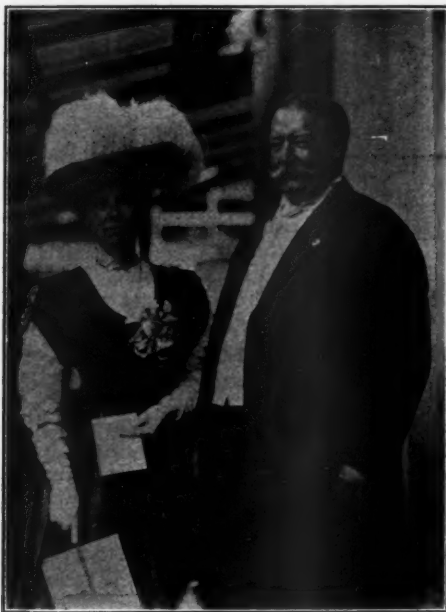
THE FINANCIER OF THE TAFT FAMILY

Charles P. Taft is a multi-millionaire, a newspaper proprietor, a baseball enthusiast, and he may soon be a United States Senator.



THE CORPORATION LAWYER

Henry W. Taft is considered one of the leaders of the New York City bar. He has his full share of the physical and mental strength of the Taft family.

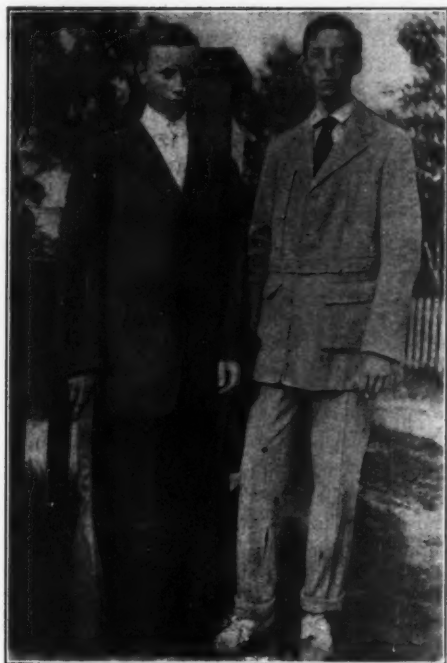


ON THE DAY OF THE NOTIFICATION

Mrs. Taft, the next mistress of the White House, is a music enthusiast, she is proficient in French and remarkably well up in public affairs of national and international importance.

kept in close restraint to a great extent," he says, "but every one was a live, virile lad full of the Old Nick. Our mother, I recall, regarded us with no little alarm. There is an anecdote in the family which we all relate with increasing amusement about the confession she is alleged to have made once to a friend. 'I am afraid,' mother said, 'that I am raising five young devils'; but we were not bad, just active."

To see the four brothers (or perhaps we should say three and a half brothers, since Charles P. is a half-brother of the other three) together, says Edward Carleton Knight, writing in *The National Magazine*, one would never take them to be members of the same family. Charles, who is fourteen years the senior of William, is "of medium height, thin, has gray hair and a gray beard, speaks slowly and is rather deliberate in his actions." But if he lacks the Taft stature, says another writer, he has the other Taft characteristics, the straight, high nose, large eyes, blue and honest, and a genial nature. He is the financier of the family. He inherited some money from his mother, who died when he was a small lad. He made money for himself, one



THE YALE SOPHOMORE

The young man on the left is the President elect's son Robert; the one on the right is his nephew. Robert has been capturing all the prizes in sight and is looking for more.

project netting him \$6,000 soon after he graduated from Yale, on the strength of which he went to Heidelberg (where he took a degree), Berlin, and Paris to complete his education. He married a girl who had considerable money. As a result of all these financial advantages he is now a multi-millionaire, his fortune, estimated in the usual generous way the newspapers have, amounting to twenty millions, the largest individual fortune in Ohio. As a patron of music and the fine arts he is considered Cincinnati's foremost citizen. He owns the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which he ran for many years—twenty, some say—at a loss, but which he has developed into a paying property. He is the financial backer of the Cincinnati baseball nine, and they even assert that the world's champions, the Chicago "Cubs," owe their position largely to his financial interest in them. But baseball, fine porcelains, and the newspaper game never appealed to him as strongly as "Big Bill's" campaign for the Presidency appealed. If O. K. Davis, writing in *Collier's*, is what his initials indicate, it was Charles P. Taft, not Theodore Roosevelt, who pushed "Bill" into the presidential race. The latter was still hesitating



THE BRYN MAWR STUDENT

Helen is seventeen, popular, a fine student, and fond of outdoor sports, especially tennis, swimming and croquet.

when Charles P.'s paper actually came out in big type announcing that William H. was a



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CHARLIE AND HIS STEED MAJOR

The boy loves to ride and swim and play tennis, and is a very lively lad with a keen sense of enjoyment.

candidate for the nomination. Then the die was cast, and "Bill" stood by the announcement. It was Charles also, according to Mr. Davis, who prevailed on his brother to go to the Philippines. It was he who prevailed on him to come home and accept the war portfolio. And now that he is elected, we have a vision of Charles sitting among his Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas chuckling over the triumph as heartily as he does when his paper beats its rival in getting the baseball extra out into the suburbs.

Of the two other brothers, one, Henry W., is one of the leading lawyers—and that of course means a corporation lawyer—in New York City. He is tall, broad shouldered and deep chested, and has the winning ways of the rest of the family. The fourth of the brothers, the youngest, is Horace D., six feet four in height, and said by his friends to be the ablest man of the four. He is powerful but not corpulent. Like the three other boys, Horace also studied law, but like Charles he gave up the practice after a few years for a more congenial pursuit. He took a tutorship in Yale in 1887, and after three years of that he started a school of his own on Long Island, beginning with two instructors and seventeen pupils. Three years later he bought an old inn in Watertown, Conn., which he turned into a school building, and a race-track nearby, which he turned into an athletic field. Now the Taft school is said to be one of the largest of the feeders of Yale. He also has a periodical, a little magazine called *Publicity*, devoted to the civic affairs of Connecticut. It is a "reform" publication. Horace D. has for years been a tariff reformer, and was a supporter of Grover Cleveland for the presidency. It is only since the advent of Bryan that he has been in the same political camp with his brothers.

The Taft brothers, says a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*, "may be taken as an example of what an ideal family ought to be in their relations to each other." A true brotherly feeling exists, and there are no factional divisions.

Each of the four brothers has three children. Those of the President-elect (he isn't really the President-elect until the electoral college has done its duty) are Robert, Helen and Charles. Robert is a Sophomore in Yale, and last year he is said to have captured nearly every prize to which a Freshman is eligible. Helen is at Bryn Mawr, and one of the teach-

ers there tells us that she is doing the same sort of thing that Robert is doing at Yale. Charles looks out at the world with the merry eyes of a normal ten-year-old, and his grin of enjoyment as he paraded the Yale baseball ground last June with his father, prior to the Yale-Harvard game, was as emphatic and unrestrained as his father's. He will do his full share to make the White House lively and to make the attendants forget that the Roosevelt boys are gone. All three of the Taft children are fond of sports. Robert takes to tennis and golf and rowing. Helen, at seventeen, is fond of tennis and swimming and croquet. Charles also likes tennis and swimming and 'most anything other boys like.

The next mistress of the White House is as averse as is Mrs. Roosevelt to thrusting herself forward into public notice. Her lot as wife and mother is a proud and happy one, and her ambitions are all for her husband and children. "The only lines in her face," says one writer, "are the relics of habitual smiles." Life has been good to her, and the world a good place to live in. She as well as her husband has kept young, clear-eyed and clear-skinned. She reads much, speaks French excellently, is passionately fond of good music, and is a fine entertainer, tho not in a lavish and sensational way. Hallie Erminie Rives says of her: "William Taft and Helen Herron must have started life even. She has the same straightforwardness, the same honesty, the contempt of tinsel and sham and pretence. Her worst enemy, if she could have one, would call her 'genuine.' She has no affectations, no surface veneer, no 'isms.' She has always remained the sweetheart of her husband; the playmate and confidant of her children. In the best sense she is a woman of the world. She knows the big business of statecraft and the smaller dicta of society. By reading and studying she has kept apace with her husband, till, possibly, there is no woman in American public life who is better qualified to discuss the real questions of the day."

As for Taft himself, what is there new to be said? The only thing new is the way in which he developed as a campaigner. It was a new business to him. His managers at first contemplated keeping him at home in Cincinnati, afraid of his inexperience on the stump and of his invincibly frank way of saying what he thought. But he decided that a man who is afraid to see the American people face to face is not the man to win their approba-

tion, and the result of his campaigning shows the wisdom of his decision. The same writer quoted above says of him: "With his chronic optimism he has always combined the passion for service. He has a sound belief in himself—not cock-sureness, but the faith that springs from honesty of motive and the clear outlook of a healthy brain—and he believes in the outcome. Not for nothing does he wear a tiny American flag sewn in the crown of his hat. In a very real sense all he does is done under the Stars and Stripes. With him, as he said in a recent public address, 'The best of all is the pure joy of service. To do things that are worth while, to be in the thick of it, that is to live!'"

Well, he has been "in the thick of it" during the last few months. And pitted against one of the best debaters and ablest campaigners the country has ever produced, he did not make a misstep. The impression he seems to have made wherever he went is thus described in George Ade's account, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, of one of Taft's outdoor meetings, in Brook, Indiana:

"The robust candidate, after much jamming and elbowing, was landed on the platform under the trees. He looked out upon a very friendly multitude. Occasionally he looked up at them, for the oaks were perched full of husky young men. Democratic estimate of crowd, eight thousand; Republican estimate, twenty-five thousand. Anyway, it was a very impressive swarm of people. Judge Taft opened with his ingratiating smile. For a half-hour he talked horse-sense and the people listened. He made himself heard, and he proved to be a good deal more of a speaker

than most of those present had counted on hearing. He is not a professional entertainer with a row of tremolo stops and a full set of chimes. He does not undertake fancy embroidering, scroll-work, point-lace insertion or peek-a-boo effects of any description whatsoever.

"Here, in Indiana, we were brought up on Dan Voorhees, and have taken a post-graduate course of Albert Beveridge and Jim Watson. We have a lingering preference for the candidate who will cause images to float in the air. We want the lower lip to tremble and tears to rise unbidden. Judge Taft did not cause any one to weep, but he made a definite hit, just the same. His remarks impressed the attentive multitude and his personality warmed them. He is a good 'mixer' because he enjoys getting out and meeting large and turbulent masses of his fellow-men. If he doesn't enjoy it he is the best actor that ever lived. He radiates cordiality as a depot stove radiates heat."

Macauley, the cartoonist of the *New York World*, took a trip to Cincinnati before the campaign began in order to lay in a stock of personal impressions concerning Taft. He gave some of the results in an article published several months ago. We are told that the President-elect is fond of reading, especially the reading of history. Of novelists, he is partial to George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton and Anthony Trollope. Of George Eliot's works he likes "Adam Bede" best, "The Mill on the Floss" being second in his esteem, and "Middlemarch" third. He knows his Shakespeare well, and has made his pilgrimage to Avon. He recalls with delight Edwin Booth in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Richard the Third," Lawrence Barrett in "Julius Caesar," and Salvini in "Othello."

BEN LINDSEY, "THE MAN WHO BUTTS IN"

Who, which, when?
Wish we was men
So we could vote for our little Ben.



ONE of the most interesting events in the recent election was the victory of Ben B. Lindsey, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, over both the old-party organizations. The victory is said in the dispatches to be "unparalleled" in Colorado politics. His vote on an independent ticket was nearly as large as that of both the old-party candidates. Judge Lindsey's re-election is probably due to the "kids" and the women. The kids have no vote, but the women have in Colorado. They backed him up effectively

four years ago when his own party organization, the Democratic, refused at first to nominate him. The "kids" paraded the streets of Denver shouting their campaign song as above, and the result was that he was nominated on both party tickets and re-elected almost unanimously. Last year he ran for governor and was defeated. The Denver "kids" and their mothers were not anxious to see him leave the Juvenile Court for the gubernatorial mansion. But this year they turned out in force again, and their sensational victory has been commented on as if it were a national matter.

Judge Lindsey's work with boys has made him celebrated throughout the world. Paul Thiemann, of the *Denver Post*, calls him "the

greatest thing the state of Colorado has produced." Lincoln Steffens wrote him up two years ago in a series of three articles published in *McClure's*. *The Ladies' Home Journal* featured him about the same time. He has become a sort of national figure, and his defeat this year would have been regarded by many as a sort of national calamity. For he stands for something of vital importance to the whole race—a humane application of the law to mischievous children. His treatment of bad boys is based upon the startling theory that "there ain't no really bad kids." (The bad grammar is that of the boys themselves, not the judge's.) He endorses these lines from James Whitcomb Riley:

"I believe all children's good
Ef they're only understood;—
Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes' as good as they kin be!"

He has actually run his court on that principle. It is "loose practice," some of the lawyers say; but he has dealt with nearly six thousand cases, and the people of Denver seem to be satisfied with his method, especially the mothers. But women, you know, are weak in abstract qualities. They have a greater reverence for "kids" than they have for "the law." The law is an abstraction. The kids are concrete. And, as Judge Lindsey takes the mothers' view of the case, he receives their support even when the politicians warn them not to give it to him. It is an interesting development, therefore, that is taking place in Denver in the working out of woman suffrage, as well as in the working out of Judge Lindsey's method with juvenile offenders. It is just possible that the women of Denver rather than the "suffragettes" of England are furnishing the most effective argument yet furnished to the woman suffrage cause.

Judge Lindsey looks like anything else than a typical judge. He is more like James Barrie in his personal appearance, as well as in his boylike nature, than like a grave and reverend magistrate. He is described as "a short, slight, boyish-looking young man, open-faced, direct, sincere, and he lays off, the ermine, figuratively speaking, very readily; indeed, he hardly ever puts it on now, even on the bench." He was born in Tennessee, and his family were well-to-do people before the war. After the war they found themselves in financial straits and went to Denver. The father died, and Ben had to hustle to help support the family. He was a newsboy in the morning, an office boy during the day, and a janitor in

the evening. He was slight and small for his age, and trying to carry on three jobs at once pretty nearly broke him down. His associates in the neighborhood were not of the best, but he learned from them one thing that has been invaluable to him in his work—boy-nature. He belonged to one of the "gangs," and it is part of his gospel to-day that "there's nothing wrong about gangs as such." Indeed, he encourages the gang spirit, and may be said to be the leader of the biggest gang in Denver. Only he wants the gangs to be directed into right channels and given something worth while to do.

From a boy in a lawyer's office he developed in time into a lawyer and a politician. He was on the Democratic state committee at one time, and was a useful party man. He sought the position of district attorney, but it was bestowed on another man, and, as consolation, he was appointed to fill an unexpired term as county judge. Then came an experience that opened his eyes.

On January 8, 1901, toward the close of a hard day's session, he heard a cry of despair in his court room that went to his very heart. An Italian boy was before him for stealing. The case was a clear one. The boy was guilty. He was sentenced to prison in the usual routine way. "I hadn't considered the larceny case," Judge Lindsey said afterward, "in any human way. I was a judge judging 'cases' according to the Law." Among the back benches he had casually noted the crouching figure of a woman, and thought how like a cave-dweller she looked. He didn't connect her with the case of the pilfering boy. But when the sentence was uttered, out from her mother-heart arose that terrible cry of despair. Says Judge Lindsey:

"It was an awful cry, a terrible sight, and I was stunned. I looked at the prisoner again, but with new eyes now, and I saw the boy, an Italian boy. A thief? No. A bad boy? Perhaps, but not a lost criminal. I called him back, and I had the old woman brought before me. Comforting and quieting her, I talked with the two together, as mother and son this time, and I found that they had a home. It made me shudder. I had been about to send that boy to a prison among criminals when he had a home and a mother to go to. And that was the law! The fact that that boy had a good home; the circumstances which led him to—not steal, but 'swipe' something; the likelihood of his not doing it again—these were 'evidence' pertinent, nay vital, to his case. Yet the Law did not require the production of such evidence. The Law? Justice? I stopped the machinery of justice to pull that boy out of its grinders. But he was guilty; what was to be



DENVER'S FAMOUS JUVENILE COURT JUDGE

Benjamin Barr Lindsey has just been re-elected on an Independent ticket, receiving almost as large a vote as that of both his old-party opponents. "The kids and the women did it," he says.

done with him? I didn't know. I said I would take care of him myself, but I didn't know what I meant to do; except to visit him and his mother at their home. And I did visit them, often, and—well, we—his mother and I, with the boy helping—we saved that boy, and to-day he is a fine young fellow, industrious, self-respecting, and a friend of the court."

Soon after that he had another case that made him do some hard thinking. It was a case of burglary. Three boys were haled before him whimpering. Their ages ran from twelve to sixteen. They had broken into a pigeon-loft owned by a worried and persecuted old pigeon-fancier, and "swiped" some of the pigeons. This case also was a clear one. But the memory of the judge trying it suddenly presented to him another picture—the picture of another gang of boys, he being one of them, who had gone robbing a pigeon-loft years before. He himself lost his nerve and backed out, but not because he was any better than the others, but simply because he was littler and more scared. Then the judge thought he saw something familiar in the face of the old pigeon-fancier. He asked him his name. It was unfamiliar. He asked him his nickname. The old man answered peevishly. The judge was startled. It was the same man whose pigeon-loft his own gang had raided years before. The coincidence was a dramatic one. The judge for the moment stepped into the background and the man stepped into the foreground. He delayed the proceedings and took those three boys into his private chamber to talk the case over. He became a boy again, a member of the gang, and as such he asked the boys to tell him all about the matter. They explained that what they really wanted to do was to get even because some of their own pigeons had deserted to the old man's loft. The judge explained to them why that method of getting even wasn't square and couldn't be allowed. He wanted them to talk it over with the rest of their gang. He didn't ask who the others were, but he suggested that they all come the next day and talk it over with him and see if they couldn't agree on cutting out the swiping thereafter. The whole gang came the next day and entered into the agreement. The boys were not punished, law or no law; but the old man's pigeon-loft was safe from depredations after that.

A few days later Judge Lindsey went to the district attorney and asked that all juvenile cases be taken into his court. The district attorney was glad to accede, because none of the

other judges wanted such cases. Judge Lindsey's court thus became a juvenile court without any specific legislation. He began a systematic study of juvenile crime and an investigation of the conditions of the reform school and of the jail. The sight of boys in the latter place, herded together in the same cells with men and women of the vilest character, confirmed debauchees and criminals, completed the educational process started by the Italian mother's cry. He found that in the preceding five years 2,136 Denver boys had been sent to this jail. He found out further that three out of four of all the crimes committed in the United States are committed by boys under twenty-three. "And why not?" he asks. "The children of parents who die or fail in their duty are taken by the State and sent for their schooling into the streets or jails, where they pick up false ideals and criminal arts. With few exceptions, all these boy-criminals, whom society has sent to the slaughter-house to be killed, had been sent to jail in their teens by society for other crimes. And most of them were first imprisoned as little children."

It is impossible here to tell the whole story of the judge's career since this awakening of his. It reads, as told by Mr. Steffens, like a veritable fairy tale.

Here is a sample instance. After a long chase, the police had captured two "dangerous young criminals" and lodged them in jail. The judge went and had several talks with them in their cell. One night he telephoned to the warden to send them over to him. The warden was afraid to send both without handcuffing them, and he knew Judge Lindsey didn't like that. So he sent one in the custody of a big policeman. The officer of the law brought the boy into the judge's private room, warning the latter in a low tone that the boy had his eye on the fire escape. "Better let me stay," said the officer, but the judge said no. When the door closed Lindsey went straight up to the lad, who was bigger than he and had a very unprepossessing face. Here is what took place:

"Henry," he said, "the officer who brought you here says you had your eye on the fire-escape, and that you are looking for a chance to 'skip.' He said he wouldn't be responsible for your return to jail if I made him leave you alone in this room with me. He said that you'd be down that fire-escape quicker'n a wink. Now, I don't believe it. I believe in you, Henry, and I hope you believe in me."

With that, the Judge went to the window and, throwing it up as high as it would go, he said:

"There, Henry, there's the fire-escape and the night and two hours the best of it, for I'll promise, if you decide to 'duck,' not to report to the Warden till twelve o'clock. Now, then, if you think you are not worth saving, not worth helping—if all the hours I have spent with you in jail are to go for nothing, you 'scoot.' I'll not interfere. I leave it to you. I can't save a fellow, you know, not by myself; I can only help a fellow to save himself, if he wants to. If he doesn't want to, and I can't convince him that he ought to want to, then I do not see much hope. So go or stay, as you wish, Henry."

"Do you mean that, Judge?" the boy asked, and the Judge thinks his impulse was to go.

"You know what I mean," he answered, and for a moment the two looked at each other.

Then—the boy made a dash for that open window, and the judge thought he was gone. But, instead of going, up went his hand and down came the window with a bang, and the judge had another convert.

It is inconceivable that work of this kind should excite the enmity of anybody; and it doesn't. It is not for this that Judge Lindsey has made enemies among the politicians and city officials. But he isn't satisfied with reforming bad boys; he wants to change the conditions that are breeding them. He soon found that the "wine-rooms" of Denver were, some of them, veritable dens of iniquity, where girls were ruined and boys corrupted. He made a crusade to enforce the laws, and, being a good fighter, he succeeded, but only after arousing the hatred not only of the dive-keepers, but of the police commissioners and bosses and many business men. Then he discovered by accident that while he was striving to teach boys not to steal, some of the city officials were grafting outrageously on the supplies for his own court, and, being a citizen as well as a juvenile court judge, he made a telling crusade, using names in public, and that made more enemies for him.


When he drafted a bill for the legislature providing a detention school for juvenile offenders, and forbidding their being held at all in jail, he trampled on other toes, and the opposition to the bill seemed insurmountable. Then he called on his allies, the "kids," for help. He issued an invitation to the governor, the mayor, the police commissioners, the preachers and rabbis and others to come to his court the next day for the purpose of conducting an inquiry. Nearly all accepted. Then he sent for one Mickey, leader of a gang, and asked him if he could bring to him by two o'clock all the kids that had been in jail. Mickey said "sure," borrowed a bicycle and was off like

a shot. Two o'clock drew near, and all the visitors were present, but nothing was heard or seen of Mickey. The judge was embarrassed. It was a painful situation. But on the stroke of two a murmur was heard outside that grew into a hubbub, and then a pandemonium. Up the stairs the noise came and down the upper hall to the judge's chamber. It sounded like a mob, and even the judge himself was startled, while his visitors were alarmed. It was Mickey with two score boys at his heels. The judge took them into a side-room, and told what he wanted. He asked them to tell his visitors just what they had told him about the jail. Mickey marshaled the witnesses, and one after another told his story. They related scenes of foulness too revolting to repeat, and they convinced their hearers that they were telling the horrible truth. "My God!" said one of the preachers, "this has gone far enough. It is too, too horrible." And unable to endure more he took his hat and left. Then Governor Peabody arose and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, I never in my life heard or knew of so much rot, corruption and vileness as I have learned this day from these babes,—almost,—and I want to say that nothing in my administration will be so important to me as signing Judge Lindsey's bills. I don't care to read those bills. If he says they are designed to correct these conditions, I am satisfied. And if Judge Lindsey is crazy, I want my name written right under his as one of the crazy people. And as to those boys lying, anyone who says they have been lying to-day must be himself a liar."

The next day the pulpits rang with the story. Within a week Judge Lindsey's bills became a part of the statute law of Colorado. But ever since that time he has been known as a man who "butts in." The phrase in his case is a badge of honor. The nation needs citizens who "butt in" to right a wrong that they know exists.

Judge Lindsey is a bachelor—just on the sunny side of forty. He has organized the Denver boys coming before him into a Little Citizens' League. When he sends a boy to the Industrial School at Golden—a reformatory—he puts him on his honor and the boy goes unattended. Out of several hundreds so committed only three have betrayed the Judge's confidence. His pioneer work in this line has had a wide influence, and about twenty states have already followed the example of Colorado more or less completely in the treatment of juvenile offenders.

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL ANGLO-SAXON SOCIETY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

F ALL the embarrassments with which the leaders of the woman suffrage agitation have had to contend, the counter-movement against them with which the name of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (the sometime Lady Randolph Churchill) is about to be associated seems to concern them most. Only those who understand the peculiar position in the political world to which Mrs. Cornwallis-West has attained, first as the mother of the ablest man in the Liberal government of the hour and secondly as the acknowledged despot of that wing of London society known as the Marlborough clan, can realize what is involved in an anti-suffragette movement directed by her. Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a great figure in the Primrose League, the Conservative organization which stands always for Toryism. The Conservatives have so far rather enjoyed Liberal routs by suffragettes. Only Mrs. Humphry Ward has taken a strong and conspicuous position in the counter-movement. Mrs. Cornwallis-West, however, is understood to be inspired by the notion that her son, Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, is anxious for the confusion of the suffragettes. Those bell-ringing and parading ladies have insisted that they speak for the vast majority of the women of England. To disprove this claim is part of the task set herself, according to London newspaper reports, by this most influential of all the women of society in London, who is as important in politics as she is in journalism, and as famed for her hospital work as for her beauty.

Now well past fifty, the widow of the late Lord Randolph Churchill is still admired, not only for the abundance, but for the intense blackness of the endless coils of hair piled loftily on the brow and coiled thickly about the ears. The figure has an almost girlish slighthness in the long, unbroken lines of the semi-Directoire gowns described with such detail by the London society organs when this great lady is seen at a dinner or ball. Mrs. Cornwallis-West is neither tall nor short, neither slim nor plump, neither young nor old, but, to quote the words of *Truth*, "just herself." Her manner never shows a trace of what has been called "the terrific artificiality" of society in England. She has neither that mincing accent which has become so common

nor the weird and almost simian antics—for example, the shoulder-high handshake—nor the falsetto voice which go with the character she is made to play. Her discourse is never made vivid by exotic forms of expression and slangy modes of conveying an idea. She has been praised, rather, for spreading the spirit of graciousness about her, and for giving to human intercourse at social functions a new reality. It is not that she cultivates what the English call "charm," but that fate has bestowed upon her, in addition to her enduring beauty of face and figure and perfect elegance of deportment, an instinct for courtesy. She avoids giving offense. She is stately without stiffness. There is no condescension in her distinguished air, which compels respect by an unconscious dignity of its own. One never detects in Mrs. Cornwallis-West that studied indifference, approaching insolence, which, according to the French, buries the good manners of the English at their great social functions.

The crises in the career of this great lady have necessitated displays of all these traits of hers. The latest and perhaps the most famous of her difficulties was brought about by her marriage with the gentleman whose name she bears, and between whose age and that of her renowned son, Winston Churchill, there is but the slightest difference. The family of Captain George Cornwallis-West has given a wife to the Duke of Westminster, a wife to Prince Henry of Pless, and a beauty to the Prince of Wales's set in the days when that set was the smartest. The whole power and prestige and persuasiveness of the Cornwallis-Wests were brought to bear upon royalty itself to defeat her marriage to the captain. Not one member of the bridegroom's family put in an appearance at the wedding. Captain George Cornwallis-West had distinguished himself in the Boer War as an officer of the Scots Guards at Magersfontein. He behaved gallantly as a member of the expedition despatched to the relief of Kimberley. The attachment between himself and his present wife caused that lady to be referred to as "the baby snatcher" when, nine years ago, he led her to the altar. Lady Randolph Churchill, as she then was, won over the whole Marlborough clan in the war of sets that ensued.

The battle was the second stage of that long and sullen conflict between the present King of England and the late Lord Randolph



THE SOCIETY QUEEN WHO MADE THE AMERICAN WOMAN A POWER IN LONDON

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, the mother of the famed Winston Churchill, now in the Asquith ministry, is understood to be doing what she can to perfect the organization of those Englishwomen who are fighting the suffragettes. Mrs. Cornwallis-West was at one time Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, and is a blood relative of District Attorney William Travers Jerome.

Churchill which terminated only when the last-named man of power and brilliance breathed his last. Much has been hinted and more has been whispered regarding the feud which, as some gossips say, had its origin in a misunderstanding between Albert Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, and his late lordship on the subject of the latter's wife. Lady Randolph Churchill herself was the ultimate and original cause of the wreck of her husband's career for the simple reason that she involved him with the heir to the throne in a dilemma that rendered the position of the cabinet minister untenable. Generations hence, when every figure in this tragedy has passed away, the archives of the Marlborough family will disclose to some historian of the future one of the most curious episodes in the history of Queen Victoria's reign. For the time being, the world must content itself with gossip. Thus runs the story as it is retailed for the benefit of boulevard flaneurs by Paris papers. Captain Cornwallis-West, born in the year of his wife's first marriage, had his military career cut short by the war office in London through the very malign influence which had wrecked the official life of the lady's other husband. Whether all this be idle tale-bearing or veracious history, it suffices to illustrate the kind of importance always attached to the former Miss Jerome's position in English society.

She was born, as she tells the world herself in her own charming story of her life,* in Brooklyn, now a boro of the American metropolis. Her father, a Princeton man, and one of the great capitalists of his day, was United States consul at Trieste for some years, and thus it came about that Italian skies imparted to the future Lady Randolph Churchill her first impressions of life. "Italian skies gave me," she writes, "my love of heat and of the sun, and a smiling, dark-eyed peasant nurse tuned my baby ears to the harmony of the most melodious of all languages." Until she was six, this American girl spoke practically nothing but Italian. As a girl in short dresses she spent some years in New York, but was at last taken to Paris, where the cosmopolitan touch was given to her training. The Jeromes were among the ornaments of the court of the third Napoleon, whose wife, the hapless Empress Eugenie, fell in love with the beauty of Lady Randolph Churchill's mother, and made a great deal of the pretty little daughter.

Little did Jennie Jerome suspect, when she departed from her native land for the French capital, that she was destined not to return until she had been two years a great English statesman's wife. Within a few days of the first meeting between herself and Lord Randolph Churchill she had promised to be his. The family of the Duke of Marlborough were all furious. It was a time when American girls were, socially speaking, at a low ebb in London. To give the general impression in Lady Randolph Churchill's own words:

"In England, as on the continent, the American woman was looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners something between a red Indian and a gaiety girl. Anything of an outlandish nature might be expected of her. If she talked, dressed, and conducted herself as any well-bred woman would, much astonishment was invariably evinced, and she was usually saluted with the tactful remark: 'I should never have thought you were an American.' Which was regarded as a compliment.

"As a rule, people looked upon her as a disagreeable and even dangerous person, to be viewed with suspicion, if not avoided altogether. Her dollars were her only recommendation, and each was credited with the possession of them—otherwise what was her *raison d'être*? No distinction was ever made among Americans. They were all supposed to be of one uniform type. The wife and daughters of the newly-enriched Californian miner, swathed in silks and satins, and blazing with diamonds on the smallest provocation; the cultured, refined and retiring Bostonian; the aristocratic Virginian, as full of tradition and family pride as a Percy of Northumberland or a La Rochefoucauld; the cosmopolitan and up-to-date New Yorker—all were grouped in the same category, all were considered tarred with the same brush.

"The innumerable caricatures supposed to represent the typical American girl depicted her always of one type: beautiful and refined in appearance, but dressed in exaggerated style and speaking—with a nasal twang—the most impossible language. The young lady who, in refusing anything to eat, says 'I'm pretty crowded just now,' or in explaining why she is traveling alone remarks that 'Papper don't voyage; he's too fleshy,' was thought to be representative of the national type and manners."

Such were the prejudices and the ignorances against which Lady Randolph had to contend when, as the wife of one who bore the most illustrious name in the peerage, she made her bow to London society. Her sensational dark beauty opened all hearts to her at a time when English society worshipped the blonde; but the most prodigious surprise of all seems to have been the well-bred ease of her manner. The fluency with which she spoke French and Italian, her acquaintance with the literatures

*REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. By Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. The Century Company.

of Europe, the knowledge she had acquired of art and even of the sciences, provoked an amazement which Lord Randolph Churchill himself found intensely comical. He was immensely proud of his beautiful American wife and of the conquest she made of his family. She plunged at once into the political life of her husband, and took to the English custom which makes a candidate for office look to his wife to perform the duties which in our own country fall to the ward heeler. The Brooklyn girl achieved national fame as a "vote-getter." She visited doubtful constituents, talked the issues of the day over with the butcher and the grocer, and buttonholed potential supporters in the street. This talent for effective campaigning has remained with her. In the fierce fight of her famous son to retain his seat for a Manchester constituency last year, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West went with him to every meeting. She stood at his side while he spoke to workmen in the dinner hour. She edited his campaign addresses and even revised some of the speeches he made.

In her present home of Salisbury Hall, St. Albans, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West dispenses a hospitality so informed with the spirit of her personality that, as the London *World* says, she is the only hostess of genius in the United Kingdom. The affection between herself and her two sons, Winston and John, the latter a man of promise, altho he has been eclipsed by his more brilliant brother, renews her own youth. Salisbury Hall is not a stately home, but it is beautiful and famous. The winters are passed in London at the town house in Great Cumberland Place, where every room has a fame of its own either because of the collection of lacquer work from Japan with which it is filled or on account of the gems and tapestries adorning it. The library contains some of the rarest volumes in England, and is the workshop of the lady herself. Here she writes her articles for the magazines, which grow more frequent as time passes. Here she conducts a correspondence with every man of eminence in English politics, plans the political campaigns of her many young friends in public life, and administers the affairs of the Primrose League. It is the boast of Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. Cornwallis-West, that her one recreation is work. She attributes the youthfulness of her appearance to her industry alone. Time has not robbed her of the American accent in

which she carries on her conversations with brilliant Englishmen, or diminished the brightness of a pair of eyes of which the late Grand Duke Sergius once said that they were the most beautiful in all Europe. The one folly of her life she admits to be the tattooing of a serpent on her wrist, a blemish which is usually concealed by gemmed and fantastically designed bracelets. As a conversationalist the great American woman who now bears the Cornwallis-West name has been pronounced by competent judges the equal of those salon heroines who in the days of Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse made talk a thing divine and listening a new and subtle species of flattery. When she has anything to say, the mother of Winston Churchill says it wittily yet sweetly, in well chosen words, but in no spirit of condescension.

Most conspicuous of all this famous woman's purely physical characteristics is the persistence of her youth. It seems cruel to say that, at the recent marriage of her illustrious son, his mother seemed the junior of the bride by at least two years, but such is the verdict of all with a right to form an opinion. Mrs. Cornwallis-West went to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, wearing golden beaver-colored satin charmeuse, made in the exacting princess style that is so merciless to the hips of middle-aged women. The gown was finished with the widest of metal embroideries. The hat was of satin antique of the same color, with large velvet and satin-petalled lilies in metallesque coloring, with bronze and silver centres around the brim. As the widow of "Randy" and the mother of "Winny" swept up the aisle on the arm of her strapping son John there was a murmur of admiration among the crowded pews which the appearance of the bride herself quite failed to evoke. Mrs. Cornwallis-West revealed not the vague beauty of figure which wins for itself the epithet "undefinable," but that definite seductiveness of outline announced irresistibly by erectness of carriage, correctness of proportion from bust to waist and from waist to hip, and that serpentine slope of neck into shoulder which has been referred to by sculptors as the most maddening line in art. The taper of no waist in the world has more roundness, the freshness of no complexion in London entices with such genuineness. Not so very far from her sixtieth birthday, it is an open secret that the former Lady Randolph Churchill inspires jealousy because of her beauty in women half her age.

Literature and Art

SOUNDING THE DOOM OF THE "COMICS"

IT BEGINS to look as if the death knell of a time-honored feature of American journalism—the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers—had struck. A tide of protest is rising all over the land, and the very existence of "Foxy Grandpa," the "Katzenjammer Kids," "Happy Hooligan," and "Buster Brown"—those darlings of the heart of childhood—is menaced. Mothers' meetings have declaimed, and educational conferences have resolved, against them. One lady speaker before the recent American Playgrounds Congress in New York registered her conviction that the comic supplement is "debasing the morals of the children" by empha-

sizing and apparently condoning "deceit, cunning, and disrespect for gray hairs." And now a leading New England newspaper, the Boston *Herald*, announces its abandonment of this feature. "The comic supplement," it declares, "has had its day. We discard it as we would throw aside any mechanism that had reached the end of its usefulness, or any 'feature' that had ceased to fulfil the purpose of attraction." *The Herald* continues:

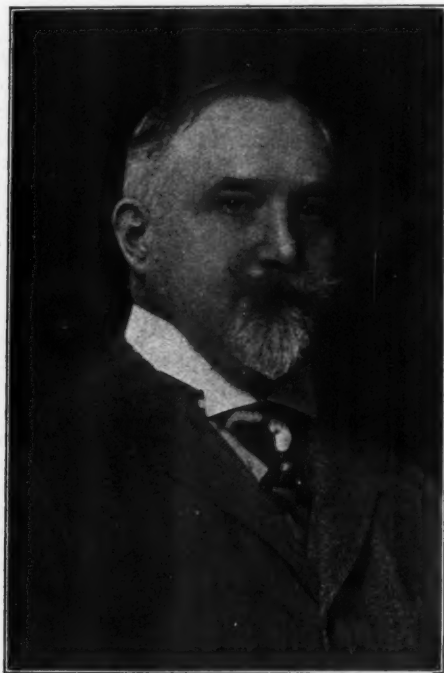
"Comic supplements have ceased to be comic. They have become as vulgar in design as they are tawdry in color. There is no longer any semblance of art in them, and if there are any ideals they are low and descending lower.

"Many protests come from the public against a continuance of the comic supplements. Parents and teachers object to them. Most discerning persons throw them aside without inspection, experience having taught them that there is no hope for improvement in these gaudy sheets. The



HE MADE THE "YELLOW KID" AND "BUSTER BROWN" HOUSEHOLD PETS.

R. F. Outcault revealed the possibilities of the comic supplement by telling in story pictures published by the New York *World* what went on in Hogan's Alley. Later he achieved new fame through the tragic misadventures of "Buster Brown." The competition for the use of his "Yellow Kid" between Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst was at one time the spectacle of Park Row.



THE PROGENITOR OF "FOXY GRANDPA"

Carl E. Schultze first drew for the New York *Herald* that series of comic masterpieces in which the pranks of two little boys reduce to confusion their plans to make a venerable old man ridiculous.

supplements no longer amuse an intelligent public; they serve mainly to depress persons of taste, and distort such growing taste as may struggle for the light in others. The colored comic supplement is the clown of the newspaper establishment. The *Herald* believes that a great newspaper no longer needs a clown. Perhaps it never needed one, but all newspaperdom seemed to think 'the comic' a necessity, and so the colored supplement came into being and acquired the habit of living."

While the action of the Boston *Herald* has not as yet been followed by any other newspapers, it has furnished a very interesting theme for discussion. Is it a fact that, as some claim, the comic supplements of American journalism make us a laughing-stock in the eyes of foreigners? Does this roaring Sunday pantomime really exert a deleterious influence on the minds of growing children? At least one paper of standing, the New York *Evening Post*, answers both of these questions with an emphatic negative. It says:

"Clownish, vulgar, idiotic the colored 'comics' of American Sunday newspapers undeniably are. It is a reproach to our civilization that they should have been allowed to swarm over the land.



THE CRUELEST GENIUS NOW ANALYZING CHILDHOOD

Through the medium of his "Katzenjammer Kids," Mr. Rudolph Dirks, whose picture is here reproduced, conveys to the popular mind his theory "that boyhood in the domestic atmosphere anticipates the spirit of Carthage in its punishment of Regulus.

They are a glory all our own. No other journalism has anything like them. They leave visiting foreigners absolutely astounded and aghast. For the reproach inevitably runs beyond the individual editor or journal, and is an impeachment of the taste and even common sense of the whole country. Who has not seen intelligent Germans and Frenchmen and Englishmen completely puzzled by the Sunday comic? It is a phenomenon which they cannot in the least understand. They meet Americans freely, and find that they are not so different from other peoples. The average of our taste and manners does not strike them as extraordinarily low; and they are even ready to compliment us, until they see the Sunday supplements! Then they ask if Americans are really grown up, if they are really educated, if they really ever discriminate between what is childish and what is mature, what is tawdry and what is excellent. Material which in no other country in the world would be offered to anybody but infants or semi-idiot is here gravely thrust by newspapers upon their presumably intelligent readers, and hailed as a great advance in journalism!"

As a result of this discussion, two of the foremost American representatives of comic



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THE ACHIEVER OF RABELAISIAN EFFECT WITH THREE STROKES

Frederick Burr Oppen lends to the human countenance in every cartoon that doleful expressiveness which no imitator can approach and which sharpens the point of his "Happy Hooligan" and "Alphonse and Gaston" masterpieces. "The Trusts and the Common People" is his most triumphant victory over the sense of reality.



MAMMA, PAPA AND THEIR BABY OWE ALL
TO HIM

George McManus represents in the *New York World* a reaction from the purely physical catastrophe as the point of a Sunday supplement series. He summoned the "Newly Weds" from the depths of his consciousness with results so happy that the art he excels in seems one of the humanities.

journalism, Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, of the *New York World*, and Mr. Rudolph Block, of the Hearst newspapers, have come to the defence of their vocation. They both contend that the comic supplement is worth retaining, and that it fills a legitimate popular need. Mr. Terhune observes:

"In the days of the old Egyptians men inscribed curious, quaint hieroglyphics on obelisks and pyramids, to recount the stories of their deeds. They were very primitive, these hieroglyphics, because the men who wrote them were primitive. Primitive men could only appreciate and think of primitive things. Now, the Sunday comic supplement is primarily for the most primitive people on earth—the children. It is designed for youngsters who have not had time to acquire much of an education, yet, and for older children who have had their educational opportunities crippled, through one cause or another.

"Nobody contends that the colored comic supplement is artistic. It isn't. It isn't for you and

it isn't for me. It is for the people who don't care for fine shades of humor, because they can't appreciate them. The man who finds Mark Twain, for instance, too subtle for his understanding, has no difficulty in laughing at the right moment when he reads of the adventures of Little Nemo."

Mr. Terhune denies the oft-repeated charge that the "comics" teach lessons of immorality and disobedience. On the contrary, he says, their influence is on the side of the moralities. He instances the "Foxy Grandpa" pictures:

"The Foxy Grandpa series, which has been much criticised, really taught a trenchant moral lesson. Reduced to bald language, it told of two bad boys who tried to play tricks on a nice old man. They were always putting up jokes on him, attempting to make him look ridiculous. But they never succeeded. He always got the best of them. Punishment generally follows their transgressions. People laugh while they look at the pictures, and chuckle reminiscently afterward, but the lesson does sink in. They see conclusively that to be bad does not mean that one is happy. The same may be said for every series of comic pictures that has made more than a temporary success. We don't want to use pictures if they are the least bit indecent."

Mr. Rudolph Block, of the Hearst papers, sustains the comic supplement in even more emphatic language. He asserts that intelligent Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, so far from despising the humor of the American Sunday paper, are only too anxious to appropriate it for their own purposes. Many English papers already pay for comic features evolved on this side of the water, and "the only reason," says Mr. Block, "that the Katzenjammer Kids—those poor victims of all anti-comic spleen!—are not published in Germany is that, of the four publications in that country that applied for the exclusive right of publishing them simultaneously with newspapers here, none was willing to pay the price the editor set upon them." Mr. Block goes on to say:

"I have seen a newspaper with a Sunday circulation of 100,000 without a comic supplement gain an additional 50,000 readers after the addition of a comic supplement. Are these 50,000 people necessarily clownish, vulgar or idiotic, or people who are attracted by clownish, vulgar and idiotic publications? I have for many years—and with painful regularity, I must admit—followed *Punch*, *Judy*, *Pick-Me-Up*, *Ally Sloper*, *Comic Cuts*, *Le Journal Amusant*, *Le Petit Journal Pour Rire*, *Fliegende Blätter*, *Meggendorfer Blätter*, *Kikeriki*, *Simplicissimus*, *Jugend*, and the humorous periodicals of Russia, Spain, Hungary and Norway. . . . Making allowance for national characteristics which are as clearly marked in humor as they are in litera-

ture, in art, or even in food, you will find that what is truly humorous in these publications is alike in each. The best that is in each the others try to obtain, or, failing, to imitate. The most popular humorous artist of England in his day was Phil May. The most famous humorous artists of France and Germany to-day are Caran d'Ache and Oberläender. I have tried, vainly, many times, to induce all three of them to come to this country. They preferred to draw the pictures that we would have liked here, in their own comic publications. On the other hand, Dirks, Oppen, Outcault and Swinnerton have, in the past ten years, refused innumerable offers of employment in England, France and Germany."

The arguments of the "comic" editors receive summary treatment in the editorial columns of *The Evening Post*. How can there be any moral quality, it asks, in the unutterably silly? And is there nothing immoral in going to the immature and the uneducated and steeping their minds with what is vapid, stupid, vulgar and demoralizing? *The Post* makes the further rejoinder:

"It is said that children require picture-writing of a glaring sort, and the quiet intimation is that most purchasers of the newspapers having Sunday comics are children intellectually. So one would think, if many of them actually read the senseless stuff. A kind of false and hollow prestige has been artificially created about the Sunday comic, which a careful investigation of the facts would, we believe, entirely shatter. The



ONE OF MR. HEARST'S MOST POPULAR EDUCATORS

James Swinnerton is the creator of that flirtatious Mr. Jack, whose roving gaze when femininity is within his field of vision precipitates domestic crises of the pugilistic mood. Mr. Swinnerton has brought into being likewise "Mr. Batch," the pessimist, "Pink Whiskers Jones," the subtle, and many equally impressive elucidations of life's moods.

experiment of the Boston *Herald* will be watched with great interest. That journal may find that it will gain in prosperity as well as in self-respect by ceasing to affront the taste of its patrons."

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, A MAN WITH A GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP.

THE name of Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, will live not by virtue of his scholarly studies in medieval literature and history, nor of his lectures on the fine arts. He was a man in whom human sympathy approached genius, and he won his unique place in American cultural development because he understood and inspired some of the finest minds of his time.

His friendship with Ruskin, covering a period of nearly fifty years, was typical of all his friendships. It began in 1855, and the first of Ruskin's letters opened with the conventional "Dear Norton." Then came, in loving gradation, "My dearest Norton," "My dear Charles," and "My dearest Charles." Finally, the salutation was "Darling Charles"; and the last words of Ruskin's writing were traced in pencil, "From your loving J. R."

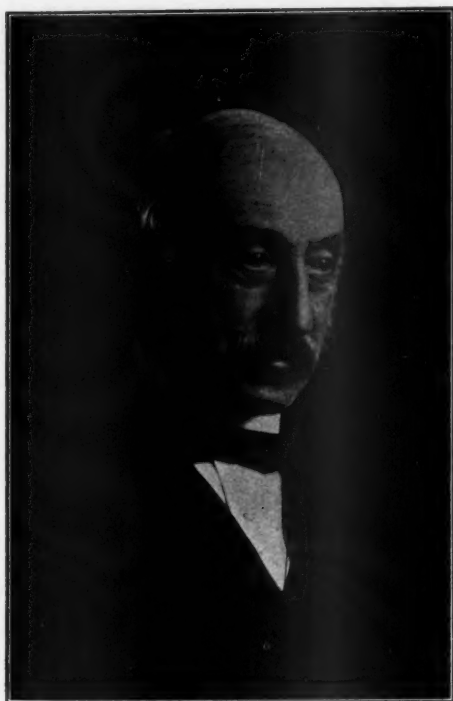
It is worth knowing how a friendship of

such depth and intensity originated, and Ruskin himself has told the story in his autobiographical recollections, "Praeterita." He says that in 1855 he was journeying with his father and mother from Vevay to Geneva, in Switzerland, in the cabin of an excursion boat, and that one of their fellow-travelers was a young American of singular charm of personality.

"I noticed that from time to time the young American cast somewhat keen, tho entirely courteous, looks of scrutiny at my father and mother.

"In a few minutes after I had begun to notice these looks, he rose, with the sweetest quiet smile I ever saw on any face (unless, perhaps, a nun's when she has some grave kindness to do), crossed to our side of the cabin, and, addressing himself to my father, said, with a true expression of great gladness and of frank trust that his joy would be understood, that he knew who we were, was most thankful to have met us, and that he prayed permission to introduce his mother and sisters to us.

"And thus I became possessed of my second



"THE MOST CULTIVATED MAN IN AMERICA"

Such was Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's estimate of Charles Eliot Norton, his Cambridge neighbor, and the friend of Ruskin and Carlyle.

friend, after Dr. John Brown; and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton."

So began a friendship that was destined to influence profoundly the lives of both men, and that led to Norton's editing Ruskin's works and letters. In fact, it was largely owing to Norton's urgings that Ruskin entered upon the labors of autobiography.

Thomas Carlyle must have had the same sort of confidence in him, for after Carlyle's death, when trouble arose between James Anthony Froude and the Carlyle family, it was to Charles Eliot Norton that they turned for an editor. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, as the representative of the family, placed in his hands a vast mass of literary material out of which he constructed "The Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle," "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Goethe," and "Carlyle's Letters and Reminiscences." Mr. Norton expressed emphatic disapproval of the "view" of Carlyle's character presented in Froude's biography, and accused the latter of manipulating his material to sustain *a priori* theories.

A third Englishman of letters who admitted Norton into closest intimacy was Edward Fitzgerald, the author of the world-famous rendering of "Omar Khayyam." Carlyle helped to cement this friendship, and Ruskin contributed to it. For it seems that Professor Norton was the first critic on this side of the Atlantic to draw public attention to the rare beauty of the Rubaiyat. Later, he sent the quatrains to Ruskin, who was entranced, and replied enthusiastically.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Professor Norton's closest friendships were with Englishmen. His relation to the most distinguished and gifted of his fellow-countrymen was equally warm and sympathetic. William Dean Howells has spoken of him as "the only man I ever met who had developed by cultivation in the most perfect measure every original resource and talent and intellectual power"; and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson regarded him as "the most cultivated man in America." E. L. Godkin, the founder of *The Nation*, wrote to him, "If the paper succeeds I shall always ascribe it to you." But the two most remarkable of his American friendships were with Longfellow and Lowell.

When Norton returned from his second trip to Europe in 1857, he was full of enthusiasm for Dante, and intent upon making Dante's writings better known in the United States. Now it happened that Longfellow at this very time was engaged in his poetical translation of the "Divina Comedia," and he had so high an estimate of Norton's critical attainments that he constantly sought his advice in rendering difficult passages. The only other American whom he so honored was James Russell Lowell. As Professor Norton puts it:

"Mr. Longfellow was too modest to rely wholly upon his own judgment and genius in the performance of his work, and he called upon two of his friends in his final revision of it. In 1865 the manuscript was put into the printers' hands, and every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow's study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence that existed between us.

"They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us. Now and then some other friend or acquaintance would

join us for the hours of study. Almost always one or two guests would come in at ten o'clock, when the work ended, and sit down with us to a supper with which the evening closed."

These evenings at Longfellow's undoubtedly helped to strengthen the already warm friendship existing between Norton and Lowell. The two were life-long comrades at Cambridge, spending hours and days together, and, when separated by the ocean, writing voluminous and delightful letters to one another. They played an important part in the founding of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and from 1864 to 1868 worked as co-editors on the *North American Review*. "The comradeship that existed between these two men," says a writer in the *Boston Herald*, "was no ordinary friendship. Both had extraordinary powers of intellect, and each gave the best he had to the help of the other." The intimacy lasted until the day of Lowell's death. Subsequently, as Lowell's literary executor, Professor Norton gave to the world most interesting and valuable correspondence.

Ruskin, Carlyle, FitzGerald, Longfellow, Lowell—so runs the list of Charles Eliot Norton's friends; and it might be continued indefinitely. These were but the most distinguished of the host who loved him, and may be accepted as typical of hundreds of lesser known men who felt the impress of his unselfish and high-minded nature. One of his former pupils at Harvard, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, declares:

"Mr. Norton undoubtedly exercised a larger influence for good upon the students than any other professor, and this was due both to his personality and his subjects—the study of the beautiful in art and literature. Besides his attainments he possessed the exquisite delicacy, polish, and gentleness of the gentleman of the old school, but he none the less, and to a very marked degree, had the courage of his convictions, never failing to raise his voice for the right and for the welfare of his country.

"His death is a national loss, and removes the highest type of the cultivated American citizen of lofty aims and of unbending rectitude, one who has injected into this material age the redeeming traits of some of the beauty and humanity of life."

MOTHER-LOVE IN JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH'S ART



ONE of the simplest and most winsome conceptions of that gifted Philadelphia artist, Jessie Willcox Smith, shows a little babe peering over its mother's shoulder. We do not see the mother's face, but only the back of her head. The artist seems to wish to convey the *spirit* of motherhood, rather than its embodiment in any one woman. All that we see clearly is the wistful face of the little one, and its clinging hand. The picture is a hymn to mother-love, and it makes a universal appeal.

This Madonna-and-Child by an American woman first appeared on a magazine cover, and it is typical, in more than one sense, of modern tendencies. Ours is, in truth, "the century of the child," as Ellen Key has reminded us, and there are influences at work in all countries making for a new and romantic realization of child-life. Miss Smith would undoubtedly recognize the authors of "A Child's Garden of Verse" and of "Lullaby Land" as brothers in her own dream-world, for both Stevenson and Eugene Field were men of the child-vision. Her own imagination may already have sought its sustenance in such poems as Eugene Field's:

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream,
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

In our own day such writers as J. M. Barrie and Kenneth Grahame, such artists as Howard Pyle and Maxfield Parrish, have opened gates into the enchanted world that every child dreams of. "Ever since Kenneth Grahame wrote his charming book, 'The



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Golden Age,'" says Sadakichi Hartmann, the well-known art-critic, in an article in *The Cosmopolitan*, "we have been fully aware of the wide gulf that separates the wise and matter-of-fact Olympians from the Illuminati (i.e., the little ones, with unctuous hair and faces stiffened into a grin)—a gulf that makes it impossible to each to arrive at a true appreciation of the other's worth. The Olympians, who have grown so conscious of their own superiority, have nothing but pity for those days when they, too, had to be captured in

order to be washed and forced into a clean collar or spotless apron. They may have been Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns themselves, but they have lost all comprehension of the beauty of those adventures. They have forgotten all about cobs and robbers and the times when the cook or butler was the best friend they had. They even reprimand their own little ones when they harness the parlor chairs for an imaginary team. They have become dull and prosaic from the Illuminate's point of view, and are deprived of the faculty



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of seeing insignificant things in a halo of enchantment. Nowhere do both parties realize this more than in the portrait studio. To have the children painted or photographed has become a habit with all elders, whether they inhabit palaces, or live, as most of them do, in some more humble abode. It has become a fashion. Portraiture, altho a luxury in a way, has almost become a necessity of modern life. Every child has to submit sooner or later to this pictorial record of facts. It is an event that recurs from time to time, and one to

which a good deal of sentimentality is attached, at least by the Olympian members of the family. But the little Argonauts, who pursue no golden fleece but that of pleasure and frolic and shun the pale phantom of propriety, take quite a different view of it. They who are artists by nature, as they still live in the realms of imagination, if they had their own way, would give short shrift to the painter or the photographer, unless, indeed, he were a modern Murillo, capable of portraying them in easy and unconventional attitudes, unkempt,



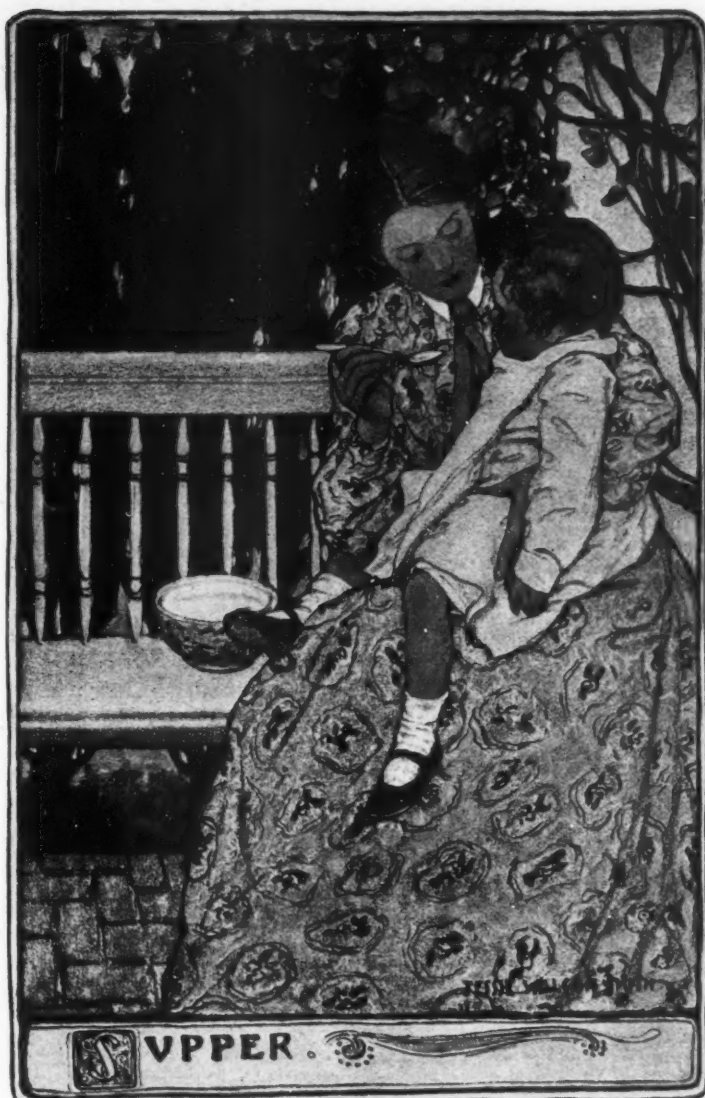
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dirt and all. . . . The more an artist works with little people, and the more he loves them, the more does he gradually recognize that the condition on which good work is based is simplicity of treatment and directness of motive. . . . In the golden age character is unfixed and spontaneous, and not always on its best behavior, and the artist must be on the alert to note shifting emotions, to catch the ripple of animation on the faces when the little ones are at play or are chattering in their innocent way."

The art of Jessie Willcox Smith may fit-

tingly be ranked with that of Kenneth Grahame and the other poets and painters named. But while their children are often romping and joyous, hers are reflective and a little sedate; and in her art the maternal note predominates. She is haunted by a vision of two faces, and the face of one is the face of a mother.

Jessie Willcox Smith has always dwelt close to gardens, and many of her loveliest conceptions carry with them the aroma of flowers. "Her gardens," says Mr. Harrison Morris, "smell of roses and old-fashioned blooms, and



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the children she draws so cunningly would pluck them as eagerly as you, were they not the foster-children of Silence, as Keats hath it." Mr. Morris has written further (in *The Book Buyer*):

"Jessie Willcox Smith's particularity is the decorative use of every-day subjects. She paints or draws in broad, flat masses, and is almost Japanesque in her use of the planes of her composition. Perhaps she has this trait from Mr. Pyle, who likes to force his design beyond the picture, thus to give width and openness, or she

may take it legitimately from the decorative impulses now in the air. That her method is a quite individual one, like, but distinct from, that of her comrades, will be evident to every eye."

The series of illustrations entitled "A Mother's Day," and reproduced in these pages, is an idyll of American motherhood, and will find a sympathetic echo in every American mother's heart. At this Christmas season it may lead to reflections on the persistence of a motive that seems destined to last as long as human life itself. In every age the greatest



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artists have spent themselves in efforts to express the poetry in the relation between mother and child. The visitor to European picture galleries still finds the walls lined with Madonnas, and frets oftentimes at the reiteration of the theme. The medieval artists were impelled by religious as well as by artistic reasons to choose this subject, yet now that the religious motive is largely in abeyance, artists still seek to paint the perfect mother and child. The cause for this, in the opinion of Sadakichi Hartmann, lies in the fact that

the mother-and-child picture offers unequalled opportunities for the effective portrayal of womanly beauty in contrast with the innocence of childhood. "It does not merely," he says, "give us the surface of beautiful things, it affects us in a deeper manner. It has a firm grip on our emotions. It is sure to tug at our heart-strings. And its sway in the realm of art has been supreme. The Italian masters devoted the largest part of their lives to its glorification. The world-wide fame of Raphael and Correggio is closely

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associated with the enormous popularity of the Madonna picture. The tenderness of motherhood has found its mystic expression in art. Times have changed, we have grown more skeptical, but the religious sentiment still clings to the modern Madonna picture. Abbott Thayer and George de Forest Brush still worship at the old shrine, and the 'great chastity of maternity' has found a new expression in the mother-and-child picture of to-day. And the artistic photograph—which answers better than any other graphic art to

the special necessities of a democratic and leveling age like ours—has popularized the mother-and-child picture. It is now within the reach of all. It is one of the most dignified and beautiful ornaments that can grace the walls of a home. It brings to us a personal message, a hint of the poetry of maternal sacrifice, and a glimpse of 'all the weird wild wonder-world our wondering child-eyes saw.' In this revival of interest in the artistic portrayal of childhood, Jessie Willcox Smith has taken a dominating part.

MR. STRINGER'S ARRAIGNMENT OF THE "CANADA FAKERS"

THE "nature faking" controversy in which President Roosevelt and John Burroughs engaged so merrily last year has been superseded by an equally exciting indictment of the "Canada fakers." The phrase is Arthur Stringer's, and he insists that it fits the men for whom it is intended. No obscurities are they, but writers of international fame, such as Rudyard Kipling, Sir Gilbert Parker, Richard Harding Davis, Stewart Edward White, and Jack London. Mr. Stringer is not a man to make charges lightly. He is Canadian born and bred, and a traveler, hunter and outdoor man, as well as a poet and novelist. His specifications are definite and forcibly stated; they have been reprinted throughout Canada and the United States; and they have found influential support.

There are two Canadas, Mr. Stringer asserts at the outset of his arraignment (in the November and December issues of *Canada West*, Winnipeg). One is the actual Canada, the other is "the Canada that comes out of ink-wells."

There are reasons for believing, he continues, that misrepresentation of Canada began with its discovery, when the St. Lawrence was written down as the true road to China, and the Rapids of "La Chine" were left as a lasting monument to early misjudgment. Then came an era of European misinformation when Goldsmith's Indians found their recreation in shooting the falls of Niagara in canoes, and the Red Man was interpreted as a creature like unto nothing ever beheld on sea or land.

Quite naturally, Mr. Stringer argues, these earlier years found men more childlike than they are to-day in their attitude toward a country, just as they were more uncertain in their aggregate of actual knowledge. But nowadays Canada is traversed from the Circle down to the Great Lakes; it is no longer a *terra incognita*. There are no vast stretches of it to which the foot of explorer and naturalist is foreign. Much of the country, however, remains inaccessible to the casual traveler—"delightfully uncertain," is the way Mr. Stringer puts it—and up-to-date novelists, with surprising unanimity, have seized upon it as offering matchless possibilities in the way of the picturesque. "They can no longer sentimentalize the Indian; the wielder of the toma-

hawk has been done to death; ethnic impresarios of the Buffalo-Bill ilk have pricked the bubble of illusion with circus-tentfuls of the real blanket-robed Red Man. So the New World Dumas sets to work to sentimentalize the North, to make it over for purely melodramatic purposes." What happens then is best told in Mr. Stringer's own words:

"The result is a sort of thrice-frapped cold-storage Ruritania, where the most preposterous things may daily take place, where the laws of nature operate as nowhere else, and where men think and act as never before. It keeps tempting the 'large' writer into the familiar trick of pitting puny human passion against the Homeric primordiality and isolation of an empty world. While engaged in this occupation, you will notice, he will glibly enlarge on the Colossal Menace of the Eternal Frost and the White Terror of the Unspeakable Cold which haunts the mind of man like the Shadow of Death itself. In this amiable fashion, for instance, Mr. Robert Service describes the Great Northwest as 'The Country God Forgot,' and in his 'Spell of the Yukon' apostrophizes her as:

O outcast land! O leper land!
Let the lone wolf-cry all express
The hate insensate of thy hand,
Thy heart's abysmal loneliness!

"This, it must be confessed, is very strong writing, and very strong language. But it is also a very fair specimen of what Ruskin has called the Pathetic Fallacy. It's like weeping over a frog because it has nothing better than water to swim in. It's about the same as sympathizing with a polar bear for not having a steam-heated flat to sleep in. It's very hard to remember that the frog and the polar bear are not made as we are."

When a traveler goes up into the North Country determined to be a martyr, Mr. Stringer declares, he can usually become one. There is Caspar Whitney, for instance, who "started into Northern Canada with the journalistic passion to get a 'scoop,' if not on tribe-finding, at least on calamity-chasing." In this search for heroic misadventures, says Mr. Stringer, he succeeded very well indeed. Then there is Jack London, who is accused of a "general and persistent tendency to 'foreigner' things, to translate everything into northern into the lurid." To quote:

"His claim to distinction, in this connection, does not rest so much on his literary exploitation of the hitherto unknown amphibious fish of the Coppermine Valley as on his definite and clearly discerned method of workmanship. Mr. London, of course, does not always claim to gather his

material at first hand. In his 'Love of Life,' which he naively confesses to have made into 'literature' from Mr. Augustus Bridle's wonderfully absorbing and previously published story of the same adventure, Mr. London represents the famished hero as trying to corner this aforementioned obviously amphibious fish in a small and muddy pool. He ends by baling out the pool, which was nearly dry at the end of half an hour. 'Not a cupful of water remained,' writes the author. 'And there was no fish. He (the man) found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day.' This leaves us to choose one of two things. Either there are indeed amphibious fish in the Valley of the Coppermine, or the laws of gravitation fail to operate in their usual manner in this strange country of the North. So, in still another story, we must show no surprise when Mr. London's hero finds an open water-hole, chopped through the river-ice, and remaining unfrozen, when the thermometer is registering some seventy-nine degrees of frost. It was necessary, for the melodramatic effect of the story, that this hero should fling to the river-bottom a pile of tainted gold, to lie there and be a mystery to a certain newcomer. But it is only in Northern Canada that you can chop a hole in the ice and see the waterhole remain unfrozen while the spirit thermometer is flirting with the eighty-below-zero mark!"

Rex Beach is the next writer to come under the critic's scalpel. "Mr. Beach's *penchant*," we are told, "seems to be the transplanting of a Christy Girl in a Nell Brinkley creation of lace and ruffles to a Polar background where The Boy—*she* must always be known as The Girl—tests his god-like sinew against a Frozen Twilight that puts the ninth hell of Dante to shame." The indictment proceeds:

"The light seems to be always uncertain in this Gehenna-smudged North, inasmuch as Mr. Beach's heroine in 'The Barrier,' ravishingly beautiful as he has painted her, is for years mistaken for and accepted as a Siwash half-breed. Equally plain is the deduction that Mr. Beach, in his years of arduous prospecting in Alaska, has discovered creek-bottoms where *placer* gold can plainly be picked up with sugar-tongs, for it is in this same volume that he records the finding of a color that would *ring in the pan*.' . . . But less trivial is Mr. Beach's fixed determination to emulate Mr. Jack London in his resolve to give us goose-flesh while dwelling on the awfulness of the Northern Cold—it must always be spelt with a capital 'C.' The gravest charge against the Yellow Journalist is that his end is not Truth, but Sensation. He may even give us Truth, as he claims, but his very menace lies in the fact that the Truth he gives us is Truth marshalled and colored by a febrile and unstable personality. So the sensational novelist continues to picture the man of the North as a puny spirit, haunted and hounded and eternally harassed by the Never-Sleeping Fear of the Great Frost. He will con-



ARTHUR STRINGER

Whose recent articles on the "Canada fakers" have stirred up the liveliest literary controversy since that precipitated two years ago by President Roosevelt in connection with the "nature fakers."

tinue to be drawn against the background of a world of blood and iron, contending in a white-walled arena of the most monstrous and primal of passions, forever ward-heeling an inflated and well-frosted Tenderloin of the New World where there is never a law of man or God—while all the while at the Mission at Fort Providence (latitude 62.30) lies a farm where wheat and oats and barley and peas are quietly grown and the priests may be seen placidly picking blueberries and raspberries and strawberries in the warm sunlight of the twenty-hour day."

Mr. Stringer brings only one charge of inaccuracy against Kipling, namely:

"Mr. Kipling, in his quick and nervous reportorial style, has called Canada 'Our Lady of the Snows.' Canada could have forgiven him for that had he shown, for instance, that he knew the difference between her native bloodroot and his own English snowdrop. The bloodroot is a very delicate and sensitive little flower, and if Mr. Kipling will show me in what part of Canada it really does show 'white against the draggled drift,' I shall be grateful for so bewildering a treat."

But he does not let Richard Harding Davis off so easily:

"The writer of the New World, however, we

expect to be a little more exact in dealing with his own continent. Yet Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in 'The Bar Sinister,' ventures so far as to give Canada a 'Viceroy' (he was, of course, thinking of pith-helmets in India) and place a Government House in Montreal. The inhabitants of this same city, according to our astute observer of international conditions, converse in what may be called a cross between a Liverpool dock-brogue and a Cockney dialect. The currency of Canada is likewise shown to be, not dollars and cents, but pounds, shillings, and pence. Why did not Mr. Davis bring in a *corps* of redskins in pith-helmets, or introduce an ant-eater or two on the Laurentian and a crocodile or so along the palm-strewn St. Lawrence?"

It will be with a sense of surprise that the reader finds Sir Gilbert Parker's name included in this formidable list of "Canada fakers"; for Sir Gilbert is himself Canadian born, and for many years taught school in his native land. Part of Mr. Stringer's bill of specifications in this connection follows:

"In his book, 'The Chief Factor,' he has two of his characters about to fight a duel with swords. It is natural, of course, that two such combatants would search for passably level ground. Sir Gilbert takes them from the Hudson Bay Company's 'post' and brings them to a 'moose yard.' Now, it is my fixed conviction that Sir Gilbert has in some way confounded the word mooseyard with barnyard. It is equally my conviction that the author in question has never looked upon a moose-yard, much less tried to travel through one in the winter time. For a mooseyard is nothing more than an intricate network, a wandering maze of deep tracks, or rather deep gutters, and irregular series of trap holes two feet or more to the bottom. And a delightfully odd and uncertain place indeed in which to indulge in combat by sword! Still again, Sir Gilbert's tendency to sentimentalize the situation leads him to depict his characters as marching across the snow in the dead of winter while one member of the band blithely defies sub-zero weather and trippingly plays a flute. Now, just how this placid-souled gentleman fingered the stops is a very nice problem, when an unmittened hand will show signs of frost bite even before 'Annie Laurie' could be once rendered.

"We see the same tendency to dish up a goulash of dilettante details spiced with sentiment when Sir Gilbert turns historical and has General Wolfe 'eye' his men in the boats at the turn of the tide in the St. Lawrence (on the night preceding Quebec's fall) when that night has already been described as pitch dark, and when it is plain that these men were so many, many hundred feet away."

Mr. Stringer confesses that he approaches the blunders of Stewart Edward White with a feeling akin to trepidation, not, he explains, because Mr. White is the master of a forceful and fluent style, but because "so august a personage as the Washington enemy of the

nature faker himself has placed on Mr. White the seal of his complete approval." Yet blunders there are, and not a few. The very plot of "The Silent Places" is, in Mr. Stringer's judgment, based upon a fallacy. This story describes the prolonged and relentless pursuit of a defalcating Indian by two hired agents of the Hudson's Bay Company; but "it is not and never was the custom of the company," says Mr. Stringer, "to expend good money for the active pursuit of delinquents." The mere "posting," or black-listing, of any defalcator at the different trading places of the company has been all that was necessary to bring him to book as a rule. Then, too, Mr. White speaks of a bloodhound being used in this man-hunt; and "there are no bloodhounds," Mr. Stringer asserts, "in the country of which Mr. White so movingly writes. They are not found there, and it would be as foolish to import them as it would be to bring in an army of Uncle Toms to gather cotton from the Moose River bottoms." Then Mr. White represents the Ojibways and the Chippewas as engaged in deadly strife, which is just as reasonable, Mr. Stringer opines, as to speak of the conflicts of Canucks and Canadians, of New Yorkers and Gothamites; for the Ojibways and Chippewas are one people.

The same sort of blunders are discerned in Stewart Edward White's "Conjurer's House," and are all attributed by Mr. Stringer to "the passion to make the trails of the north either always picturesque or always tragic."

At the time of this writing, none of the authors arraigned by Mr. Stringer have replied to his charges. But a number of Canadians and Canadian sympathizers have written letters indorsing his article. These are printed in the December issue of *Canada West*.

Dr. William J. Long, the naturalist, who figured so prominently in the controversy with President Roosevelt, and whose studies have familiarized him with northern Canada, says:

"I don't know Mr. Stringer personally—I wish I did—but I *do* know Canada and love it; and for years it has pained me to see a glorious country so utterly misrepresented by the melodramatic writers of northern fiction. With one possible exception, all Mr. Stringer's criticisms are well founded, and no more severe than the case demands. For most of these writers, under pretence of knowing the far north and of painting realistic pictures, have been giving us stories which for sensational misrepresentation and pure ignorance are unrivalled."

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Religion and Ethics

THE RELIGION OF HELEN KELLER



EREFT from her birth of the power to see, or to hear, or to speak, the wonderful Helen Keller but *feels* the more intensely, and has lately published an autobiographical confession* that is unique in the history of literature. No invention, no discovery, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of *The Century*, aptly comments, is more remarkable than the achievements of "this mind that has vaulted, tunneled and circumvented the thrice-barred gates of sense." And the phenomena of Helen Keller's unique experience are paralleled by the manner in which she makes report of them. Her literary style reminds Mr. Gilder of Emerson. "It is a style," he says, "formed by the noblest writers of English modified by an individuality that is naturally impatient of obscurities. What precision, what orderliness, what buoyancy, what vitality!"

Mr. Gilder's enthusiasm is surely justified. The world in which Miss Keller lives is a dream-world, but her dreams have universal significance. They reveal a nature intensely sensitive to the thought-currents of our epoch, highly poetic, and instinctively religious.

"I have just touched my dog," this charming narrative opens. "He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved, stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his paw, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence."

This incident serves as an introduction to an unforgettable panegyric of the human hand. "My hand," says Miss Keller, "is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you." Then she adds:

"All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to

the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little word from another's hand into mine, a slight flutter of the fingers, began the intelligence, the joy, the fullness of my life. Like Job, I feel as if a hand had made me, fashioned me together round about and molded my very soul."

In all her experiences and thoughts Miss Keller is conscious of a hand. Whatever moves or thrills her is as a hand that touches her in the dark; and that touch is her reality. "You might as well say," she declares, "that a sight which makes you glad, or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes, is unreal as to say that these impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow-grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world."

Miss Keller says that she understands perfectly how the Psalmist can lift up his voice with strength and gladness, singing, "I put my trust in the Lord at all times, and his *hand* shall uphold me"; and she thinks that in the strength of the human hand, too, there is something divine. She continues:

"The touch of the hand is in every chapter of the Bible. Why, you could almost rewrite Exodus as the story of the hand. Everything is done by the hand of the Lord and of Moses. The oppression of the Hebrews is translated thus: 'The hand of Pharaoh was heavy upon the Hebrews.' Their departure out of the land is told in these vivid words: 'The Lord brought the children of Israel out of the house of bondage with a strong hand and a stretched-out arm.' At the stretching out of the hand of Moses the waters of the Red Sea part and stand all on a heap. When the Lord lifts his hand in anger, thousands perish in the wilderness. Every act, every decree in the history of Israel, as indeed in the history of the human race, is sanctioned by the hand. Is it not used in the great moments of swearing, blessing, cursing, smiting, agreeing, marrying, building, destroying? Its sacredness is in the law that no sacrifice is valid unless the sacrificer lay his hand upon the head of his victim. The

*THE WORLD I LIVE IN. By Helen Keller. The Century Company.

congregation lay their hands on the heads of those who are sentenced to death. How terrible the dumb condemnation of their hands must be to the condemned! When Moses builds the altar on Mount Sinai, he is commanded to use no tool, but rear it with his own hands. Earth, sea, sky, man, and all lower animals are holy unto the Lord because he has formed them with his hand. When the Psalmist considers the heavens and the earth he exclaims: 'What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.' The supplicating gesture of the hand always accompanies the spoken prayer, and with clean hands goes the pure heart.

"Christ comforted and blessed and healed and wrought many miracles with his hands. He touched the eyes of the blind, and they were opened. When Jairus sought him, overwhelmed with grief, Jesus went and laid his hands on the ruler's daughter, and she awoke from the sleep of death to her father's love. You also remember how he healed the crooked woman. He said to her, 'Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity,' and he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight, and she glorified God."

Miss Keller pleads for a new and higher recognition not merely of the sense of touch but of the sense of *smell*. "For some inexplicable reason," she observes, "the sense of smell does not hold the high position it deserves among its sisters. There is something of the fallen angel about it. When it woos us with woodland scents and beguiles us with the fragrance of lovely gardens, it is admitted frankly to our discourse. But when it gives us warning of something noxious in our vicinity, it is treated as if the demon had got the upper hand of the angel, and is relegated to outer darkness, punished for its faithful service." Miss Keller proceeds:

"It is recorded that the Lord commanded that incense be burnt before Him continually with a sweet savor. I doubt if there is any sensation arising from sight more delightful than the odors which filter through sun-warmed, wind-tossed branches, or the tide of scents which swells, subsides, rises again wave on wave, filling the wide world with invisible sweetness. A whiff of the universe makes us dream of worlds we have never seen, recalls in a flash entire epochs of our dearest experience. I never smell daisies without living over again the ecstatic mornings that my teacher and I spent wandering in the fields, while I learned new words and the names of things. Smell is a potent wizard that transports us across a thousand miles and all the years we have lived."

Yet neither in touch nor in smell, but rather in the power of the inward vision, Miss Keller finds the essence of life's experience. "Our blindness," she says, "changes not a whit of the course of inner realities. Of us it is as

true as it is of the seeing that the most beautiful world is always entered through the imagination." She follows this train of thought eloquently:

"My imagination is not tethered to certain points, locations, and distances. It puts all the parts together simultaneously as if it saw or knew instead of feeling them. Tho I feel only a small part of my horse at a time,—my horse is nervous and does not submit to manual explorations,—yet, because I have many times felt hock, nose, hoof and mane, I can see the steeds of Phoebus Apollo coursing the heavens.

"With such a power active it is impossible that my thought should be vague, indistinct. It must needs be potent, definite. This is really a corollary of the philosophical truth that the real world exists only for the mind. That is to say, I can never touch the world in its entirety; indeed, I touch less of it than the portion that others see or hear. But all creatures, all objects, pass into my brain entire, and occupy the same extent there that they do in material space. I declare that for me branched thoughts, instead of pines, wave, sway, rustle, make musical the ridges of mountains rising summit upon summit. Mention a rose too far away for me to smell it. Straightway a scent steals into my nostril, a form presses against my palm in all its dilating softness, with rounded petals, slightly curled edges, curving stem, leaves drooping. When I would fain view the world as a whole, it rushes into vision—man, beast, bird, reptile, fly, sky, ocean, mountains, plain, rock, pebble. The warmth of life, the reality of creation is over all—the throb of human hands, glossiness of fur, lithe windings of long bodies, poignant buzzing of insects, the ruggedness of the steep as I climb them, the liquid mobility and boom of waves upon the rocks. Strange to say, try as I may, I cannot force my touch to pervade this universe in all directions. The moment I try, the whole vanishes; only small objects or narrow portions of a surface, mere touch-signs, a chaos of things scattered at random, remain. No thrill, no delight is excited thereby. Restore to the artistic, comprehensive internal sense its rightful domain, and you give me joy which best proves the reality."

So, in the midst of "eager, imperious life"—the epithets are her own—this deaf-blind child, fettered to the bare rock of circumstance, sends out "gossamer threads of thought" into the measureless void that surrounds her. She does not complain that she lacks senses. Rather she rejoices that the great human heritage of light, color and song is inalienably hers, even tho, in this incarnation, she knows them not. "Since the mind of the sightless," she tells us, "is essentially the same as that of the seeing in that it admits of no lack, it must supply some sort of equivalent for missing physical sensations. It must perceive a likeness between things outward and things inward, a correspondence between the seen and the unseen. I make use of such



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HELEN KELLER AND "THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR"

Miss Keller's new spiritual autobiography is as remarkable for its content as for its style. "No invention, no discovery," says Richard Watson Gilder, "appears so wonderful as the achievements of this mind that has vaulted, tunneled and circumvented the thrice-barred gates of sense."

a correspondence in many relations, and no matter how far I pursue it to things I cannot see, it does not break under the test." This leads to a moving argument in behalf of the inherent nobility at the core of the universal plan:

"Ancient philosophy offers an argument which seems still valid. There is in the blind as in the seeing an Absolute which gives truth to what we know to be true, order to what is orderly, beauty to the beautiful, touchableness to what is tangible. If this is granted, it follows that this Absolute is not imperfect, incomplete, partial. It must needs go beyond the limited evidence of

our sensations, and also give light to what is invisible, music to the musical that silence dulls. Thus mind itself compels us to acknowledge that we are in a world of intellectual order, beauty and harmony. The essences, or absolutes of these ideas, necessarily dispel their opposites which belong with evil, disorder and discord. Thus deafness and blindness do not exist in the immaterial mind, which is philosophically the real world, but are banished with the perishable material senses. Reality, of which visible things are the symbol, shines before my mind. While I walk about my chamber with unsteady steps, my spirit sweeps skyward on eagle wings and looks out with unquenchable vision upon the world of eternal beauty."

H. G. WELLS'S CONFESSION OF FAITH



VERY unusual course of lectures was given in London last winter to members of the Fabian Society and their associates, entitled "The Faith I Hold." The speakers were among the most notable of the society's famous executive, including Sir Sidney Olivier, Governor of Jamaica, and H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells found that his own ideas on the subject were so many he could communicate only a few fragments of them within the limits of one meeting. He therefore arranged his notes to cover a series of three lectures delivered later before the "Fabian Nursery," an association of young Socialists sprung from the parent organization. These lectures form the main contents of Mr. Wells's new book, "First and Last Things."* They constitute a frank confession of the religious faith one skeptical man in the early twentieth century has found in life and himself—"a confession," as he states in his introduction, "just as frank as the limitations of his character permit"; and they are valuable as the honest utterance of one of the most sincere and gifted writers of our day.

Mr. Wells came to his present beliefs slowly, through years of scientific investigation and metaphysical inquiry; but he repudiates all claim to being a specialist along these lines. He modestly styles himself an "ingenuous enquirer," with a talent for exposition. There is one important claim, however, which he makes with considerable emphasis: all his beliefs and theories are wrought out of his life, and not lazily fitted to its circumstances. As a thinker, he inclines to the pragmatic minority; and in

relation to religious and moral questions, he is an agnostic. "What the scheme as a whole is, I do not know," he declares. "With my limited mind I cannot know. There I become a mystic. I use the word scheme because it is the best word available; but I strain it in using it. I do not wish to imply a schemer, but only order and co-ordination as distinguished from haphazard. 'All this is important, all this is profoundly significant.' I say it of the universe, as a child that has not learnt to read might say it of a parchment agreement. I can't read the universe, but I can believe that this is so. And this unfounded and arbitrary declaration of the ultimate rightness and significance of things I call the Act of Faith. It is my fundamental religious confession. It is a voluntary and deliberate determination to believe, it is a choice made."

Disbelieving, as he does, in an anthropomorphic God—a "Schemer" behind the "Scheme"—Mr. Wells yet confesses to a love of such soul-satisfying phrases as the Will of God, the Hand of God, the Great Commander; and he admits that occasionally the sense of personality in the universe is very strong within him. "If I am confessing," he says, "I do not see why I should not confess up to the hilt." And he continues: "At times in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself, and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language obliges me to say then this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person—and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact in my religious life to me, they are the crown of my religious experiences." Nevertheless, he wishes it clearly

*FIRST AND LAST THINGS—A CONFESSION OF FAITH AND A RULE OF LIFE. By H. G. Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Photograph by Arthur Hewitt

A STORY-TELLER TURNED PROPHET

After making an international reputation as a romanticist and novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells is now preoccupied with social and philosophical problems. In his latest work he analyzes the processes that constitute "the general duty before mankind."

understood that when he speaks of God, he uses the word as a personification of something entirely different in nature from the limited personality of a human being.

Of the "old theological deadlock" between free-will and predestination, Mr. Wells paradoxically affirms: "I incline to believe in predestination, and do quite completely believe in free-will. The important belief is free-will." Which he explains very clearly thus: "Take life at the level of common sensation and common experience, and there is no more indisputable fact than man's freedom of will, unless it is in his complete moral responsibility. But make only the least penetrating of scientific analyses, and you perceive a world of inevitable consequences, a rigid succession of cause and effect. Insist upon a flat agreement between the two, and there you are!" The mind—"the instrument"—fails. Mr. Wells is therefore inclined to the belief that were our minds ideally clear and powerful, the whole universe would appear orderly and predestined; but for our groping personalities this theory has no practical value. One

must regard oneself as a free responsible person among free responsible persons. On this theory, one's life will work, and on the theory of mechanical predestination nothing works.

Mr. Wells next comes to the greatest question in the world: What am I? Men in all ages have sought in vain to answer this question unambiguously. Mr. Wells, nothing daunted, essays the following:

"Am I my body? Yes or no? It seems to me that I can externalize and think of as 'not myself' nearly everything that pertains to my body; hands and feet, and even the most secret and central of those living and hidden parts, the pulsing arteries, the throbbing nerves, the ganglionic centres, that no eye, save for the surgeon's knife, has ever seen or ever will see until they coagulate in decay. So far I am not my body, and then as clearly, since I suffer through it, see the whole world through it, and am always to be called upon where it is, I am it. Am I a mind mysteriously linked to this thing of matter and endeavor? So I can present myself. I seem to be a consciousness, vague and insecure, placed between two worlds. One of these worlds seems clearly 'not me,' the other is more closely identified with me, and yet is still imperfectly me. The first I call the exterior world, and it presents itself

to me as existing in Time and Space. In a certain way I seem able to interfere with it and control it. The second is the interior world, having no forms in space and only a vague evasive reference to time, from which motives arise and storms of emotion, which acts and reacts constantly and in untraceable ways with my conscious mind.

It seems to me that I may speak of myself as a circle of thought and experience hung between these two imperfectly understood worlds of the internal and the external, and passing imperceptibly into the former. The external world impresses me as being, as a practical fact, common to me and many other creatures similar to myself; the internal I find similar but not identical with theirs. It is *mine*. . . . So I think of myself, and so I think of all other human beings, as circles of thought and experience, each a little different from the others. Each human being I see as essentially a circle of thought between an internal and an external world. . . . And through speech, example, and a hundred various acts one such circle, one human mind, lights and enlarges and plays upon another. That is the image under which the interrelation of minds presents itself to me."

Out of the confusion of warring motives within and without us—bodily appetites, the primitive emotions of fear and resentment, curiosity, vanity, self-seeking and self-interest, pride, love, and hate—comes a kind of synthesis which, call it what we will, is true religion. Different people, in all ages, have sought and experienced this synthesis—this "steadying and universalizing oneness"—in various ways, according to their temperaments and traditions. Some have abandoned their share in economic development, crushing the impulses and evading the complications that arise out of sex, and flying to devotions and simple duties in nunneries and monasteries; others have cut their lives down to a vegetarian dietary and scientific research, resorting to excesses of self-discipline. Speaking for himself, Mr. Wells says:

"In itself abstinence seems to me a refusal to experience, and that, upon the lines of thought I follow, is to say that abstinence for its own sake is evil. But for an end all abstinences are permissible, and if the kinetic type of believer finds both his individual and his associated efficiency enhanced by a systematic discipline, if he is convinced that he must specialize because of the discursiveness of his motives, because there is something he wants to do or be so good that the rest of them may very well be suppressed for its sake, then he must suppress. But mere abstinence and the doing of barren toilsome unrewarding things for the sake of the toil is a perversion of one's impulses. There is neither honor nor virtue nor good in that. I do not believe in negative virtues.

"Our minds fall very readily under the spell of such unmitigated words as purity and chastity. Only death beyond decay, absolute non-existence, can be pure and chaste. Life is impurity, fact is

impure. Everything has traces of alien matter; our very health is dependent upon parasitic bacteria, the purest blood in the world has a tainted ancestor and not a saint but has evil thoughts. It was blindness to that which set men stoning the woman taken in adultery. They forgot what they were made of."

There is scarcely a religious creed or system which has not worked effectively and proved true at some time for some one. For his own part, Mr. Wells finds that the scheme of conversion and salvation as expressed by many Christian sects is an exact statement of his religious experiences. That is to say, through despair and the conviction of sin, he has found salvation. He *believes*. And his Credo reads as follows:

"I believe in the scheme, in the Project of all things, in the significance of myself and all life, and that my defects and uglinesses and failures, just as much as my powers and successes, are things that are necessary and important and contributory in that scheme, that scheme which passes my understanding—and that no thwarting of my conception, not even the cruelty of nature, now defeats or can defeat my faith, however much it perplexes my mind.

"And tho I say that scheme passes my understanding, nevertheless I hope you will see no inconsistency when I say that necessarily it has an aspect towards me that I find imperative.

"It has an aspect that I can perceive, however dimly and fluctuatingly.

"I take it that to perceive this aspect to the utmost of my mental power and to shape my acts according to that perception is my function in the scheme; that if I hold steadfastly to that conception, I am—saved. I find in that idea of perceiving the scheme as a whole towards me, and in this attempt to perceive, that something to which all my other emotions and passions may contribute by gathering and contributing experience, and through which the synthesis of my life becomes possible."

Mr. Wells proceeds to the most vital point in his argument. "Let me try to convey to you," he says, "what it is I perceive, what aspect this scheme seems to bear on the whole towards me." He continues:

"The essential fact in man's history to my sense is the slow unfolding of a sense of community with his kind, of the possibilities of co-operations leading to scarce-dreamt-of collective powers, of a synthesis of the species, of the development of a common general idea, a common general purpose out of a present confusion. In that awakening of the species, one's own personal being lives and moves—a part of it and contributing to it. *One's individual existence is not so entirely cut off as it seems at first; one's entirely separate individuality is another, a profounder, among the subtle, inherent delusions of the human mind.* Between you and me as we set our minds together, and between us and the rest of mankind,

there is *something*, something real, something that rises through us and is neither you nor me, that comprehends us, that is thinking here and using me and you to play against each other in that thinking."

This argument leads on to a fascinating biological digression in which Mr. Wells tries to prove that humanity is *one* in no mere mystical or sentimental sense, but actually and literally in a physical sense:

"We, you and I, are not only parts in a thought process, but parts of one flow of blood and life.

Disregarding the chances of intermarriage, each one of us had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on backward until very soon, in less than fifty generations, we should find that but for the qualification introduced, we should have all the earth's inhabitants of that time as our progenitors. For a hundred generations it must hold absolutely true that everyone of that time who has issue living now is ancestral to all of us. That brings the thing quite within the historical period. There is not a western European paleolithic or neolithic relic that is not a family relic for every soul alive. The blood in our veins has handled it.

"And there is something more. We are all going to mingle our blood again. We cannot keep ourselves apart; the worst enemies will some day come to the Peace of Verona. All the Montagues and Capulets are doomed to intermarry. A time will come in less than fifty generations when all the population of the world will have my blood, and I and my worst enemy will not be able to say which child is his or mine.

"But, you may retort—perhaps you may die childless. Then all the sooner the whole species will get the little legacy of my personal achievement, whatever it may be."

From this point of view, which for Mr. Wells is the dominating one, individuals, nations, states, and whole races are but "bubbles and clusters of foam upon the great stream of the blood of the species, incidental experiments in the growing knowledge and consciousness of the race." He thus continues:

"I think this real solidarity of humanity is a fact that is only being slowly apprehended, that it is an idea that we who have come to realize it have to assist in thinking into the collective mind. I believe the species is still as a whole unawakened, still sunken in the delusion of the permanent separateness of the individual and of races and nations, that so it turns upon itself and frets against itself and fails to see the stupendous possibilities of deliberate self-development that lie open to it now.

"I see myself in life as part of a great physical being that strains, and I believe grows towards Beauty, and of a great mental being that strains and I believe grows towards knowledge and power. In this persuasion that I am a gatherer of experience, a mere tentacle that arranged thought beside thought for this Being of the

Species, this Being that grows beautiful and powerful, in this persuasion I find the ruling idea of which I stand in need, the ruling idea that reconciles and adjudicates among my warring motives. In it I find both concentration of myself and escape from myself; in a word, I find *Salvation*."

It follows, then, indeed is implied in the foregoing, that Mr. Wells does not believe in a personal immortality. He admits, however, that it is merely a matter of feeling and choice with him. There is no evidence for or against his disbelief. He simply states:

"I do not believe I have any personal immortality. I am part of an immortality, perhaps; but that is different. I am not the continuing thing. I personally am experimental, incidental. I feel I have to do something, a number of things no one else could do, and then I am finished and finished altogether. Then my substance returns to the common lot. I am a temporary enclosure for a temporary purpose; that served, and my skull and teeth, my idiosyncrasy and desire will disperse, I believe, like the timbers of a booth after a fair. . . . If I may put this in a mixture of theological and social language, I cannot respect, I cannot believe in a God who is always going about with me.

"I believe in the great and growing Being of the Species from which I rise, to which I return, and which, it may be, will ultimately even transcend the limitation of the Species and grow into the Conscious Being, the eternally conscious Being of all things. Believing that, I cannot also believe that my peculiar little thread will not undergo synthesis and vanish as a separate thing."

In connection with this unselfish personal belief, Mr. Wells formulates his ideas regarding the individual's duty and relation to the institution of the church. In particular he finds that the world-wide Catholic Church as an idea (not the present Roman Communion) is "charged with synthetic suggestions." His predominant ideal of human solidarity in both church and state, he presents very forcibly as follows:

"The true church towards which my own thoughts tend will be the conscious illuminated expression of Catholic brotherhood. It must, I think, develop out of the existing medley of church fragments and out of all that is worthy in our poetry and literature, just as the world-wide Socialist State at which I aim must develop out of such state and casual economic organization and constructive movements as exist to-day. There is no 'beginning again' in these things. In neither case will going apart out of existing organizations secure our ends. Out of what is, we have to develop what has to be. To work for the Reformation of the Catholic Church is an integral part of the duty of a believer.

"It is curious how misleading a word can be. We speak of a certain phase in the history of Christianity as the Reformation, and that word effectually conceals from most people the simple

indisputable fact that *there has been no Reformation*. There was an attempt at a Reformation in the Catholic Church, and through a variety of causes it failed. It detached great masses from the Catholic Church, and left that organization impoverished intellectually and spiritually, but it achieved no reconstruction at all. It achieved no reconstruction because the movement as a whole lacked an adequate grasp of one fundamentally necessary idea, the idea of Catholicity. It fell into particularism and failed. It set up a vast process of fragmentation among Christian associations. It drove huge fissures through the once common platform. In innumerable cases they were fissures of organization and prejudice rather than real differences in belief and mental habit.

Sometimes it was manifestly conflicting material interests that made the split. People are now divided by forgotten points of difference, by sides taken by their predecessors in the disputes of the sixteenth century, by mere sectarian names and the walls of separate meeting places. In the present time, as a result of the dissenting method, there are multitudes of believing men scattered quite solitarily through the world.

"The Reformation, the Reconstruction, of the Catholic Church lies still before us. It is a necessary work. It is a work strictly parallel to the reformation and expansion of the organized state. Together these processes constitute the general duty before mankind, the great task of humanity."

THE NEXT GREAT SPIRITUAL TRUTHS TO BE DISCERNED



THE past century, as we are constantly reminded, has been one unprecedented in scientific discovery, and we pride ourselves, with reason, in the discernment of new material forces and the perfection of new mechanical devices. But what if there is another and *spiritual* world, transcending the material, and environing us in a much more intimate sense? What if this spiritual world is the really important world?

The train of thought suggested by these questions is at the core of much of the most vital religious thinking of the day. It underlies, of course, in a peculiar degree, the whole Christian Science philosophy, but it is occupying many minds outside of that communion. Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, who is not generally regarded as a mystic, but who has a way of interspersing marvelous flashes of intuition among his paradoxes, has lately offered, in a lecture in the City Temple, London, a homely illustration in support of what may legitimately be called a spiritual interpretation of the universe. "If you stand on Holborn Viaduct," he said, referring to one of the best known streets in London, "and take a snapshot of the things that are occurring, you have an exact, superficial record; but you know nothing of Holborn Viaduct in any spiritual or truthful sense. If, on the other hand, another man, instead of saying, 'There are men and women walking up and down the street,' says, 'I see a ladder stretched from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending,' you would not only find that man much more interesting than the other, but I suggest that there would be genuine truth at the

bottom of what he said, that there was something to be got out of it, that possibly he was a man able to make a revelation to you." Mr. Shaw dropped the suggestion at this point. He has not followed it up. But others, writing independently of him both in this country and in England, have offered something more definite.

We should never forget, says Lida A. Churchill, a writer in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, that all the real things in the universe are spiritual, "occult," unseen. There is never an act of the body that is not first an act of the mind, of a hidden, occult power. We speak of a strong arm, but it is the will, a hidden, occult thing, which wields the arm and makes it strong. We talk of physical endurance, but it is the will to endure that makes endurance. We witness manual labor, but manual labor is only mind in motion. "The outward action," observes Miss Churchill, "bears the same relation to the real motor that the moving street-car does to the dynamo; it expresses, or externalizes, its power."

Since every one lives and loves and aspires and desires, it is obvious that all share in this spiritual heritage, that all possess occult power. It seems to be equally clear that this occult power emanates from a single source. As Miss Churchill puts it: "Science and religion are at one on the point that all life, from that of the scarcely moving jellyfish to that of the man of mightiest brain, is from the great, ever-present, inexhaustible, all-pervading energy." But "religion goes a step farther than science, and declares that it is a divine energy, an intelligent, all-wise, beneficent, tender energy, that not only gives us our life and saturates

and surrounds us, but also, responding to our needs and expressed wishes, gives the necessary gift, brings about the wished-for results, or, in other words, gives to each the necessary power from which he can send out the accomplishing current."

At this point in the argument the question inevitably arises: Why, if this all-compelling, life-changing divine energy is to be had by all, do so few have it in sufficient quantity to form the power, and consequent force, which will gain that which is necessary to make life adequate to them? Miss Churchill makes the following significant reply:

"The most common reason is that most people do not realize their potential riches, or, dimly realizing them, do not test the truth of their existence, or, having realized this truth and begun to absorb the necessary power from which force must spring, weary and lag and lose that which might be theirs for the persistent, masterful taking.

"A thousand boats and vessels may be within a few miles of each other, and of all the number only one receive the message sent out by wireless telegraphy. Is it because the other craft are arbitrarily hindered from receiving this message? By no means. It is simply that the one ship has an instrument formed and adjusted to receive it, and the other vessels have no such instrument. From the key manipulated by the sending operator are flashed into the ether—which takes the place of the ordinary wire—the dots and dashes which form the Morse alphabet, and for a thousand miles—sometimes, when the electric spark is sufficiently strong, for thousands of miles—the message-bearing medium goes in circular waves, striking, in just the order that the sending-key was struck, a 'coherer'—gatherer—which is the prepared and adjusted electro-magnet which receives and utilizes that which floats around any unprepared vessel unperceived, and, of course, unutilized.

"To him who has no prepared and adjusted instrument, no coherer, the universal divine energy, ever circling about him, always within reach, eternally to be had for the taking, will give no enlightenment, flash out no message, have no meaning."

Here, then, is one of the urgent spiritual problems of the hour—to learn how to *connect* with the Divine Energy. It is a problem on which humanity has been working, more or less consciously, for thousands of years. All aspiration toward the Divine, all prayer, may be regarded as groping efforts toward its solution. A sense of unity with God has constituted the essence of religious experience in all ages. But no one will deny that there is still much truth to be discerned. The feeling is widespread that laws as exact as those of science govern the individual's relation to the Deity, and that we are on the verge of discov-

eries in this domain that will revolutionize all previous thought on the subject.

The utterances already quoted may profitably be linked with those of E. J. Brailsford, a Birmingham Wesleyan clergyman, in the *London Quarterly Review*. Mr. Brailsford's article is distinguished alike by its elevation of thought and of style, and the question he raises is this: Does spiritual insight keep pace with material knowledge? He answers the question in the negative. He feels that there is a whole universe of spiritual facts of which as yet we are hardly even cognizant.

Is the individual, he asks, becoming enriched to any great extent by the aggregate spiritual experience of the race? That languages and literatures and manufactured products are circulating to-day more widely than ever before is undeniable; and the solidarity of mankind, in this sense, is undoubtedly growing. "Nevertheless," says Mr. Brailsford, "the faculty which would enable us to feel the pulsation of the universal, spiritual life is almost dormant. Why should it not be possible for each of us to have, day by day, an inflow of the tide of thought and feeling and energy from the surrounding spiritual life of mankind?" He continues:

"If the dust of the West Indian volcano flushes our skies, and the germs from the banks of the Chinese river taint the air, and the wind from the Sahara scorches our flowers, why should we not be conscious, without the lame intervention of telegraph or telephonic wires, that a brave deed has been done, a splendid thought conceived, or an act of self-sacrifice completed? The media of intercommunication is already in existence. Physically, the whole of humanity is lying in a pervading and inter-penetrating ether. Spiritually, in God it lives and moves and has its being. Here, therefore, in the underlying, all-embracing love there stretches one invisible network of communication, if we could but use it. And if that love of God were to enter within the core of human consciousness, would it not create a sense of sympathy with every form of human life and activity—with its pains and joys, its moral wealth or poverty? Sympathy is Christian telepathy, the thought-transference of a mind that looks not only on its own things, but also on the things of others."

The writer passes on to a consideration of the problems of immortality. Is all the knowledge, love and grace stored in the characters of the dead, he inquires, of no avail to us who stay behind? This deprivation, he contends, is necessary only if one of three conditions prevails. The dead must either have lost their interest in, and love for, their former companions; or they have no power of communication; or their abode is by its nature isolated

from ours. "The first supposition," argues Mr. Brailsford, "is unthinkable, and the rest unwarrantable." He proceeds:

"The instinct of the human heart is feeling towards this communion of saints, and psychical science, yet in its infancy, is shedding some rays of light upon the borderland. The pessimist Hamlet, when he speaks of the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, is responsible for much modern incredulity.

"If we listen to men when their souls are at their highest, and their sayings transcend their wonted themes, and into glory peep, we receive a totally different impression.

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
But straight I think, tho far,
Thy hand is nigh,

said Vaughan the Silurist to his departed brother.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee when the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising of the sun,
And in the setting thou art fair,

are words addressed by Alfred Tennyson to his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, behind the veil.

"Father Faber is very positive regarding his invisible companions:

They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

But Charles Wesley is still bolder when he bursts forth triumphantly:

E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those who went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

"These and a thousand similar utterances are neither rhetorical exaggerations nor sentimental insincerities. They are the sober testimonies of men whose eyes for the moment have been widely opened. And, indeed, how can we tell that communications are not being made to us day by day that we do not decipher—signals that we cannot observe? The constellation invisible to the eye of the astronomer imprints itself upon his photographic plate and remains unseen until the acid develops its image, and it may be that all our consciousness needs to interpret many messages and become sensible to many helpful influences is to be penetrated through and through with the Spirit of God, who is in and with them, and in and with us."

Out of all these considerations emerges the final, practical inquiry: How can man's spiritual faculty be enlarged and stimulated? Miss Churchill answers:

"One thing must be engraved on the hearts of those who are to absorb power and issue force. It is not what they know *about*, but what they know, realize, feel, experience, that will make them, in the quality of their power and the in-

tensity of their force, like unto God, from whom they draw in that which they radiate out. They may know *about* God from without; they must *know* him from within. Jesus and Buddha and many lesser but still great teachers and spiritual leaders did exactly what they must do—made and maintained their power, not by seeking outside knowledge *about* things, but by going into the silence alone with God, opening the mind, the brain, the heart, and desiring and demanding that they be filled, electrified, vivified, illuminated by the divine energy which is also the divine intelligence, the divine power, the divine love.

"Two of the most significant declarations of the great Guide-Book are that 'spiritual things must be spiritually discerned' and that 'your life is hid with Christ in God.' One can no more discern spiritual power by physical means, or describe it in verbal terms, or tell in words how it comes into the heart and changes the life, than he can express to others how love or thought is born, or put into speech a description of these things; but he can put himself in a position to receive and to utilize this power. And this masterful and mastering Christ principle which is hid in God, or the divine energy, is the practical factor for producing practical results in the practical, every-day world.

"Occult power really exists and is the most forceful and result-bringing thing in the world. Every one may absorb as much of it as he will from the divine energy. All nature shows that it is to be used for securing the needed things of life. One must learn to absorb and use it as surely as one must learn to draw if one would paint or to use one's legs if one would skate."

Mr. Brailsford adds to this the statement:

"Man is working out his own salvation, and God is working within him—both towards the same ideal and end.

"There is first a progress towards individual perfection, for 'man,' according to Browning, 'is not perfect yet.' The ape and tiger in his nature die hardy, the divine climbs slowly. The fountain of the self within him may be gradually fed from the reservoir of his larger self, and into this expanded soul the Spirit of God will bring fresh supplies of the life of God. But progress will take place along another line, and simultaneously the individual will realize his relation to humanity as a whole, just as the atom is a link in the unbroken chain of life. It is here that the Christian revelation gives the clue to the problem. It presents Christ not only as the federal head of the race, but as the Son of Man; whoever, therefore, has the Spirit of Christ becomes himself a son of man, and assumes a spiritual nature which is racial in its sympathies. The Apostle Paul, in his conception of a perfect man who is not a unit but a unity, carries the solution further. It is this personality of persons, each united to the other and all as one by the indwelling Spirit, that can receive the fullness of the divine life, and reveal the true features of Christ completely. It is this corporate church of many members, the army of all the tribes, that wins the land of promise.

"In the working out of this truth lies the future progress of the race. It is in this coming man,

the third Adam, that the new sense now stirring will be supremely active. The movements which are shaping this result are silently but surely at work. The nations of Europe are learning to clasp hands; the Free Churches have drawn closer together, and are looking wistfully on those that are yet without. Socialism is sincerely, if somewhat blindly, groping for a common platform on which all classes can equally stand, and we are even endeavoring to form a language

which will annul the confusion of Babel and be a common coinage of universal thought and feeling.

"Whether it will be after the lapse of ages, or but yet a little while, assuredly from the tribes of Adam, who lost his paradise, there shall be molded in the image of the second Adam a perfect man of full-grown stature, who shall enter into the infinite riches of his spiritual inheritance—paradise regained."

A NEWLY PUBLISHED STATEMENT OF VICTOR HUGO'S CREED



RELIGIOUS document of exceptional interest and importance has just come to light in France. It is nothing less than the hitherto unpublished preface to Victor Hugo's masterpiece "*Les Misérables*," and it contains what is probably the most complete and concise profession of philosophical faith ever penned by the great French author. From facts now for the first time made public by Hugo's sole remaining literary executor, Gustave Simon, it appears that "*Les Misérables*" was planned as far back as 1829, but was not actually begun until 1845. Hugo worked on it diligently for three years; then was interrupted by the revolution of 1848, and put aside the manuscript for twelve years. In 1860, when he took it up again, he was dominated by a profoundly religious mood. From the individual characters in the book—Jean Valjean, Fantine, Cosette—his thought sped to the cosmic problems. He was preoccupied by a sense of age-long pain and suffering; he was facing the meaning of evil; and he was trying to understand the origin and destiny of humanity as a whole. In that spirit of passionate inquiry which had always possessed him, and which now flamed up anew, he pondered the mysteries of God and of immortality, the evolution of man, the progress of science, the history of religions. It seemed to him that what he wished to produce in "*Les Misérables*" was, above everything, a religious book; and during the months of June and July, 1860, he started work on a preface that should express this mood. He never completed it to his satisfaction. There are rugged places where the sentences dropped hot from his pen and were not refined or revised. But it was his formal wish that the manuscript, even though incomplete, should be published. Here is the opening:

The following book is a religious book.

Religious? From what point of view? From a certain point of view that is ideal, but absolute; indefinite, but incontrovertible.

Permit me to explain as rapidly as possible.

The state of mind of the author of a book influences the book itself and is reflected in it.

Furthermore, it is well that a study of this sort, which has humanity for its subject, be preceded by a sort of preliminary meditation which takes the reader into confidence.

The author of this book—he says it here by virtue of the right of liberty of conscience—is a stranger to all the religions actually prevailing; at the same time, while combating their abuses and while dreading their human side, which is the reverse, so to speak, of their divine side, he admits them all and he respects them all.

If it should happen that their divine side should end by absorbing and destroying their human side, he would do more than respect them, he would venerate them.

With these restrictions the author—and he declares it loudly on the threshold of this sorrowful book—is of those who believe and who pray.

Then follows this long rhapsody—a splendid and characteristic example of Hugo rhetoric—which we print verbatim:

Yes, fanaticisms are infamous; yes, superstitions are deformed; yes, there is leprosy on the august face of truth; yes, Innocent III, Charles IX, Borgia, Pius V; yes, imposture and imbrutedness, burnings at the stake, the *quemadero* of Seville, the inquisition of Goa, the tracking of the Jews, the massacre of the Albigensians, the extermination of the Moors, the torturing of the Protestants, the *estrápades*,* the *dragonnades*,** Bossuet applauding Louvois, Torquemada at Saragossa,

*Tortures inflicted by a machine analogous to the ducking-stool used on vessels and by another machine used on land.

**Tortures inflicted by the royal dragoons on the Protestants after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Cromwell at Droghedo, and Calvin also at Geneva. Darkness, darkness, darkness! Yes, all this makes us shudder. Superstition is a lugubrious malady. Will you cure it by the suppression pure and simple of the religious fact? You are free to try. Close these mosques, raze these pagodas, throw down these wigwams. Lacerate the Talmuds, annihilate the Camaras, pulverize the Vedas, burn the Korans. Palpable reality alone now reigns, mystery is expelled; there is no longer anything in society of which you do not see the beginning and the end. Are you delivered? Is it finished? No. Look at this mother. She has just lost her child. What does the poor woman do? She falls on her knees. Before you? Before me? No. Before whom, then? Before the unknown.

She prays.

The mysterious has re-possessed you.

Or, rather, it were better to say, it has never left you.

The religious fact is not the church; it is the opening of the rose; it is the breaking of the dawn; it is the nesting of the bird. The religious fact is nature, holy and eternal. Arrange your social philosophy so that it will hide the sun! Your economic problems are one of the glorious preoccupations of the nineteenth century. I who am speaking to you have consecrated to sounding them, if not to solving them, all the forces which, as an atom, I possess; I know few questions graver and loftier; suppose them solved; material well-being made universal, magnificent progress. Is this everything? You give bread to the body; but the soul rises up and says to you: "I too am hungry!"

What do you give to the soul?

To be well clothed, well nourished, and well lodged, to live cheaply and well, to pay for salmon a cent a pound thanks to the stocking of the streams, to bite into white bread, to warm oneself before a good fire, to repose in a good bed, to owe all this worthily to one's work, to diffuse one's goods, to wax in liberty and health, to see one's wife gracefully apparelled and smiling, to see one's children healthful and growing, never to want for anything, to prosper in whatever one does, and by whatever one does, to drink well, to eat well, to sleep well is much surely; but, if it is everything, it is nothing.

Let us go farther.

Realize upon this earth all the Edens, all the Elysiums, all the Atlantides, all the triumphs of matter, all the glorifications of pleasure, all the Walhalls of the flesh, all

the Catholic, Hindoo and Pagan gardens of delight; put the Paradise of Mohammed to bed in the Paradise of Anne of Austria; a nude "houri" in sheets of batiste. What do you most desire? Four meals a day? Here they are. And you? As much champagne as you can drink? Hold your glass and drink. Who wishes palaces of marble, gilded chambers, parks full of peacocks and swans, symphonies, fêtes? What servants do you desire? All the forces of nature? Here! Arrive, forces! Obey man! Steam draws his ships, wind pushes his aeroscaphs, lightning carries his letters. It is well; and there is science which enables him to follow an effective hygiene, that restores his stomach, that fortifies his spinal column, and restores his longevity to its normal state; with the result that, as nature intends, youth lasts seventy years, and man a century. Capital! Let us drink and eat. Voluptuousness, pleasure, ecstasy, delirious joy, felicity, health. Concord besides. Peace on earth and universal fraternity.

But there is one restriction: my personality must die. The tomb is a door. The circle of eternity is a zero. I shall not find again these children who are flesh of my flesh; I shall not see again this woman who is my light. Away with you! Your Eden dismays me. It freezes my blood.

I have sold my soul to my flesh. No, I will have none of this trade.

Only the soul can satisfy the heart.

Ah! you offer me meat and nothingness. Ah! you have nothing for this flame which is within me, which lights me, and which burns me, and which thinks, and which hopes, and which loves. Well, then, leave me in peace!

You horrify me with your satisfied belly.

Give me rather black bread and a blue sky.

Ah! take heed! There are tombs, there are mounds where the grass grows over those we love, there are old men who die and we know not whither they go, there are children who are born and we know not whence they come, there are billows on the sea, there are wind-gusts in the trees; take heed! Take heed, this flower becomes fruit, this butterfly flies with million-feathered wings, this diamond and this coal are the same thing, this planet turns, this woman weeps; there is the unknown, I tell you. And shall I tell you what this other world, what this unknown is? It is this: *The Necessary*.

Let us combat fanaticism, unmask imposture, insult hypocrisy, brave the ferocities of dogma, mow down everything that is dishonorable and everything that lies, crush idolatry;

but let us respect prayer. Prayer is a resultant of immensity.

"I will have none of your science," says the mother in tears; "I will not bite into your bread; I scorn your well-being. *I want my child!*"

And she will go to him who will restore her soul to her. And as long as there are mothers it will be thus. And as long as there are eyes sensitive to the light, as long as there are bosoms, as long as there are mouths dreaming of the eternal kiss, as long as little ones play half-naked before the doors, as long as lovers go at nightfall under the sombre, murmuring leaves, as long as there is love, as long as there is life, it will be thus!

O, human impotence, and the pitiable futility of trying to suppress evil without wounding the good! No, no, combat to your last breath religions, and I am with you; but respect Religion. Otherwise, I assure you, you will have your trouble for your pains. Close the parish church; it is easy. But prevent the singing sparrow, the buzzing fly, the roaring lion, the braying ass, the burgeoning oak, the crystallizing salt, the flowing water, the passing wind from celebrating in the depths of space a strange and formidable mass. You have torn into shreds the hideous book in which so many monstrous things were mingled with a few gleams. But on high, above our heads, is a great blue book full of dazzling lights. Tear in shreds, then, this book of which the zodiac is a phrase!

Altho opposed to the juxtaposition of disproportionate things, I venture here, in passing, a remark which has its significance. The charges made against God resemble the charges made against the people. There is the same irony and the same *parti-pris*. The reactionary proceeds like the sceptic. The one treats the Revolution as the other treats the Creation. Refusal to see the whole; foreshortening of the horizon; negation in the one case of the infinite, in the other of democracy. Attack of the *ensemble* by the detail. What signifies this? Explain to me this contradiction. This is what shocks me: '93, Marat, the Second of September.* Why this blood? Why this evil? Then, after indignation, mockery. This is ugly, that is grotesque, that is disgraceful, etc. The attack seems easy; the result is *nil*. Not the slightest victory. Neither the people nor God are hurt. The one abides in its right, the other in His heaven.

Certain philosophers, some from excess of

love, persist stubbornly in doubting. They reason thus:

"Explain to us evil and we will believe. Tell us the why of the tiger, the why of the spider, the why of the hemlock, the why of Commodus, the why of the 18 Brumaire,† the why of Lacenaire, the why of war, the why of the night, the why of life feeding on death; tell us the why of suffering and of sin, and we will believe. A God who creates or who permits evil is incomprehensible. Evil is; *ergo*, God is not."

I admit that a God creating or permitting evil is incomprehensible.

Now, let us understand one another regarding the importance of the incomprehensible as an element of negation.

If it suffices that a thing be incomprehensible to prevent it from being, the atheists are right.

But if the incomprehensible can exist, they are wrong.

Let us examine the matter.

The infinite is scientifically demonstrated. Ask algebra.

Now, what is the infinite? It is the incomprehensible.

The incomprehensible can exist, then, since it exists.

Lift your eyes to the starry sky; you see it. Take up a fly; you touch it.

If the incomprehensible exists, what does this argument, "God is incomprehensible, therefore He is not," prove?

Nothing at all.

Evil, being merely incomprehensible, proves nothing, then, against God.

Not to understand is no more a reason for denying than for believing.

The knowledge of God is given to nobody; the notion of God is given to all.

Every one has the drop of water; no one has the ocean.

If I could explain evil, I could explain God; if I could explain God, I should be God.

Place a blind man in the sunlight; he will not see it, but he will feel it.

"Hold," he will say, "I am warm."

It is thus that we *feel*, without seeing the Absolute Being. There is a warmth of God.

The argument of evil, then, cannot be soundly invoked; evil is a part of the incomprehensible. When you have explained to me the infinite, I will explain to you the incomprehensible.

Prove God, yes. Explain Him, no.

*September 2, 1793, date of the massacre of political prisoners in the prisons of Paris.

†November 9, 1799, the date of the overthrow of the Directoire by Napoleon.

THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT



IT IS less than a year since the crusade in behalf of religious therapeutics initiated by the Rev. Drs. Worcester and McComb, of Emmanuel Church, Boston, first began to attract any considerable share of public attention; but already the movement is spreading throughout the land. Saint Mark's Healing Mission in New York, under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. Loring Batten, is based on the Emmanuel model. Ministers of several denominations, notably Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, and the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, of Northampton, Mass., have opened "clinics" in connection with their churches. Other ministers preach therapeutics from their pulpits, and treat "patients" privately. One Congregationalist clergyman, the Rev. Chauncey J. Hawkins, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., has been spending his summer in Europe studying psychotherapy with a view to determining its proper relation to the church. He comes to this conclusion: "While I do not believe that it is the function of the clergy to undertake the treatment of disease, after the example of the Emmanuel movement, I do believe that the church cannot be true to its mission without incorporating into its teaching function some of the principles of psychotherapy." Universities are beginning to offer courses on the subject. Books explaining religious healing are eagerly read. A New York committee, organized by W. B. Parker, of Columbia University, and including some of the most eminent living scholars and authorities in the fields of psychology, medicine and religion, offers a "course of reading" in psychotherapy. "Religion and Healing," the official text book of the Emmanuel movement, has had a phenomenal sale; and now a second book has been published—"Mind, Religion and Health"* by the Rev. Dr. Robert McDonald, minister of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Articles on the movement are appearing not only in the religious press, but in newspapers and in monthly magazines such as *Good Housekeeping* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Even England is impressed by this remarkable revival of mental healing, and when Dr. McComb presented the subject recently at the

Pan-Anglican Congress in London, his remarks were reprinted far and wide.

From every side comes testimony that the new therapeutic gospel is revitalizing pastoral work. Dr. Worcester receives as many as fifty appeals a day from sufferers of various sorts; and the Emmanuel staff of ten finds itself quite unable to cope with the throng of visitors seeking advice and relief. "Could we devote our whole time to this work," says Dr. Worcester, "and had we a staff of fifty helpers instead of ten, we could not begin to deal with the persons who desire physical and spiritual aid." Hundreds of people, it seems, have been cured or much improved who once were suffering from such ills as nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, false paralysis, neurasthenia, psychasthenia, hypochondria, melancholia, hysteria, insomnia, fixed ideas, morbid fears, suicidal tendencies, alcoholism, morphinism, cocaineism and kindred troubles of the nerves or mind.

The Rev. Lyman P. Powell, of Northampton, Mass., has the same sort of story to tell. "While I speak for no worker but myself," he declares, in the Boston *Congregationalist*, "I am convinced that my experience is likely to foreshadow that of many others who undertake the work in years to come. My parish is nearer to the average in size than is the mother parish in Boston. Unlike the rector of Emmanuel Church I have no assistant. The Emmanuel clinic has here to take its place among a dozen other typical parochial agencies in a college town, and I can give to it at most a few hours out of every week." Mr. Powell continues enthusiastically:

"People are constantly saying to me, How can you, a busy man, add to your activities a responsibility so weighty? No one but the Emmanuel worker can quite understand how richly the work reimburses those who give it of their best. Not merely have I done more work than usual this year past, but I have done it with more ease than usual, and with a steady access of vigor in soul and mind and body.

"The quieting of others quiets the Emmanuel worker. The suggestions of emancipation from fear and care and worry turn back, according to the well-known law Professor James explains, into auto-suggestions which upbuild the worker while they upbuild his patients. The peace he preaches to a congregation of one becomes his peace. And that sense of futility which drives many a high-minded minister across the dead line at the age of fifty disappears as not once in a great while as formerly, but every day he has

*MIND, RELIGION AND HEALTH: WITH AN APPRECIATION OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT. By Robert MacDonald. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

some evidence of hearts helped, minds informed, or bodies made more wholesome by his words. How can any minister grow weary in well-doing who is every day or two receiving some such cheering word as this: 'The memory of those treatments comes over me, and my whole being—mind, soul and body—thrills with the blessedness of it all and rest and peace come.'

"The church finances have not suffered if the largest Easter offering in the history of the parish, increased as it was by voluntary gifts from patients, be at all indicative. Accustomed to pay about one thousand parish visits every year, I find I have in the past eleven months paid some eleven hundred visits, and have received from members of my parish at least one hundred visits which would never have been paid at all but for my clinic. But more important than the number of the visits is their character. The pastoral relationship has been strengthened in every way, and to it has been added through the clinic the blessed privilege of shepherding many of those so-called unchurched who are everywhere the preacher's fascination and despair."

A Cleveland Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. Dr. Thomas S. McWilliams, is also convinced that ministries to the body greatly facilitate and re-enforce ministries to the soul, and, in an article in the *Chicago Interior*, he offers the following convincing illustration of his meaning:

"Suppose a minister with a clear head and a sympathetic, genial manner goes into the sick-room and extends his helping hand to the patient. Without taxing him too much, he tells him something about his sub-conscious mind, about the transliminal reservoir within him upon which he may draw. He explains to him that the sub-conscious mind is to the objective or conscious mind like that large part of the piece of ice in his glass to the little part that is above the water. He leads him to see that he has been battling against disease with only a fraction of his force, and that it is possible to call out these reserves and wheel them into line. He explains, moreover, that the reserves are stationed where the severest battle is raging. The organs controlling circulation, digestion, elimination of waste, etc., are in the immediate sphere of the subconscious mind.

"He convinces the patient that he has been, as it were, lifting a heavy weight by his little finger, and that what he wants to do is to help him get another and another and another finger under the handle, until he is lifting with his whole hand. The very thought of unused but available powers within himself at once gives the patient a new hope and a buoyancy that goes far in the direction of health. And then the minister explains to him that, as psychology has clearly demonstrated, he can best reach this subconscious mind to direct and stimulate it if the conscious mind is passive and quiescent; he tells him how to relax those muscles which have been like the tightly-drawn strings of an overtuned violin. He induces him to calm his mind and simply let himself go into a perfectly relaxed and quiescent condition."

If the minister should go no further than this, says Dr. McWilliams, he would have accomplished much for the benefit of the patient—first, by inspiring a new hope and buoyancy through knowledge of a transliminal reservoir; second, by bringing about a relaxed, quiescent, restful condition as a means of getting at that reservoir. But the minister does not stop here. Now comes his greatest opportunity:

"The conscious mind has ceased its opposition. The door is open to the subconscious. If a man of right feelings at all, the minister will now be thrilled through and through with emotions of reverence and awe. What manner of man ought he to be to touch the delicate and complicated mechanism of the human body; yea, to come in contact with the naked soul! He can now suggest to the sub-conscious the ideas that it may need to correct or direct or stimulate it.

"If it is a case of neurasthenia with delusions and suicidal tendencies, the patient afraid of the darkness, afraid of being shut up in the house, afraid of death, unable to sleep except by the use of opiates, he can by suggestion remove these delusions and induce restful sleep. (This is not theory but my own actual experience.) If it is a case of alcoholism, the minister's explanation that there is this transliminal reservoir kindles new hope in the discouraged man's mind. He is at once willing to test the question whether there are powers within himself as well as above him, upon which he can call; whether he has been fighting his degrading enemy with only a fraction of his nature; whether it may be possible for his 'divided self,' as Professor James calls it, to be unified so that instead of the law in his members warring against the law of his mind, his whole nature as a unity may accept the fact that alcohol is his enemy and so loathe and repel it. To test these questions the dipsomaniac is willing to visit the minister twice a week for a month or two. In these visits the minister has an opportunity to advise with him regarding his associates, occupations and habits. He is invited into the most secret chambers of the man's being. He is afforded all the advantages that the wisest and best Catholic priest finds in the confessional. In a word, the way is open for him to help remake a life."

A fourth testimony appears in the *Boston Congregationalist* from the pen of the Rev. Chauncey J. Hawkins. He says in part:

"Many men are going about our communities to-day telling how God wrought a miracle and healed them. All this means is that they were awakened out of their sluggish, morbid, fearful anxious manner of living, which kept their whole mental and physical life in disorder, by a faith in God which was vital, bringing to them joy and peace, and these in turn gave their physical functions such as circulation and digestion an opportunity to work as they should. In one sense God healed them; in another sense they healed themselves. It was their faith which enabled them

to live naturally and normally, and hence made possible the normal action of their physical functions.

"Nothing is clearer in modern psychology than the fact that fear, jealousy, anger, worry, have a disordering effect upon body and mind, and that faith, love and hope afford the only atmosphere in which we can live at our best. The man who enters the faith-state, which casts out all worry and fear and bad temper, which creates courage, hopefulness and cheerfulness, which gives a sense of the new and beautiful cleanness of the world, creates an atmosphere where the unconscious activities of the body work to their best advantage. This is the best preventive against disease. Under such conditions disease once contracted can most easily be driven away.

"When these simple facts are understood by both pastor and people many a weary hour of pastoral gossiping may be turned into an hour of genuine religious conversation and earnest prayer. Our parishes contain many people born with causes which predispose them to nervous disorders, people with high nervous tension always on the verge of breaking in health and passing over into the world of sufferers. So long as they can control themselves they are men of great activity and usefulness, but the moment they lose self-control they suffer beyond all others. If they could be taught the secret of quiet prayer, of restful meditation, of communing with the Good and the Beautiful and the Reasonable until they felt themselves at one with God, no better medicine could be given to them.

"Other men are suffering because they have not learned the secret of losing life to find it, because they are selfish, constantly thinking of themselves, brooding over their miserable state. They need some one to stimulate their benevolent and altruistic feelings and practical efforts. Still other men can only be led to a normal and healthy life by the remaking of their characters. This is not only true of those who have destroyed their health and happiness through alcoholic drinks, opium, or immoral practices, but of many victims of an unbalanced emotional life, exaggerated suggestibility and fixed ideas. The task of making them healthy and happy is nothing less than the task of regenerating their lives."

The Emmanuel movement, it is evident, has come to stay. It is part, and a very important part, of a growing religious consciousness that humanity can come into much closer and more vital relations with the Divine than have hitherto existed. It is a characteristic product of an epoch of religious thinking that has also given birth to Christian Science and the "New Thought." The question is often asked, What are the distinguishing differences between the Emmanuel movement and Christian Science? Dr. Worcester has already dealt with the question at some length in "Religion and Medicine," and Dr. MacDonald takes it up anew in "Mind, Religion and Health."

In the first place, Dr. MacDonald points out, the Emmanuel movement limits the field of its

operations to *functional* (as contrasted with *organic*) diseases, and it recognizes and cooperates with the physician. Both Dr. Worcester and Mr. Powell require every "patient" to bring with him a doctor's diagnosis of his malady, and if it is found that his ailment is definitely organic, he is sent back to the physician. Oftentimes the clergyman and the physician work hand in hand in the curing of sickness. To the Christian Science argument that Christ drew no dividing line between the functional and the organic, Dr. MacDonald responds: "That drawing of the line shows I consider Him a bigger man than am I. He was perfect. I am quite imperfect. He was sinless. I'm a bit otherwise at times." To the further argument that the Emmanuel movement, by this limitation of its activities, destroys confidence in its power and proclaims its purely human origin, Dr. MacDonald replies:

"Self-limitation is not necessarily a manifestation of weakness. We do not expect God to put miraculously either human or angelic characteristics into the beasts of the jungle; nor a rational mind into the imbecile; nor new fresh vegetable life energy into the decayed tree. How deep and far-reaching a diseased condition in the human body can be divinely restored to health may be for long an open question, with intelligent advocates on either side of the tremendous issue."

In one other respect, the Emmanuel movement differs radically from Christian Science. Like the "New Thought," it is undenominational and interdenominational. The testimonies presented in this article come from half a dozen religious bodies. The Emmanuel healers charge nothing for their services, and offer no certitude that religious therapeutics will "pay" the church practicing it. As Dr. MacDonald puts it:

"It may not bring individual members into the church. It has not done so here [in Brooklyn]. But it can not help enriching the church, just as all Christian work and missionary effort enriches it. The highest motive is not to increase a church membership. Most all of my patients already belong to other churches, and it would be selfish to ask them to break with former ecclesiastical ties to join my church. When we send missionary money and prayer and effort into China and Africa and the Southwest, even into our own city, we do not think of numerically adding to our church membership. We do it to Christianize them where they are. So the Emmanuel movement is not like Christian Science, demanding you must become a member of the denomination that helps you. It makes you the end of the effort, not itself the end."

Music and the Drama

SWINBURNE'S TRIBUTE TO "THE YOUNG MASTER OF SHAKESPEARE'S YOUTH"



NE wonders, in turning over the pages of Algernon Charles Swinburne's beautiful and romantic "Age of Shakespeare"* if it is possible that three hundred years hence some great poet can find such life-long inspiration in a group of practical Victorian dramatists as Mr. Swinburne has found in these Elizabethans. The thought, of course, is absurd; but it helps one to see things more clearly. With a few obvious exceptions, the Victorian era has produced no dramatists (not to mention dramatic poets), only playwrights; no drama, but elaborate pieces of stagecraft. Altho the Elizabethan drama as a form of art is dead (except for occasional archeological productions), Shakespeare alone surviving on the stage in adaptations, the passion and vigor of its poetry is still alive to lovers of pure literature and modern writers like Charles Lamb, Coleridge and Swinburne. Moreover, it is the opinion of a writer in the London *Spectator* that the Elizabethans have grown immensely in literary popularity during the last half century. But it was not as "literature" that their plays were conceived. They did not form a conscious "literary drama." Hence their power. They were composed, as this writer well reminds us, "with the most practical intentions, under the rough strain of competition, to fulfil the wants of the hour. Their beauty is eternal; but it was the child of circumstance, and we shall hardly understand it aright unless we carry in our minds some vision of the scenic representation which crowded the highest poetry and the wildest humor within the compass of a 'wooden O.'" They were a poor, hard-working group of practical dramatists, these great Elizabethans, and about the poorest and most hard-driven of them all was Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's ill-fated predecessor. It is to Marlowe that Swinburne gives first place and most passionate praise in his "Age of Shakespeare,"—"the first English poet whose powers can be called sublime"

—"the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse."

Very little is known of Marlowe's life beyond one-line records in parish and college registers. He was the eldest son of a Canterbury shoemaker, born in 1564, educated at King's College and afterwards at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, where he obtained one scholarship, and perhaps two. That he was accused of "atheism" by his enemies, and in May, 1593, was ordered before the dreaded Star Chamber, only to be dismissed on his own personal security, is also a matter of record. He was slain shortly after at Deptford, in his thirtieth year, by an unknown Francis Archer. The rest is, for the most part, conjecture. Marlowe was probably the most outspoken freethinker of his day, a revolutionary spirit, using the stage as a pulpit, after the manner of Elizabethan "stage-poets," and through the mouths of his puppets daring to say what others hardly ventured to think. The libellous scribblings of his Puritanical enemies still bear witness to his courage. From the writings of his friends and fellow-dramatists we also know that he was "kind Kit Marlowe," "the Muses' Darling," "the famous gracer of tragedians"—Shakespeare's great teacher and collaborator.

Marlowe's youthful hurly-burly, "Tamburlaine the Great," has the distinction of being the first English drama ever written in blank verse instead of rhymeless decasyllables. "It contains," writes Swinburne, "one of the noblest passages—perhaps, indeed, the noblest in the literature of the world—ever written by one of the greatest masters of poetry in loving praise of the glorious delights and sublime submission to the everlasting limits of his art. In its highest and most distinctive qualities, in unfaltering and infallible command of the right note of music and the proper tone of color for the finest touches of poetic execution, no poet of the most elaborate modern school, working at ease upon every consummate resource of luxurious learning and leisurely refinement, has ever excelled the best and most representative work of a man who had literally no models before him,

*THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Brothers.

and probably or evidently was often, if not always, compelled to write against time for his living."

Marlowe's great tragedy of "Faustus" was wrought out of an old prose "History of Dr. Faustus," very popular in his day. It dominated the London stage for years, the character of Faustus being presented with such terrific power by Edward Alleyn, the famous actor, that one old Puritan affirms the Devil himself appeared "on the stage at the Belsavage Playhouse whilst they were prophanelly playing 'The History of Faustus,' the truth of which I have heard from many now alive, who well remember it, there being some distracted with that fearefull sight." Goethe thought of translating Marlowe's tragedy, and the son of Victor Hugo actually did so. Swinburne writes of it with combative ardor:

"The just and generous judgment passed by Goethe on the 'Faustus' of his English predecessor, in tragic treatment of the same subject is somewhat more than sufficient to counter-balance the slighting or the sneering references to that magnificent poem which might have been expected from the ignorance of Byron. . . . And the particular note of merit observed, the special point of the praise conferred, by the great German poet should be no less sufficient to dispose of the vulgar misconception yet lingering among sciolists and pretenders to criticism, which regards a writer than whom no man was ever born with a finer or stronger instinct for perfection of excellence in execution as a mere noble savage of letters, a rough self-taught sketcher or scribbler of crude and rude genius, whose unhewn blocks of verse had in them some veins of rare enough metal to be quarried and polished by Shakespeare. What most impressed the author of 'Faust' in the work of Marlowe was a quality the want of which in the author of 'Manfred' is proof enough to consign his best work to the second or third class at most. 'How greatly it is all planned!' the first requisite of all great work, and one of which the highest genius possible to a greatly gifted barbarian could by no possibility understand the nature or conceive the existence. . . . Few masterpieces of any age in any language can stand beside this tragic poem—it has hardly the structure of a play—for the qualities of terror and splendor, for intensity of purpose and sublimity of note. In the vision of Helen, for example, the intense perception of loveliness gives actual sublimity to the sweetness and radiance of mere beauty in the passionate and spontaneous selection of words the most choice and perfect; and in like manner the sublimity of simplicity in Marlowe's conception and expression of the agonies endured by Faustus under the immediate imminence of his doom gives the highest note of beauty, the quality of absolute fitness and propriety, to the sheer straightforwardness of speech in which his agonizing horror finds vent ever more and more terrible from the first to the last equally beautiful and fearful verse of that tremendous monolog

which has no parallel in all the range of tragedy."

Of Marlowe's remaining known plays, "The Jew of Malta," "Edward II," "The Massacre at Paris," and "Dido, Queen of Carthage" (the two latter being, one a "garbled fragment," and the other completed, probably, by Thomas Nash after the author's death), Swinburne maintains that "Edward II," "in dramatic power and positive impression of natural effect," is the stage masterpiece. "The scene of the king's deposition at Kenilworth," he continues, "is almost as much finer in tragic effect and poetic quality as it is shorter and less elaborate than the corresponding scene in Shakespeare's 'King Richard II.'" Which brings him to a consideration of those portions of Shakespeare's plays now credited to Marlowe. There is probably no critic, living or dead, so well fitted to pass judgment in this matter as Swinburne. He writes:

"It is as nearly certain as anything can be which depends chiefly upon cumulative and collateral evidence that the better part of what is best in the serious scenes of 'King Henry VI' is mainly the work of Marlowe. That he is, at any rate, the principal author of the second and third plays passing under that name among the works of Shakespeare, but first and imperfectly printed as 'The Contention between the two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster,' can hardly be now a matter of debate among competent judges. The crucial difficulty of criticism in this matter is to determine, if indeed we should not rather say to conjecture, the authorship of the humorous scenes in prose, showing as they generally do a power of comparatively high and pure comic realism to which nothing in the acknowledged works of any pre-Shakespearean dramatist is even remotely comparable. Yet, especially in the original text of these scenes as they stand unpurified by the ultimate revision of Shakespeare, there are tones and touches which recall rather the clownish horseplay and homely ribaldry of his predecessors than anything in the lighter interludes of his very earliest plays. We find the same sort of thing which we find in their writings, only better done than they usually do it, rather than such work as Shakespeare's a little worse done than usual. And even in the final text of the tragic or metrical scenes the highest note struck is always, with one magnificent and unquestionable exception, rather in the key of Marlowe at his best than of Shakespeare while yet in great measure his disciple."

Swinburne cites other probable instances of Marlowe's workmanship in Shakespeare's plays—the "rough magnificence" of Jack Cade's riot, and comic scenes in "The Taming of the Shrew"; and thus concludes the most glorious tribute ever penned to his half-forgotten genius:

"The place and the value of Christopher Marlowe as a leader among English poets it would be almost impossible for historical criticism to overestimate. To none of them all, perhaps, have so many of the greatest among them been so deeply and so directly indebted. Nor was ever any great writer's influence upon his fellows more utterly and unmingledly an influence for good. He first, and he alone, guided Shakespeare into the right way of work; his music, in which there is

no echo of any man's before him, found its own echo in the more prolonged but hardly more exalted harmony of Milton's.

"He is the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer, in all our poetic literature. Before him there was neither genuine blank verse nor genuine tragedy in our language. After his arrival the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare."

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"—THE GREATEST POPULAR SUCCESS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

HERE is endless discussion nowadays in regard to "problem plays." One of the most interesting problems that has ever figured in any play is presented by Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead." The problem is: What is the cause of the phenomenal success of this rustic and Christmasy melodrama? What has given it its unprecedented hold upon the affections of the people? Twenty years ago, Eugene Field paid a heartfelt tribute to "The Old Homestead" as "altogether the best American play yet produced." Who took his judgment seriously? Yet who shall say, to-day, that it is not worth taking seriously? Plays by the Bronson Howards and Augustus Thomases and Clyde Fitches may come and may go; but "The Old Homestead," like the immortal brook of Tennyson's poem, goes on for ever. This very winter it is attracting large audiences in Boston, New York and Chicago. It is now in its twenty-third season—in fact, in its thirty-fourth, if "Joshua Whitcomb," the germinal drama out of which it grew, be included in the count. It has been played seven thousand times, and has earned more than \$3,000,000. This record is unparalleled in the history of the American stage. In certain features it is without parallel in the history of any stage.

Here is a play that seems to defy every canon of criticism. Its plot, in so far as it may be said to have any plot at all, is as old as the hills. Its technique would be pronounced slovenly by any dramatic expert. It is a melodrama, yet it has no villain and no love-story. The comedy is much of it mere flummery and horse-play. The acting, while it has been for the most part competent, and, in the case of Denman Thompson, much more than that, does not in itself explain the success of the play. It is just the story of an "old

homestead" and of a father who seeks and finds his wayward boy in the great city—the story of the Prodigal Son in modern guise—and the people have flocked to see it for nigh on quarter of a century, and are flocking still.

There is an explanation, and it is not far to seek. "The Old Homestead" makes a direct appeal to universal emotions—to the universal heart. People go to see it not because it is brilliant, but because it is entertaining, and because, within its limits, it is truthful and suggestive. Eugene Field bared the whole secret in his poem to Denman Thompson:

Jest as atween the awk'ard lines a hand we love
has penn'd

Appears a meaning hid from other eyes;
So, in your simple, homespun art, old honest
Yankee friend,

A power o' tearful, sweet suggestion lies.
We see it all—the pictur' that your mem'ries hold
so dear—

The homestead in New England far away;
And the vision is so nat'ral-like we almost seem
to hear

The voices that were heshed but yesterday.

Ah! who'd ha' thought the music of that distant
childhood time

Would sleep through all the changeful, bitter
years

To waken into melodies like Chris'mas bells a-
chime

And to claim the ready tribute of our tears!

"The Old Homestead" was conceived in 1885. It was the joint effort of Denman Thompson and a business acquaintance named George W. Ryer, and it was carried to completion during the stress of daily travel, while Mr. Thompson was touring Pennsylvania in "Joshua Whitcomb." The first production was at the Boston Theater in 1886. During the years that have followed it has undergone slight modifications in the interests of dramatic effectiveness, but in the main the original text has been preserved. It has not been

published or "novelized," and the excerpts here given, by special permission of Mr. Thompson, are the first that have ever appeared in print.

The play, we have pointed out, can hardly be said to have any plot. It is little more than a series of dramatic pictures, and much of its interest centers in its quaint gallery of portraits. Old Josh Whitcomb, "hard as a hickory nut and spry as a kitten at sixty-four," is the predominating figure. Then there is "Aunt Matilda," patient and kindly, weaving and stitching her life into the fabrics in hand, a type of New England spinsterhood whose largeness of heart and sweetness of instinct are a blessing and pride to all who know her. "Rickety Ann" is a poor-house waif, adopted to do chores and light menial work about the farm. She is a tom-boy, and tells her whole story when she says, "I kin climb a tree like a boy—want to see me?" She and "Eb" Ganzey are natural wild flowers, racy of the New Hampshire hills in which the play is laid. Then there are "Cy" Prime and Seth Perkins, rural types conceived in a spirit of pure farce; "Happy Jack," the "champion dead-head of America"; and many more, not forgetting the "hired gal," who puts ice in the well to cool the water, and who wants to know if she shall boil the potatoes "with their jackets on."

These characters are all sketched in the first act of the play, which takes place on the Old Homestead at Swanzy, New Hampshire. The scene is sentimental and bucolic. One can almost smell the sweet-briar and honeysuckle. The country lane, the old brown kitchen, the bench and basin beside the door, the kitchen garden, the beehive close by, the grindstone under the maple, and "the old oaken bucket" and well-box evoke a flood of pleasant memories. Old "Joshuay" (with the accent on the last syllable) appears, broadly expansive, and with him are some "city folks," who have come up to the farm for a holiday. One of these, Frank Hopkins, is the son of a school-mate of Uncle Josh's, and the farmer discourses eloquently on "the old skewl house." Then ensues the following dialog, in which Uncle Josh tells of the great sorrow of his life—his wayward son, Reuben:

JOSH. New York must be a pretty smart sort of village, I guess, ain't it?

FRANK. Well, I should say it is! Were you never there?

JOSH. No, sir! Never sot foot in it. But I'm goin' there one o' these days to look for my boy.

FRANK. Why, have you a son in New York?

JOSH. I don't know. I did have four or five months ago; ain't heard nothin' from him since.

FRANK. He went there thinking to make his fortune, I suppose?

JOSH. Well, not exactly. Guess I might as well tell you first as last, cause you're sure to hear on't, and I want you to hear on't it right. Pull up a chair and sit down. (*Gets chair.*)

FRANK. Yes, thank you, I will. (*Takes chair near well.*)

JOSH. About a year ago now he was cashier in the Cheshire Bank in Keene, a few miles from here. Well, it seems one day a party of sharpers from Boston went up to Keene and went in to the bank and when some o' them was talkin' to Reub one o' the mean sneaks got into the vault and stole a lot o' money.

FRANK. He did!

JOSH. Oh, yes. It all come out on the trial. Well, they pitched on to my boy and hed him arrested right here afore a lot o' visitors I hed from Boston, on suspicion of robbin' the bank. But they let him go again pretty quick, I can tell you. When I think on't I get so mad I pretty near froth! Charged with stealin' something he didn't know no more about than the man in the moon.

FRANK. What a shame!

JOSH. I guess it was, and he felt it dreadful too. I don't believe the poor boy ever had a good night's sleep since. Always imagined people pinterd at him and was downhearted and low spirited. So one day he packed his trunk and started for New York. There, now, you know all about it.

FRANK. So you think of going there to look for him, do you?

JOSH. I certainly shall.

FRANK. Why not go back with us?

JOSH. Gosh! I will, if my new boots are done in time. Durned if I don't!

FRANK. And I will assist you to look for your boy in every way I can.

JOSH. Thank ye, thank ye. Now I'm agoin' ter ask you something and I know you will laugh at me.

FRANK. Why should I?

JOSH. 'Cos it is so foolish. (*Looking around mysteriously to house.*) Say, do you believe in dreams? (*Frank laughs.*) That's right—laugh—I don't blame you a mite.

FRANK. Why do you ask?

JOSH. 'Cos I've had 'em about my boy lately, so nat'ral it almost seems as tho they must be true.

FRANK. That is the result of constantly thinking of him—nothing more, believe me.

JOSH. I hope not, I hope not.

There is much talk around the farm in regard to a mysterious stranger who has been seen. Cy Prime mistakes him for a scarecrow, and one of the ladies fears he may be "a wild man escaped from the meragerie." This atmosphere of uncertainty is broken by the entrance of a group of farm laborers, who sing "The Old Oaken Bucket" while they are waiting for supper. Then, when the road is clear, the stranger appears. Rickety Ann con-

fronts him, and asks him what he wants. "I'm a prestidigitator," he replies. "A what—a-tator!" gasps Ann. "That's to say," explains Jack, "I make things disappear. For instance, I take a couple of slices of bread, thusly, place a piece of cold meat between, then—Presto change! Gone!" Rickety Ann is impervious to the hint, and offers no encouragement in the edible line. Thereupon Uncle Josh tackles the visitor. As the conversation proceeds it will be seen how the old man is still haunted by memories of his wandering son.

JOSH. What's yer name?

JACK. Jack.

JOSH. Jack what?

JACK. Happy Jack.

JOSH. It fits you, don't it?

JACK. (*Laughs.*) Like a glove.

JOSH. Where do you cum from?

JACK. Nowhere.

JOSH. Where do yer live?

JACK. Everywhere.

JOSH. Sho! I want ter know!

JACK. I am the champion dead-head of America, the star truck rider of the world. (*Rises, takes off hat, bows and sits again.*)

JOSH. What do yer mean by thet?

JACK. That I ride from one end of the country to the other without a dollar.

JOSH. What on?

JACK. The cars.

JOSH. Don't they put yer off?

JACK. They don't see me.

JOSH. What's the reason they don't?

JACK. I ride underneath on the trucks.

JOSH. Oh—ho!

JACK. Oh, I don't travel on a train unless they run a sleeper. (*Josh whistles low in surprise.*) They are better than common passenger cars. The trucks are wider and more comfortable, and the wheels don't come quite so near your head.

JOSH. I declare, it must be pretty risky business, ain't it?

JACK. (*With pathos.*) Yes, not a day passèd that some poor fellow isn't either killed or maimed. Now last winter on our way south my partner lost his life. I was riding on the rear truck and he on the front. In rounding a curve the brace of the truck bent and caught him between the truck and brake and mashed him to death. I had to ride nearly thirty miles listening to his pitiful cries for help, but I couldn't reach him. So he said: "Jack, old pard, you'll have to get another pal. I'm called in." And all was over with poor Tom. A higher power had put on the brakes, the engine of life had stopped. (*Buries face in old dirty handkerchief.*)

(*Enter Matilda from house with two slices of bread, gives them to Josh and exits into house.*)

JOSH. (*Handing bread to Jack.*) Here—here!

JACK. (*Taking bread and putting it in pocket.*) Thank you; I won't eat this now.

JOSH. Are your parents living?

JACK. (*Wiping eyes with handkerchief.*) One of them, sir.

JOSH. Which one?

JACK. My mother.

JOSH. Where?

JACK. In New York City.

JOSH. Poor?

JACK. No sir; rich.

JOSH. Why, what made you leave hum?

JACK. Simply because I couldn't have my own way.

JOSH. Well, yer look as tho you had it lately. Now why don't you go hum?

JACK. Have you any sons?

JOSH. Yes, sir; one.

JACK. Where?

JOSH. In New York, I believe; he was there the last I heard on him.

JACK. Well, why doesn't he come home?

JOSH. Now, by gosh, you got me.

JACK. I'll tell you why I don't go home. Because I'm ashamed to—I'm no good. A wreck at twenty-five; look forty, don't I?

JOSH. Pretty near.

JACK. Yes.

JOSH. Do you ever think?

JACK. Think of what?

JOSH. (*With pathos.*) Your mother. How she watched you all through the cares and dangers of childhood, worked for you! Prayed for you! I tell you, boy, you owe that mother more'n you kin ever repay. Her care may have saved your life a dozen times, yer can't tell.

JACK. Say, old gentleman, you've set me thinking.

JOSH. I'm glad on it if I hev. Now look here, will you go hum if I give you money enough to pay your fare?

JACK. Yes.

JOSH. And stop drinkin'—

JACK. Whugh! Say, old gentleman, that's a corker, but I'll try it. (*Rising and putting chair back by wall, then coming back to Josh.*)

JOSH. All right, sir, there's a five dollar bill. (*Gives five dollar bill to Jack.*) It won't break me and it may make you. You can take a train an' go as fur as New Haven, then take a boat and be home in the mornin'.

JACK. Five dollars, eh!

JOSH. Yes, sir.

JACK. Five great big dollars. Old gentleman, it would have been more in my way if you had set the dog on me.

JOSH. Why? What good would that do?

JACK. Oh, no good; it would seem more natural, that's all.

JOSH. I suppose so, poor feller.

JACK. (*Starts to go and stops musingly.*) Go home? Yes! Stop drinking? Say, old friend—(*offering the money to Josh*)—you had better take this money back. I don't honestly believe I can do as I have agreed.

JOSH. (*Rising.*) Well, you can try, can't yer?

JACK. Yes, I can try.

JOSH. (*Putting hand on tramp's shoulder.*) That's right! Go home and try and be somebody; you're a young man yet; it ain't too late.

JACK. (*With determination.*) Well, I will! And if I don't win I'll give old John Barlev Corn the toughest scuffle he ever had for the underhold. Good bye, old friend, good bye. (*Shakes hands and exits.*)

JOSH. Good bye, sir. (*Takes chair and sits himself in front of door of house.*) Maybe I've done a foolish thing. Well, never mind if he

don't profit by it, it won't be my fault, but I kind o' think he will. A man who can express so much feeling for another's misfortunes must have a kind heart. Besides, I've got a boy away from home to-night, and maybe he's in want. If he is I hope some kind hand is stretched out to help him. (*Josh takes chair, sits in front of cottage door, light shining on him through doorway.*)

(*Quartet sings "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night," while a dream-like vision appears in centre of stage disclosing Reuben standing at a bar drinking.*)

CURTAIN.

The second act shows Uncle Josh in the house of his school-mate, Henry Hopkins, in New York. He has come to the city to find his son, and on the evening of his arrival the two old men lapse into reminiscences of their boyhood days:

JOSH. Do you remember the fust circus you and I ever went ter see. (*Both laugh heartily.*)

HENRY. And how we laughed at the old clown.

JOSH. And et ginger bread.

HENRY. Yes.

JOSH. Henry, do you remember that?

HENRY. Remember it! I shall never forget it as long as I can remember anything.

JOSH. Me nuther! I spent forty-one cents that day.

HENRY. We went together, don't you remember?

JOSH. So we did!

HENRY. I called for you at your house.

JOSH. There, that's right.

HENRY. It was the first time you ever wore a roundabout suit.

JOSH. (*Proudly.*) So it was.

HENRY. Oh, you were dressed to kill that day.

JOSH. Gosh! I guess I was! You had on a new store straw hat and I hed to wear the old one Till braided me. You beat me on the hat, but I kinder cut you out on the clothes. (*Chucks Henry in ribs. Both laugh.*)

HENRY. Yes.

JOSH. Both on us barefooted.

HENRY. Yes, both of us. (*Josh gives Henry an affectionate shove.*) And away we started for Keene and the circus. (*With pathos.*) And don't you remember, Joshua, when we got on top of that little hill near Jackson's, we looked back and there was your dear old mother standing in the doorway—(*rising and folding hands in pantomime*)—her hands wound up in her apron the way she had a habit of doing, with her head thrown back, looking after us through her big bowed spectacles—wondering, I suppose, which of us would be president first.

JOSH. (*With feeling, shaking hands with Henry and looking over glasses.*) Happy days, Henry.

HENRY. Happy indeed, Joshua.

JOSH. No use talkin'. Children little know the anxiety parents have for 'em. I've got a boy all alone in this great city and I'm dreadful worried about him.

HENRY. Don't you know where he is stopping?

JOSH. No, I don't.

HENRY. And hasn't he written you?

JOSH. Not for four or five months.

HENRY. Oh, well, we must hunt him up for you. What was he doing when you last heard from him?

JOSH. He warn't doin' nuthin', said he expected to git somethin' to do afore long, and wrote a leetle mite as tho' he was discouraged. And when I answered his letter I told him I guessed he'd better come back again. But you know how it is with boys, Henry, when they go away from hum to make their own livin' they hate to come back and hev folks say they warn't smart enough to do it, and Reub is kind o' proud spirited. I don't know as I blame him much, like as not he's out o' money—maybe he's sick, and perhaps he's— (*Puts handkerchief to eyes and completely breaks down.*)

HENRY. (*Patting Josh on back soothingly.*) Come, come, old friend, this won't do. Cheer up. We'll find him for you yet.

JOSH. (*Brightening.*) Think so?

HENRY. Of course we shall.

JOSH. (*Grasping Henry's hand very warmly.*) Henry, I'll sleep all the better to-night for them few words of encouragement.

HENRY. I hope so.

JOSH. (*Wiping eyes.*) I feel sure on't.

Uncle Josh and Henry Hopkins had started out as country boys together, but now Hopkins has become a millionaire. His wife and daughter are people of fashion; his mansion is gorgeous and resplendent. "Joshua" is amusingly out of harmony with his luxurious environment, and hardly knows what to make of it all. But he bravely opens up conversation with his hostess:

JOSH. Let me see, you was a Richardson, wa'n't you?

MRS. HOPKINS. Yes, Mr. Whitcomb.

JOSH. Betsey Richardson?

MRS. HOPKINS. Elizabeth Richardson.

JOSH. Yes, I remember, we used to call you Betts for short. I can remember the first time I ever see you, just as well as if it was yesterday.

MRS. HOPKINS. Indeed!

JOSH. Yes, you drove down to the store with your father on a load of wood. I never will forget how purty you looked that day, in your new caliker frock and sun bonnet and your blue yarn stockings hangin' down over the side on the load of maple.

The "city folks" are alternately amused and horrified at Uncle Josh's indiscretions. He refers to the *portières* as "brush fence" and "whip lashes." He turns upside down on a rocking-chair, and cries "Gosh! I tho't I sot on a cat," as he jumps up from an upholstered chair. When he comes suddenly upon a statue of the Venus de Medici the merriment swells to a roar. "If I'd put that up in my cornfield," he says, "I'll bet I'd be arrested afore night." And he wants to know if "that was a New York lady afore she died," and "What



"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

The opening scene of Denman Thompson's famous melodrama which has been played 7,000 times and has earned more than \$3,000,000

do you do with her when the minister comes?" The butler enters, and Josh makes a profound obeisance. "I tho't it was some foreign lord." To cap the climax, the old man, after retiring early, hears a song, "The Midnight Fire Alarm," in the drawing-room, and comes rushing in in his nightshirt, boots in one hand, trunk in the other, under the impression that the house is on fire! The humor may be crude, but Act II never fails to throw an audience into convulsions of laughter.

Joshua finds his boy in the third act. The scene takes place outside of Grace Church on Broadway, with strains of sacred music emerging from the sanctuary at appropriate intervals. Throughout the act a procession of city types files across the stage. A policeman is very much in evidence, and we see Salvation Army propagandists, "The Hoboken Terror," "The Apple Woman," and "The Letter Carrier." Uncle Josh almost gets into a fight with the gentleman from Hoboken, and he tries to arrest the postman for (as he thinks) pilfering the mail box. In both cases the policeman comes to the rescue and straightens out matters. While Joshua is around the corner, in a fruitless quest for Reub, "Happy Jack" appears, and Reuben, too, the latter in the hands of the policeman. It is evident that Reub has been drinking, and the policeman proposes to lock him up. But "Happy Jack," who has now become a reformed character, and who remembers how, only a few weeks before, a farmer up in New Hampshire had helped him in his hour of need, intercedes in behalf of the drunkard and saves him from the disgrace of imprisonment. He

gives Reub a dollar and sends him away to "brace up." Then he runs into Uncle Josh, with an exclamation of astonishment. The following dialog ensues:

JACK. Why, no!

JOSH. What's the matter?

JACK. It is!

JOSH. How do you know it is?

JACK. My preserver!

JOSH. Sho!

JACK. Why, you saved my life!

JOSH. I want ter know.

JACK. I met you at Swanzey.

JOSH. (*Very slowly and knowingly.*) Well, I guess not. I have had thet two or three times before. (*Turns up stage and balances first on one toe and then the other, in a country smart way—as much as to say "I know a thing or two."*)

JACK. (*Laughing.*) Yes I did. About three weeks ago. Don't you remember?

JOSH. No—can't say that I do.

JACK. Your name is Whitcomb.

JOSH. Now look here, Bunco Bill, I have heard of you. I hev been tackled by about a dozen of you fellers since I hev been here, and I'm gettin' kind o' tired on't. Now if you don't want to git yer feathers ruffled, you go look fer squashes somewhere else. I jest hitched on to a feller and I feel pretty durned "kinky." I ain't quite so green as yer think I be. I take the papers, see.

JACK. Let me put you right.

JOSH. Oh, I'm all right. Shake a day day. (*Throwing lapel of coat back.*)

JACK. Don't you remember about three weeks ago giving a poor miserable wretch money enough to go to his home?

JOSH. (*Puzzled.*) Now how did you find thet out?

JACK. I am the man.

JOSH. You be durned! You ain't.

JACK. I can convince you.

JOSH. (*Putting his hands in pockets.*) Well, that's what you'll hev ter do before I talk to you much longer.



OLD JOSH WHITCOMB

The hero of "The Old Homestead," showing Denman Thompson in a part he has played in almost every state of the Union.

JACK. I can tell you the last words you said to me.

JOSH. Well, let's hear them.

JACK. "Go home and try to be somebody; you're a young man yet, it isn't too late."

JOSH. *(Taking hands from pocket and slapping them together.)* I declare, that's what I said! *(Jack holds out his hand to shake, Josh puts hands in pocket again quickly, weakening.)* Hold on—hold on! Tell me what you said and then I'll give up.

JACK. I told you I would try, and if I didn't win I'd give old John Barley Corn the toughest scuffle he ever had for the underhold.

JOSH. Well, that's jest what you said. *(Shakes hands very cautiously and returns his hand to his pocket still on his guard.)* And there's my hand, and I'm glad ter see yer.

JACK. And I'm glad to see you, old gentleman and old friend. *(Taking five dollars from pocket and handing it to Josh.)* Allow me to return your five dollars.

JOSH. *(Taking money.)* Now, by gosh, I know it's you. How de-do! *(Shaking hands.)* I guess your mother was glad ter see yer?

JACK. Yes, overjoyed.

JOSH. I knowed she'd be.

JACK. Did you find your boy yet, Mr. Whitcomb? *(Organ inside the church plays.)*

JOSH. *(With feeling.)* No, sir, I didn't, and I hev been trampin' up and down these streets for more'n a week, searchin' for him everywhere, and I have seen more misery and wickedness in that time than I ever thought could exist in a civilized community. I am dreadfully afraid he's been led off and took to drink.

JACK. What makes you think so?

JOSH. 'Cause I have seen so much of it sence I have been here. You can't go a dozen rods that you don't come across a rum shop. Henry Hopkins says drink is the ruination of more'n half the young men in New York.

JACK. Well, Henry Hopkins isn't far from being right.

(Commotion outside. Organ continues to play.)

JOSH. There's a row. Don't go too near or you'll get stabbed. A lot o' rowdies outside.

JACK. Here comes my dollar investment, and about as drunk as they make them.

(Voices outside shouting "Good night old fellow," etc. Enter Reuben staggering. Josh recognizes him. Reuben falls into Josh's arms and falls on his knees. Josh bends over him.)

JOSH. Why, it's my boy Reub—Reub—Reub! *(Choir sings "Calvary.")*

CURTAIN.

The fourth act takes us back to the Old Homestead at Swanzev. It is New Year's Eve, and a great company is assembling in honor of a great event—the impending return of Reuben. "As a domestic picture of real life," says James Jay Brady, in his account of the play, "this has probably never been equaled on our stage; its quiet realism is admirable. There is probably not a line in the act that is not a literal transcription from New England customs and conversation." When Joshua says he will "go down into the cellar and set my mousetrap," we have a touch of the actual, that no dramatist on earth could have furnished out of his imagination. And when Aunt "Tilda" asks Joshua to go in the front room "and turn the damper in the stovepipe, coz all the heat's a goin' up the chimbley," the absolute fidelity of the thing that every New England man has heard a thousand times is proof that the material of the play is genuine.

A sleighing party has gone over to Keene to meet Reuben and escort him back. The hickory logs are crackling. The old clock ticks in the corner. Bunches of corn, strings of dried apples and slices of pumpkin decorate the walls. An old flint-lock hangs over the doorway. The company is light-hearted and in a festive mood. Seth Perkins and Cy Prime upset one another in the snow, but soon make up. Aunt "Tilda" has only one anxiety—that something may happen to prevent Reub from coming. She voices her misgivings to Josh:

MATILDA. I was worryin' a little mite about Reuben; do you think he'll come home to-night, Joshua?

JOSH. Jest as sartin as the world. Didn't his letter say, "Father, I'll be home New Year's if I'm spared my health"? Ain't his friends and skewlmates here to meet him? He's comin' by

way of Boston, train may be late gettin' into Keene, then he's got to drive six miles; you must remember that.

MATILDA. Yes, I know all that, Joshua. But why didn't you bring him home with you when you was in New York?

JOSH. Well, I'll tell you, Till. He did start to come, but when he got as fur as the depot I noticed somethin' troubled him, he hung back a leetle mite, and I says to him, "Reuben, don't you want to go hum with me?" and he says, "Yes, father, I do; but I hate to go back and have Swanzey folks say that Reuben Whitcomb started away from home to make his own livin' and his father had to go and bring him back agin." *(With pathos and emotion.)* And, Till, when he hung his head down, his eyes filled up with tears and his voice was kind o' choked; he says, "Father, let me stick it out a little while longer." I says "Go it." "Thank you," he says, "I'll be home by New Year's," and he'll be here to-night—you see if he ain't.

MATILDA. I hope so.

JOSH. I feel sure on't. *(Wiping eyes.)* Guess I'd better go down in the cellar and set my mouse trap. *(Exit hurriedly. Enter Cy, throwing wood in box and warming himself in front of fireplace.)*

CYRUS. Well, I tell you what 'tis, Tildy, pretty cold night out to-night.

MATILDA. Yes, Cyrus.

CYRUS. I'll bet it's as cold to-night as it was the night Washington crossed the Delaware.

MATILDA. Now what do you know about Washington crossing the Delaware?

CYRUS. What do I know about it? Well, I know old Bill Jones put him up to it. That's what I know about it.

(Enter Seth Perkins; throws wood in box.)

SETH. There! I s'pose you ben tellin' Till how you flopped me over in the snow. Ain't yer?

CYRUS. No, I never said a word about it. Did I, Tildy?

MATILDA. No, you didn't.

SETH. Well, yer done it, tho, fair and square. S'pose you'll crow about that for the next thirty years.

(Enter Josh; takes chair by fire.)

CYRUS. No, I won't—I won't say a word about it. I guess your foot slipped anyway.

SETH. No it didn't. I was throwed fair.

CYRUS. Well you know how it is with me, when I git that grapevine lock o' mine sot—somethin's got ter come. *(Cyrus shows them old grapevine lock. Sound of sleigh bells outside.)*

JOSH. Hello, whose bells be them?

SETH. Sounded a leetle mite like Deacon Prosser's.

CYRUS. More like David Wilson's.

JOSH. You're both wrong. They don't belong around here, for I kin tell every string o' bells in town.

(Outside "Whoa." Enter Eb Ganzey.)

GANZEY. Reub's here!

(Enter Reuben. Joshua clasps him to his breast and turns him over to Tilda, who does the same.)

JOSH. *(Excited.)* There he is! I told you he would cum!

MATILDA. My boy! My boy!

In the wake of Reuben comes "Happy Jack," who has journeyed from New York on



DENMAN THOMPSON IN REAL LIFE

Mr. Thompson has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday.

the same train and receives almost as warm a welcome. "You two boys," says Uncle Josh, "ought to be brothers as long as yer live." Jack replied, "It can be done." "How?" asks the astonished farmer. "Mother," responds Jack, "is still a widow." At this there is a general guffaw. Uncle Josh retires for a talk with his son, but returns in a few minutes with joyous news for the whole company:

JOSH. Come on, all of yer. Till, it's all settled. Reub and me had a good talk. We hev agreed on every pint. He works the old farm on shares. Takes possession to-morrow, New Year's Day. What do yer think of that?

MATILDA. Oh, tell me all about it. *(Reub and Tilda go up stage.)*

JOSH. Now move yer chairs and we'll hev a dance. *(Two country fiddlers start in to play, but Josh stops them.)* Hold on! I wont ter say a word to our neighbors afore they go. Now you fathers that hev got wild boys, I want you to be kind o' easy with them. If they are a little foolish now and then, forgive them. Like as not it's as much your fault as it is theirs—they might hev inherited it. You can't tell. And mothers—well, there, what's the use of sayin' anything to you? Bless your smilin' faces, your hearts are always bilin' over with love and kindness for the wayward child. Now don't let this be your last visit to the "Old Homestead." Come up in June when old nature's at her best. Come on all on ye, and let the scarlet runners chase you back to childhood.

DANCE AND CURTAIN.

THE VISIT OF CHAMINADE



VERY music-lover is familiar with the compositions of Cécile Chaminade, and her manager, in introducing her to the American public as "the greatest living woman composer," is backed by competent critical judgment in many lands. Certain of her piano pieces, as the Boston *Musician* testifies, are known to nearly all American pupils who have carried their studies into the fourth and fifth grades. One of her songs is said to have sold to the extent of 200,000 copies. There are two Chaminade Clubs in New York, and others scattered throughout the country. The audiences who have gathered to hear her during her present tour have been large and enthusiastic.

In early girlhood Chaminade played before Bizet, and something of the melody and sparkle which we associate with the music of the great composer of "Carmen" is in her own compositions. She calls them her "dreams," and has lately told a New York *Sun* reporter:

"They are dreams of the flowers and the woods; they are dreams of the spring and the summer, of the song of birds and the deep shadows of the forests.

"They are compositions inspired by old Slav legends, by some dramatic episode in the Nibelungen ring, by the love song of a troubadour, by a thousand and one threads of romance which lead the imagination into the country of the Might Have Been. In some of them are embodied arcades of mimosa trees trembling in the light winds, in others glimpses of the Mediterranean, blue and mysterious, rushing into far off silvery perspectives.

"In one there is the song of a nightingale singing in a night heavy with perfume of many blossoms and lighted with the crescent moon, in another a Crusader is saying good-by to his sweetheart before he goes to battle."

Madame Chaminade owes her world-wide fame, observes Reginald de Koven in the New York *World*, to the "charm and delicacy rather than to the force or breadth of her compositions." Her forte is salon music; and if, adds Richard Aldrich, of the New York *Times*, she never touches any great height or depth, "she at least does not make the mistake of attempting to do so." Mr. Aldrich comments further:

"Her music is unpretentious, tho it is sometimes developed to a length that the substance of its ideas does not warrant. Besides its essentially Gallic grace and charm, it has an individuality that is referable to its composer's individuality.

It is generally something more than a mere filling out of accepted formulas. There is harmonic piquancy in the best of what Madame Chaminade writes. Her treatment of the pianoforte is clever and effective, sometimes brilliant. As a song writer she writes tunes that are singable and are not without consistency of expression. Her music gives pleasure, and those who receive pleasure from it have no reason to be ashamed."

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* pays Madame Chaminade the following warm tribute:

"She does not challenge or invite invidious comparisons and distinctions. Her temperament is like that of Clara Wieck Schumann, whose aim was not the exploitation of her own individuality, but the enunciation of the meaning and the message of harmony and melody to 'the ear that sits beside the inner springs.'

"Chaminade's playing is in striking contrast to the performances of other pianists, styled 'Valkyries of the keyboard,' and 'pumas of the pianoforte' by their imaginative press agents. She dresses simply and soberly, and as she sits amid the orchestral harmonies she herself has evoked by her creative art, awaiting the moment for the piano to begin, it seems incredible that the little, fragile woman is the composer of music that includes in its broad range the heights and depths of heaven and this goodly frame, the earth. The music is eloquent of nature in her every aspect; as in the case of Grieg's compositions, it is necessary to know the country of the composer's nativity in order to understand the work of the composer. Chaminade translates into the notation of music the orchard in the spring, the mountain torrent, the sombre days of autumn and the turning of the leaf, the gray and tossing seas beneath the driving rain cloud, the fields and meadows and 'great spaces washed with sun.' Her music is connotative. Its inspiration is 'the light that never was on sea or land.'"

One of Madame Chaminade's New York friends, Mr. Ward Stephens, has written for the New York *World* this vivid description of her personality:

"A woman whose age it is impossible to determine! Years fade before her wonderful personality. In repose her face is not beautiful. When she speaks, smiles or plays it is transformed. Her strongest characteristic is her magnetism, due in a measure to her marvelous powers of concentration. When talking to you she seems to be looking right through you, and her eyes stand out and gleam. She has soft brown hair, which she wears in short ringlets. Her mouth is extremely sensitive, and her hands are wonderfully delicate, made just to play her own music.

"Of none too robust health, she accepts few, if any, social attentions, indulges in no dissipation of any sort, and when not engaged in one of her infrequent tours she lives in an exquisitely appointed home at Le Vesinet, a charming suburb of Paris, about five minutes from Saint Germain,

Her workshop is a tiny room on the second floor back, where the windows overlook the most marvelous flower and vegetable garden you can picture. Here Madame Chaminade and her mother raise their own vegetables, and the riot of color which greets her big brown eyes as she rests from her work may in a way be responsible for the color which abounds in her music.

"Her room is hung with wreaths presented to her by musical societies all over Europe, and such a collection of autographed photographs as a collector might well envy. This includes one of the late Queen Victoria, sent to Madame Chaminade in recognition of the latter's fine playing at Windsor Palace at the time of the jubilee.

"Madame Chaminade does not lay claim to being a great pianiste. She is simply gifted in interpreting her own music. Of this the best known instrumental piece is 'The Scarf Dance'; the best known song is 'The Little Silver Ring.' She has written in all four hundred numbers, songs, piano solos, duets, orchestral suites, ballet music, organ music—in fact, she has written for almost every instrument.

"Her favorite opera artist is Pol Plancon. Massenet and Saint-Saens she prefers to Wagner. She is French to her finger-tips and loyal to French music and French composers. This is her first tour in America. . . . She married a publisher of Marseilles, but their wedded life was brief, and she is now a widow, retaining her maiden name, however, and being called Madame instead of Mlle. Chaminade.

"Those who hear her play on this tour will for the first time realize the full value of a Chaminade composition, for they will catch the gleam of this wonderful composer's soul."



"THE GREATEST LIVING WOMAN COMPOSER"

Madame Chaminade has won a reputation extending far beyond her native land. In this country her admirers in several cities are banded together in "Chaminade Clubs"

MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW DRAMATIC GOSPEL

QUITE a number of facts have conspired to lend unusual interest to the production in this country of Israel Zangwill's new play, "The Melting Pot." In the first place, it is a brilliant piece of work, and unique in just the sense that its author's own personality is unique. In the second place, it is a play written by a Jew, yet preaching a gospel highly unpalatable to the majority of Jews. And, finally, it has had the good fortune to be criticized by the President and praised by a cabinet officer, Secretary Oscar S. Straus. Mr. Roosevelt witnessed the first presentation in Washington, objected to one of the lines reflecting adversely on marital conditions in this country, and invited Mr. Zangwill to the White House to talk it over. As a result of that interview the offending line is re-cast, and the play carries a presidential dedication. Secretary Straus's tribute is as follows: "It is a great play and remarkable for presenting an historical picture of a great

three-fold present-day movement with graphic colors, namely, it paints the Russian pogrom, the immigration problem, and the American amalgamating process."

The "melting pot" of Mr. Zangwill's imagination is America, and the gospel he preaches is assimilation. His play is conceived and written in the fiery enthusiasm of a crusader. "It fairly burns with earnestness," exclaims Percy Hammond, the dramatic critic of the *Chicago Post*. In Mr. Hammond's judgment, the author's zeal at times sweeps him out of the steady step of the playwright into the excited, unreal measures of the ardent propagandist. "He becomes florid, rhetorical, occasionally oracular. His characters speak in the ornate tongue of the orator." But nevertheless, "it is all so sincere, so certainly from the heart, that it thrills with conviction."

The hero of the play is David Quixano, a young Jew, a musician, his brain seared with the crimson memory of the massacre of his family at Kishinev, but his soul still warm



"A MORE BRILLIANT PARADOX THAN ANY OF HIS OWN CREATION"

Such is *The American Hebrew's* idea of Israel Zangwill, the erstwhile Jewish nationalist, who is now preaching assimilation as the answer to the Jewish question

with generous impulses, and a belief in the ultimate brotherhood of all the peoples of the earth. He comes to America, the land of his hopes, passionately trustful of the great republic. He decorates his rooms with its flag, sings its anthem in the streets, and writes a symphony in its honor. When a young millionaire offers to produce his work he launches forth into a furious tirade against the idle rich, the climbing American aristocrats and plutocrats, who would destroy, if they could, his great dream of the New World. Rather, he declares, he will play his symphony at the gateway at Ellis Island to welcome and inspire American immigrants. In a social settlement he meets a Russian girl, a Christian, and soon they declare their love for one another. Her father, a Russian of title, viciously anti-Semitic, learns of her proposed marriage with a Jew, and hastens across the ocean to prevent it. The three meet in the girl's room at the settlement, and in the father young David recognizes the official who coldly and cruelly looked on in the streets of Kishinev while

Russian soldiers under his orders murdered the Jews.

"The Melting Pot," it would seem, is full of color and dramatic possibilities; and it has led to discussion throughout the nation. The Jewish papers find much in it both to praise and to blame. "It is not strange," remarks *The American Hebrew*, editorially, "that Mr. Zangwill's utterances and writings glisten with brilliant paradoxes. He is himself a more brilliant paradox than any of his own creation." It says further:

"Erstwhile a Zionist proclaiming Jewish nationalism, now the leader of the Ito seeking anywhere an autonomous Jewish State, he gives us in his newest Jewish play, *Assimilation*, as the answer to the Jewish question. To some men Zionism is incompatible with Itoism; to others an autonomous Jewish state is incompatible with assimilation. In Zangwill's mind no such antagonisms appear to exist. His brain is no melting pot, but all the diverse views exist simultaneously. Mr. Zangwill has before now been compared to Bernard Shaw. The resemblance extends, in so far, that we never know whether either takes himself seriously, or expects the public to take his work seriously. Certain it is that no man who has felt so distinctly the heart-beats of the great Jewish masses can be expected to be taken seriously if he seriously proposes *Assimilation* as the solution of the Jewish problem. Not for this did prophets sing and martyrs die. Not for this have the million refugees from Russia sought America and the other millions endured the miseries through which they still live in the land of persecution. What ultimate fate awaits the Jew we do not profess to know. That he has not lived these centuries of misery to end all with Zangwill's counsel of despair requires no prophet's mantle to foretell and no master's eye to see."

Mr. Bernard G. Richards, writing in the same paper, pays tribute to the "intense dramatic strength, pointed dialog, and wonderful speeches" of the play. "*The Melting Pot*," he declares, is "certainly lighted by the intellectual fires of a God-given genius"; but, he adds, "that is all the worse for you and me, brother, who are to be cast into and dissolved in the crucible." Then he comments:

"A play with a purpose was enacted before me, but I could not follow its drift. I have been observing things Jewish in America for some years, and I have always thought that we were Americanizing too fast, and that we were too slow in preserving those elements of Judaism which would lend color to our life and make of us the best kind of contribution to the American manhood. David Quixano speaks much of the soul, especially his soul, but says nothing of its means of sustenance, and the Jewish soul has its special needs which are not provided in the mere melting of races. The American of the future, as far as I can now think, will have his church

and will be either a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, Methodist or Catholic. What spiritual identity will the Jew have when he emerges out of the 'melting pot'? I infer from Quixano's rhapsodies that the Jew will no longer be a Jew. My quarrel is mainly with him, his word and his thought. I protest against his pronouncement of our doom."

Commentators outside of the Jewish ranks in many cases take the same view as that voiced by Mr. Richards. The *Chicago Post* prophesies that the influence of the play will be intellectual rather than ethical; and the *Washington Post* says: "However well Mr. Zangwill's play may be received for its artistic and dramatic qualities, it is to be feared that the doctrines he endeavors to preach will never become popular in this country."

There is one paper, however, that regards Mr. Zangwill's new dramatic gospel with entire seriousness. It is *Unity*, of Chicago, and it comments, impressively:

"This play of Zangwill's is a mighty prophecy, an eloquent plea, a convincing argument, and his prediction is not something cast in the far off centuries. It boldly states a condition that now is. More than a grateful people realize, the United States is to-day the land of the free and the home of the brave. . . .

"Zangwill's sermon is as impractical and untimely as was the demand of his forerunners, the older prophets of his race, Micah, Isaiah and the rest. Their demands did not work; their ideal was not realized. So here. But they were true. So here."



FREDERICK S. CONVERSE

Whose opera, "The Pipe of Desire," will be the first work by an American composer to be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House

AN OPERA BY AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

THE Metropolitan Opera House announces for production this season "the first work by an American composer" that has ever been given under its auspices. It is entitled "The Pipe of Desire," and was written by Frederick S. Converse, of Westwood, Mass. In Boston, two years ago, it had a couple of provisional performances which were highly praised by the connoisseurs. This year it has won the much more substantial honor of being selected from a great number of American manuscripts for presentation in New York. Not only the composer, but the author of the text of the opera, George Edward Barton, is an American, and an American "freedom of structure" in its musical form is discerned by *The Outlook*. The same paper says that "in symbolizing lawless strength and the Nemesis which fol-

lows the lawless use of strength, the work is peculiarly applicable to America."

In its theme, however, "The Pipe of Desire" is poetic and universal rather than national. It deals with a land that never was—the land of the elves and fairies.

As the curtain rises, a woodland glade is shown. It is the season of early Spring. The elves are busy at work under the direction of their king and master, the Old One, when suddenly, from the valley below, is heard the song of a mortal. Ordinarily, it is not permitted that an elf should allow a mortal to gaze upon him, but to-day the intoxication of Springtime is in their veins, and the elves respond to Iolan's voice. He soon appears, telling them joyously of his coming marriage with Naoia, and inviting them all to the wedding. In vain the Old One warns his followers against this familiarity with a member

of an alien race. They disregard his wishes, and when Iolan scoffs at the Old One and demands some proof of his kingship, they clamor that he play for them on the magic pipe that hangs around his neck. This pipe, it seems, is the very symbol of his power; it is the pipe which God gave to Lilith in Eden. Sorely against his will, the Old One plays for them the Dance of Spring. His heart is already full of forebodings, and the course of events shows that there is good reason for them. For Iolan, drunk with a sense of power, snatches the pipe and tries to play upon it. The music rouses in him a desire for his betrothed, and the magic of the pipe compels her to come to him. She is sick of a fever, but still she must come, bare-footed and delirious, through the woods. Iolan, when he realizes what has happened, would give his very life to prevent her coming. But it is too late now; and her feverish journey over rocks, through thorn bushes, across icy streams, ends with her death in his arms. Then Iolan, in his grief and anguish, curses God:

Where is this God?
Where dwelleth He?
For I would take Him in my hands
And throttle Him.
You God, if you have heard me on my knees
Give thanks for every pittance
Won by reeking toil,
See, as I hurl the gold you've turned to lead
Back in your mocking face,
And hear me curse you!
No, fool, there is no God,
And—I am all alone.

The Old One replies:

There is a God whose laws unchanging
No man may hope to disobey.
Upon His Pipe you blew your one desire,
Forced your own will upon the ordained way.
Man has his will,
Man pays the penalty.

His earthly happiness ended, his possessions become worthless in his hands, Iolan confesses his wilfulness and dies, while the elves chant: "All is not amiss—nothing is wasted."

The music of the opera is declared to show the influence of Wagner and the Italians. A New York *Times* critic compares it with Puccini. *The Outlook* says:

"Mr. Converse has used the Wagnerian idiom with its *melos* and its leading motives. If in a single hearing the music does not seem to be marked by a distinct style which is recognizable as the composer's own, it is by no means marked by the insincerity of mere imitation; it is spontaneous and expressive of the progression of

dramatic feeling from beginning to end. Mr. Converse has written what musicians call a good 'score.' Both orchestrally and vocally it is the work of a man who understands his medium."

To this the musical critic of a Boston paper adds the eulogistic comment:

"The first impression of Mr. Converse's music—it comes even in the prelude—is almost intoxicating. There have been a few operas by American composers on our stage. There are a few more in their desks. In one respect these operas are all alike. They show little or no 'feeling,' as painters say, for the theatre. They have the symphonic instinct more or less plentifully, but the instinct for the theatre is lacking in them—the theatrical imagination that projects what it sees and feels upon those that look and listen. Mr. Converse has this 'feeling,' instinct, and imagination. There are twenty tokens of it throughout the opera—in his power of dramatic climax, in his ability to make the vivid, emphasizing, illuminating phrase in voice or orchestra at the poignant moment, in the steady variety of treatment, in the weaving of voices, instruments, speech and action into a significant, moving and musically beautiful whole; in his skill to summon and maintain communicating atmosphere and mood. He feels his characters and their emotions intimately. He moves in the atmosphere in which they move. Then he translates all these things into his music and straightway his listeners grasp and feel them. To do this is the first concern of opera, as we understand it nowadays. Earlier, perhaps, than we had reason to expect, there is an American composer with an unmistakable aptitude for it.

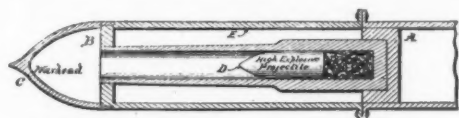
"The leading motives are not prosaic labels. They are poetic, musical ideas, persuading the listener, ripe for the freest play, when the imagination and the expressive power of the composer make them fertile. He turns this development lyric, dramatic, choral as he wills. He knows the deep eloquence or the clear, sharp suggestion of the orchestra and of the individual instrument in it. Yet he respects the voices and seizes some of their finest and most persuasive powers. And he fuses voices and instruments into a jointless and an almost inevitable whole. Not once does he seek an 'effect' for its own sake. Throughout it is music of the theatre as opera must be. It is also the music of passion, romance, and the glamour of vague, far-off, dreamy, heavy and wistful things. Yet it is also the music of uncontrolled imagination and ordered mastery of means. Once more—by many a sign a genuine composer of opera has risen in America."

"The Pipe of Desire" is but the culmination of a long list of Mr. Converse's compositions. Among his better-known works are the incidental music to Percy MacKaye's "Jeanne d'Arc"; the "Festival of Pan" and "Endymion's Narrative" for orchestra; "The Mystic Trumpeter," an orchestral fantasy after Walt Whitman; and a dramatic poem, "Job," sung with success a year ago at the Worcester Festival, and more recently at Hamburg, Germany.

Science and Discovery

A TORPEDO THAT REACHES THE VITALS OF A BATTLESHIP

THE destructive effects of the torpedo with which even the largest of existing battleships is ordinarily equipped are not so widespread nor so fatal as the great size of the charge—amounting in the latest torpedoes to over two hundred pounds—would lead us to expect, notes *The Scientific American*. In the war between Russia and Japan,



SECTION OF FORWARD PORTION OF TORPEDO, SHOWING THE GUN WITH ITS PROJECTILE AND POWDER CHARGE

At the front is the usual war head. Back of this is a section provided with two diaphragms, A and B, in which is mounted a light gun of large caliber, with a length of ten calibers, whose walls are less than an inch thick and which weighs less than 350 pounds. It is built of a vanadium steel for which a strength of nearly 250,000 pounds to the square inch is claimed, and it is the great strength of this metal in proportion to its weight which has rendered it possible to mount such a gun in a torpedo, and yet keep within the limits of prescribed weights and proper balance. The gun is loaded with a charge of smokeless powder and with a high-explosive projectile D.

ships that were struck by torpedoes could proceed to port or move into some desired position for repairs under their own steam. The disparity between the size of the charge and the extent of the damage is due to the fact that the energy of the gun cotton is let loose on the outside of the ship immediately at the skin plating. The latter is, of course, subject to widespread damage, a large rent being invariably torn in the side of the battleship. Nevertheless, it frequently happens that the damage is confined to the outer skin. The walls of the inner compartments prove sufficiently strong to resist the rush of gas and prevent the passage of any considerable amount of water beyond the one compartment affected.

The object aimed at in the newly invented torpedo, which is the result of the ingenuity of Lieutenant-Commander Cleland Davis, United States Navy, is to attack not merely the outer skin of a battleship, however powerful, but the vitals of the ship themselves—to

enable the torpedo to carry its high explosive charge, or a portion of it, through the inner bulkheads of the ship, where it can be detonated with correspondingly greater destructive effect.

It is hardly necessary to point out that if the new torpedo can achieve the marvels claimed for it by those who profess to speak after personal observation of the results of tests, a new face is put upon every aspect of the all-big-gun-battleship question. The largest floating fortress now on blue water would be no better than the smallest cruiser in any active squadron if a torpedo can pierce its vitals with the sureness claimed for the Davis. There is much interest in foreign countries, therefore, in the mechanism of the new giant projectile. Perhaps our own government will insist upon having a monopoly of the manufacture of the device, the principle of which is not generally known.

To put the matter in untechnical language, the difference between the standard Whitehead torpedo and the new Davis torpedo—which recently underwent a very successful test—is that the Whitehead carries a charge of gun cotton which is detonated at the side of the battleship at the exact instant of contact, whereas the Davis torpedo carries, in addition, a smokeless powder gun which at the moment of impact discharges a high explosive shell into the interior of the ship, where it is exploded by a short time fuse. The means by which these results are secured in the case of the Davis torpedo become apparent by a study of the accompanying diagram.

At the instant the torpedo strikes, the powder charge within the gun is ignited, and the projectile driven forward into the interior of the battleship. If no fuse is employed, the shell will pass entirely through the vessel. If a short-time fuse is adjusted, the shell may be detonated at any desired distance within the vessel, say either in the centre of the boiler room or in the engine room or magazine. The fragments of the torpedo will necessarily cause a large amount of damage. Moreover,

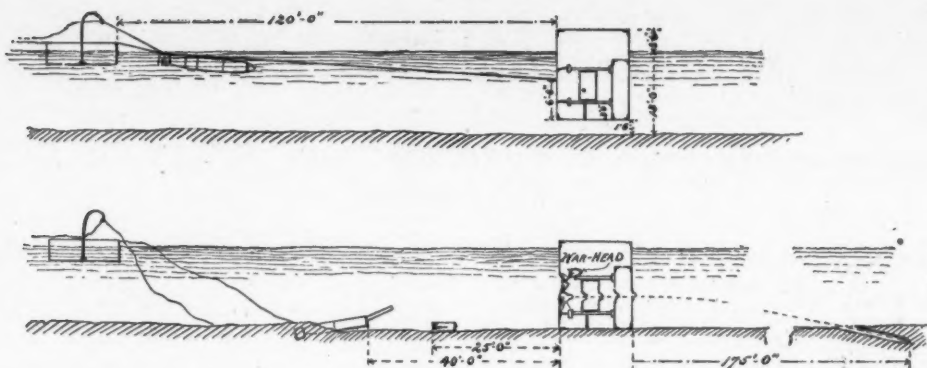


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TROLLEY WIRE BY WHICH THE TORPEDO WAS DIRECTED TO THE TARGET, AND THE CONDITION OF TARGET AND TORPEDO AFTER THE ATTACK

the passage of the shell and its explosion will serve to open several of the compartments of the ship, and involve the flooding of a

larger area than would be possible or at least probable if the torpedo were one of the ordinary type.

WHY THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAN IS INEFFICIENT

THAT hopeless mediocrity which, as some men of science have alleged, is more and more a characteristic of the American man, becomes, in those fractions of the male population which pass through our universities, downright inefficiency, assuming the soundness of the latest arguments advanced on the subject in *The Popular Science Monthly* by Dr. James P. Munroe. Somewhat the same conclusion was reached some time ago by that brilliant psychologist, Dr. Scripture, who thinks that we tend in America to produce second rate botanists, second rate physicists, second rate chemists and second raters generally. But Dr. Scripture attributed the evil to the American incapacity for detail whereas Dr. Munroe suspects that the trouble is due to over-specialization in the colleges. "What can be expected of the rank and file of the modern world," asks the last named student of the problem, "when the leaders of American life, men in the professions and in those higher institutions which prepare for the professions, have seemingly gone mad upon the question of specialization?" Higher education in our land is made out, in this train of reasoning, to be a scheme for the development of extremes of inefficiency. "Many a green tree of scholarship, many a fair, broad field of general culture, has been converted into a naked waste of narrow pedantry." The

instrument of this progressive degeneration is specialization. To quote:

"We specialize our grammar school children in bank discount, and leave them to lifelong ignorance of what mathematics really means. We specialize our high school youth in battles and sieges and permit them to remain ignorant of the great historic development, through industry and commerce, of mankind. We specialize our college youth in haphazard electives, each taught by a specialist and most of them unrelated to all the others, and turn that youth out of college a veritable ignoramus in regard to himself and those other selves with whom his whole subsequent life will be concerned. We send out from our schools of applied science many a man competent to put up a bridge, but not competent to put up a good front among his equals, wise in the handling of formulae, but ignorant in the handling of men, full of little knacks and methods of calculation, but empty of that tact and intellectual skill which are absolutely essential to professional success.

"The college teaching of literature, for example, is being dried and mummified by specialists until the study of human thought has become a sort of subterranean, philological treadmill, with never a glimpse into the wide, high, lasting things to which literature should lead. College philosophy is, as a rule, but a comparative anatomy of dead and gone systems, never, as it should be, an inspiration to wisdom, leading to the love of and search for truth. And how seldom is the teaching of science a real search into fundamental principles and an exposition of all-embracing truths?"

"In our schools and colleges (and especially in our professional schools) we need to get back

to the humanities—not to the humanities of Greece and Rome as expounded in Oxford and diluted in America, but to the humanities of the twentieth century. For the study of the real humanities implies a working knowledge of humankind, of men. We have been so overwhelmed with facts and discoveries and theories and inventions and names and classifications that we are forgetting that the main fact in life is you and I."

Give a boy, give a student, says Dr. Munroe, all the facts and all the practice he can get in college, provided you do not fail to give him at the same time a broad outlook upon history, upon human experience and upon human life. Whether he is to start in a store, in an office, or as a drummer; whether he is to be a minister, a lawyer, an engineer or a doctor, his success in life depends enormously upon his ability to get on with and to handle men. He cannot have that success unless he is broad, catholic, tolerant, tactful and philosophical, not as a specialist but as a man. By success is not meant, of course, mere financial and professional success—tho in nine cases out of ten these are most likely to be achieved by the broadest man—but that highest success which comes through the widest social usefulness:

"The curse of American scholarship and of American education is the Ph.D. For in exalting this decoration of the specialist, we are repeating the error of the Schoolmen, who confounded erudition, which dries up the soul, with real wisdom, which expands man into almost the very image of the All-Wise. Yet this hall-mark of erudition is to-day practically essential as a key to a faculty position; and it is so, not because there seems any valid educational reason for it, but largely because it is required in Germany and looks well in the prospectus. As a result, hundreds of young fellows are starving themselves and impoverishing their parents in order to secure this decoration. To get it they are pursuing so-called special investigations, by counting the number of adverbial clauses in Shakespeare, or by sending out questionnaires regarding the proportion of children who twiddle their thumbs. Having scraped together this fatuous information, they are spending much time and money in having it printed, in order that another doctoral dissertation may be added to the dustiest shelves of the college library. And these most precious years of a man's life, these years in which the youth ought to be learning how to broaden his mind and capacities, how to deal with men, how to handle his faculties, his tongue and himself—these the poor fellow is selling for this mess of pottage with which to feed the trustees of some lesser or greater university.

"Having been admitted to the teaching staff of the university, the fledgling Ph.D., if he is to hold his place, must produce something, and that quickly. But since his days, as a subordinate teacher, are mainly taken up in such intellect-killing work as correcting thousands of themes or counting the apparatus in the laboratory, how he is to get

that breadth, experience and wisdom which alone can make what he is expected to produce of any value to the world? Half-starved physically and wholly starved intellectually and socially, his only alternative is to specialize still more, digging, like a woodpecker, into some wormhole of erudition in the hope of extracting from it a maggot large enough to placate the learned university public accustomed thus to be fed by young doctors of philosophy. This digging is politely called research; but it is the sorriest counterfeit of the genuine thing, being but perfunctory and profitless grubbing. True research must be founded upon wide scholarship, upon profound knowledge of men, and upon extensive acquaintance with the world of letters and of things. To compel such callow men as these to specialize is to condemn them to intellectual suicide, and, in so doing, to kill true scholarship.

"In this hard-hearted word it would not very much matter that these poor aspirants should waste their intellectual powers in this way, did it affect only them and their long-suffering wives. But it is these men, as a rule, who become professors and heads of departments, it is they who determine the atmosphere and the trend of the colleges, it is this type of specialist who is setting the standards of learning and of scholarship for America."

Every American, proceeds the authority we are quoting, must agree that for some reason we are not in this country producing our due proportion of first class men, of great men, of efficient men. "There are, of course, many excuses which may properly be offered, but one of the fundamental reasons is that we permit our promising youth to specialize too soon." Consequently their scholarship, to paraphrase Bacon, is that of "boys who can talk but who cannot generate." To produce men with the loins from which will spring great contributions to human thought we must gradually, Professor Munroe says, make over our whole system of elementary education, so that youth, instead of being put through vast machines for imparting facts sh^d be put into small classes under intellectually strong women, and especially under intellectually strong and morally strong men, who shall really develop that boy's mind and character. We must then persuade the college authorities not to turn callow under-graduates into a jungle of courses taught by specialists but to lay out for those boys really developing and strengthening coherent work which shall make them acquainted, as far as they can learn at that time of life, with men, society, philosophy and genuine wisdom. As to professional training, the physicians are getting most nearly at the heart of the problem by means of their clinics, their hospital and "externe" training, through which the embryo physician studies not medicine but human life.

CAN FISH HEAR?



GENERAL and widespread impression that fish have no sense of hearing—at any rate such as we understand it—is combated by an authority on pisciculture, Major H. A. Forbes Knapton, I.M.S., who writes in *The Badminton Magazine*. The opinion that fish can not hear is shared, he admits, by many scientists whom it might be inferred “experience and observation would have taught otherwise.” That opinion, says Major Knapton, has probably originated from the fact that fish have no external orifice for the reception of sounds. The reason for this is obvious:

“In their [the fishes’] natural element the vibrations of the liquid medium caused by sound are far more intense than they are in air, so that a tympanic membrane such as mammals are possessed of would be a superfluity, since it can be readily transmitted to the sensorium through the bones of the skull, which in many instances are very thin just over the seat of the auditory apparatus. In the medical profession, if a patient complains of deafness there is an infallible method of testing whether the disability is due to the actual loss of the function to convey the impression to the brain through disease or failure of the sensitive nerves, or merely of the mechanical arrangement which conducts the vibrations to the nerve-endings. The simple expedient of placing a watch against the temple will solve the question at once. In the latter case, if the nervous organism is healthy the ticking of the watch is transmitted through the solid bone to the organ especially adapted to communicate the vibration to the understanding, and it can be heard distinctly. The fish under normal conditions is in much the same position as a man whose mechanical apparatus for the reception of aerial vibrations has got out of order, and can only hear when they are conducted through the bone, in direct contact with a solid or liquid in which they are produced.

“All fish, with the single exception of the *Amphioxus*—which is not really a fish at all—are provided with an apparatus in a modified form somewhat similar to the organs of hearing in terrestrial animals. Hence we are justified in inferring from this circumstance alone that altho they may not be able to exercise a delicate appreciation of tone, they are not only quite capable of perceiving ordinary sounds, but can determine the direction from which they proceed.”

Anyone who has ever devoted himself to fishing knows the importance of not letting the fish see him. To this end he is careful to take up a position so that the sun does not cast his shadow on the water. He is careful also that his dress is of a uniform quiet shade of brown, gray or green, devoid of white

collar or cuffs, which, from their brightness in comparison with the surroundings, make conspicuous objects plainly visible from some distance below the surface of a deep pool. The quick movement of the arm when casting, with half an inch of cuff showing, is enough to scare any fish, and when so frightened they are reluctant to return to the charge, even when tempted by the most succulent bait. It would appear, too, that in many cases they impart their fears to their fellows in a certain degree, and that when once they perceive that something unusual is happening in the vicinity of their haunts, whether it be unaccustomed noises produced in the water or something moving on the bank which they do not understand, they become suspicious of the most alluring fly, no matter how skilfully it has been cast to resemble the flight of an insect, and will take no notice of it even when it drops within a yard of where they are lying. Furthermore, if the cause of their uneasiness becomes prolonged or obtrusive, they will desert their most cherished abodes and make a bolt for a less disquieting locality.

Bearing all these considerations in mind, we are in a position to consider the problem of the hearing of fishes by studying the methods of the natives of Sind in their peculiar pursuit of their finny prey. Here is a description of their preparations for action:

“When the water becomes clear, and the weeds are well grown on the bottom, the boatmen begin to locate the favorite feeding grounds of the fish, and, having selected a suitable ‘spot,’ they proceed to enclose it with netting, hung on a series of poles arranged in a circle of perhaps eighty or a hundred yards diameter. For altho their knowledge of mathematics is for the most part of a very elementary nature, long experience handed down from generation to generation has taught them that by making the enclosure circular they can encompass the greatest area with a given amount of netting. The supports used are bamboo stakes about an inch and a half thick at their smaller extremity, the other end being cut to a point and driven into the soft soil of the bottom until only about six inches appears above the surface. The water is only a few feet deep, but the enormous amount of vegetation precludes any possibility of dragging operations on a large scale. The lower edge of the netting is weighted with pebbles, most skilfully tied on at frequent intervals, so that it may rest on the bottom throughout its entire length; the upper border is supported between the poles by a series of floats made of short lengths of pampas-grass stalks (a plant found in abundance in the district) doubled over two or three times and secured by a piece of string in the center; these stalks when

bent flatten out and crack half-way through, but do not break entirely, and as they are practically hollow they are sufficiently buoyant to keep the net from sinking. The whole arrangement is a marvel of ingenuity and resource, combined with extraordinary cheapness. Compare this with the cost of the lead and pieces of cork affixed for a similar purpose to the seines used on our own coasts.

"When the boatmen have enclosed a large area of water in this manner, and carefully examined the way the net falls all round to make sure that there is no opening through which the fish might escape, it is raised for about one-third of its circumference, the lower part is drawn up and hung over the tops of the poles, and the fold thereby left sagging in the water is thrown over it again, so as to leave as free a passage as possible for the fish to enter. The boats then range themselves in a large semicircle, or more correctly speaking in a three-quarter circle, about twenty yards apart, the fourth quarter being represented by the portion of the enclosure where the net has been raised."

Having thus prepared for action, the occupants of the boats begin gradually to converge towards the opening, making all the noise and plashing they can. Brass platters are beaten incessantly. The effect of some fifteen or twenty punts or small river boats all actively engaged in this peculiarly noisy mode of fishing can better be imagined than described. It can be heard for a distance of two or three miles as a long sustained roar, and no doubt is sufficiently alarming to the denizens of the water only a few feet off. Their one idea is to get away from it as speedily as possible. Perhaps a few of the more courageous of the fish double back under the line of boats and so save themselves. The majority of the fish follow the only direction of escape from the terrifying din. This leads directly to the netted enclosure, where they enjoy comparative peace for a time while the boats close in upon the opening in an almost solid phalanx, extending in an arc of a circle corresponding to the portion of the circumference where the nets have been raised to allow the fish thus driven to enter. The netting is then dropped all around, imprisoning in a relatively small space many hundreds which previously had been scattered over the whole area of these operations, three or four times greater in extent.

This completes the first stage of the proceedings. The second consists in catching the fish so entrapped.

At a spot close to the perimeter of the enclosure a smaller net is erected on poles, as in the former case just appearing above the surface, so arranged that the ground plan is in

the form of the capital of an Ionic column or a pair of rams' horns set in the skull—that is, two helices running in opposite directions, each made up of one and a half turns, having the outer curves connected by a straight piece. This answers the same purpose as the stockade of an elephant keddah. There is a space between the helices on the side toward the boundary of the enclosing net wide enough to admit three boats abreast, through which the fish can enter. About a foot all around outside the keddah a second set of poles are fixed, which follow its curves exactly, corresponding stick for stick with its supports, but rising three feet out of the water. To them is attached a net which hangs down loosely, the lower border being fastened to the top of the inner set of poles, allowing it to sag in the water about six inches below the surface, thus forming a sort of pocket all around, extending upwards on the outer line into a screen. The boats collect at the far side of the large enclosure diametrically opposite to the keddah, and, pursuing the same tactics as before, drive the fish towards it by splashing with their punt poles and rattling their frying pans as if to wake the dead.

"They advance in perfect order, keeping a regular alignment, extending as they get to the centre where the space is broadest and closing up again as they near the opposite side. Those at the extreme ends of the line then get a little in advance, and as they come to the keddah turn inwards and almost completely fill the space between it and the outside circular netting. The excitement waxes fast and furious, the hubbub becomes deafening, every man and boy shouts his hardest. They stamp with their bare feet and frantically thump the deck with anything they can lay their hands on. I saw one enthusiastic youth vigorously bumping the ship's chulah, a half-baked earthenware pan, fully three inches thick and weighing about forty pounds, used as a fireplace to cook their food when afloat. By this inward movement the three boats on each flank approach the entrance of the keddah in opposite directions: those on one side stop; the others, still keeping abreast, continue to wheel round and enter it.

"When they have completely blocked the opening between the horns the infernal din suddenly ceases, giving rise to a sense of calm peacefulness, like that which follows the sound of the one o'clock hooter in a boiler-makers' yard, the crews abandon the sticks and poles with which they have been belaboring the boat's timbers, some of them jump into the water, and so dense is the crowd of terrified fish in that small space that they are easily caught in the hand."

The procedure, Major Forbes thinks, sets at rest any question as to whether fish are capable of hearing or not.

WHY THE TEETH OF THE PRESENT GENERATION ARE SO BAD

THE question why the teeth of the present generation are so bad has puzzled the dental profession no less than the public generally. With each successive generation of men the urgency of an answer to the problem has become more imperious. When the pathology of dental decay was fully elucidated it was thought by many that in this we had also an answer to the problem. But, observes that noted surgeon dentist and doctor of medicine, Professor J. Sim Wallace, of London, this was not so. The question still remained unanswered, he says, so far as the lay public was concerned. The elaborate investigations which were undertaken after the pathology of dental decay or caries was established practically all ended with negative results. However, Dr. Wallace is convinced that the solution of the problem, notwithstanding a popular impression to the contrary, is now an accomplished fact. The knowledge of the cause of the disease which science has at last attained enables us to devise a means of preventing the disease itself.

A distinguished student of the problem has defined dental caries as a chemically parasitical process consisting of two distinctly marked changes—decalcification or softening of the tissue and dissolution of the softened residue. If we make a little addition, says Doctor Wallace, and say dental caries is a chemically parasitical process depending upon undue lodgment of fermentable carbohydrates and acid-forming micro-organisms, we will find, he thinks, that this epitomizes not only the pathological aspects, but the causes of the disease. It is now proved that we are not to look merely to the existence of carbohydrates in the food as the cause of the disease, but rather to those conditions which lead to their undue lodgment and consequent fermentation. The conditions which favor this undue lodgment of carbohydrate food may be divided into two groups—first, those resulting from the constitution or nature of the individual, and second those resulting from the nature or constitution of the food. To quote from the *London Lancet*, which publishes Doctor Wallace's paper:

"The first group includes peculiarities in the teeth themselves—e.g., pits, abnormally deep fissures, abnormal shapes of teeth favoring the lodg-

ment of food, and the size of the teeth. These may all be regarded as in the main hereditary and they have been recognized as predisposing causes of caries ever since the pathology of the disease was established. But as these same peculiarities existed in previous generations, and exist even at the present day in anthropoid apes, they throw no light whatever on the question why the teeth of the present day are so bad.

"The next constitutional conditions which favor the lodgment of food are certain developmental defects, pits, and grooves, such as result from hypoplasia of the enamel. This is rarely present in the temporary, but occurs in the permanent set in about 6 per cent. of children. As a rule, hypoplasia is believed to result from some constitutional disease during the development of the enamel. I do not know of any statistics on the point, but perhaps hypoplasia may be rather more prevalent than it was in past generations on account of a greater amount of disease among children of the present day than in past generations or on account of more children affected with such diseases coming to maturity. If, however, this is claimed as a cause of the prevalence of dental caries it must be a very small factor indeed. Akin to this is the idea that on account of defective development of the teeth their molecular constitution may in some way predispose them to decay, even tho there is no visible defect in the enamel, and there has been a belief widely prevalent that the decreased amount of breast feeding may have seriously affected the constitution of the teeth in this way. Clinical evidence, however, does not appear to favor this idea very much, for the amount of caries in breast-fed children is almost as great as among the bottle-fed children. Moreover, as the bottle feeding is more likely to be unduly prolonged, and so to affect the teeth after their eruption, even altho there may be more caries among the bottle-fed, it does not necessarily follow that it is due to defective constitution of the teeth."

Referring to a more important branch of the subject next—certain changes in the food stuffs which tend to increase the lodgeability of the carbohydrates and acid-forming micro-organisms—Doctor Wallace notes that the carbohydrate food stuffs have undergone great changes. Cellulose in the natural or uncooked state is, as a rule, of a consistency which stimulates vigorous mastication; but in civilized countries the cellulose is cooked, softened, and often altogether extracted from the food, so that the effect which it has in its natural state is almost lost. Indeed, it may be presumed that in the state in which it is frequently presented it helps to clog the crevices rather than to brush away the bacteria and fermentable food particles which may lodge around the teeth. In fact, the absence of cel-

lulose in a form which should stimulate the pleasurable activity of efficient mastication practically nullifies the mechanical, the hydrodynamical, and to a certain extent the chemico-physiological self-cleansing processes of the mouth. In regard to starch-food, Doctor Wallace observes that when cooked or boiled it becomes of a pasty nature, easily convertible into sugar. Therefore, when taken in the food unaccompanied by food of a detergent nature, it is eminently fitted to lodge and undergo acid fermentation in the mouth. Lastly he refers to sugar:

"Sugar has long been supposed to have a deleterious effect upon the teeth. The investigations of Miller, however, tended to show in his opinion that it was to be considered as less harmful to the teeth than starch; and the fact, or at least the supposed fact, that children who consumed large quantities of sugar from the sugar-cane were relatively free from dental caries gave rise in the minds of most dentists to the idea that the 'sugar bogey' had been slain. And altho most would admit that neither starch nor sugar could be beneficial, there was, of course, little use of talking about preventing children eating both sugary and starchy foods. Miller based his criticism largely on the fact that sugar was readily soluble and was therefore 'soon carried away or so diluted with saliva as to be rendered harmless.' Clinical evidence, however, supports the idea that the sugars are more harmful than the starches, no doubt from the fact that, in addition to inversion, cane-sugar undergoes a mannitic fermentation, forming a gummy substance which not only clings about the teeth but also tends to catch other particles of food and to retain them in contact with the teeth also. Secondly, sugar hampers the action of the saliva, and lastly the method of eating sugar in the form of bonbons causes a continuous supply of this fermentable material to be available for the acid-forming bacteria lodging in the crevices of the teeth. Moreover, concentrated sugar such as one gets in sweets has an irritating effect on the mucous membrane, and it is probable that the mucus secreted under these conditions may rather favor the retention of food particles than otherwise. With regard to the relative excellence of the teeth among the natives in the sugar-cane plantations, this is of course largely due to the fact that the fibrous cellulose of the cane stimulates the self-cleansing factors most thoroly. I do not know whether cane or grape sugars are the most harmful; it seems pretty certain, however, as a clinical fact that sugar as usually consumed, sweets, marmalade, jam, etc., is markedly harmful to the teeth, and as it appears to be necessary for medical men to tell their patients to 'knock off' sugar for so many complaints we may soon have to petition the Chancellor of the Exchequer to put a heavy tax on sugar, whatever our political opinions may be. Moreover, inasmuch as bread, which is the chief source of proteid among the poor, contains an excess of carbohydrates, the spending of money by this class on sugar is practically sheer waste."

Now that we know the rôle of the food-stuffs in the etiology of caries, it is possible for us, Doctor Wallace thinks, to show how the disease may be prevented, and where the method has been commenced at a sufficiently early age the results have so far been absolutely perfect. For the first six months of a child's life it is accustomed, as a general thing, to the extraction of its food from the mother's breast. Why should we not take a hint from nature? Mother's milk, when the child reaches its ninth month, does not become more solid—rather less so. Suppose we give cow's milk. Why should we make it less diluted than it was before, seeing that the time approaches when the child will and can eat solid food and drink liquid water? The child has been accustomed for all the months it has existed to have its mother's nipple in its mouth (or an artificial substitute), and from this it has been able to express or suck liquid food. When it is determined to give the child solid food, why not let it get a solid piece into its mouth? No doubt the child feels that toast and butter are not its mother's breast, and it certainly subjects the toast to the influence of its teeth. It gnaws and sucks it. The gnawing induces a flowing of saliva, and the pytaline converts the starch. The child continues to suck much as it sucked its mother's breast, and its palate appreciates that it is actually sucking liquid out of the solid toast. Gradually the toast disappears, practically in the form of liquid, down the child's throat, thoroly prepared for further digestion in the stomach.

"Before the fourteenth month, or at least before the first temporary molars erupt, true mastication, of course, is not performed. It is gnawing which is indulged in, and it certainly is indulged in by all children. Should they not be given the chance to gnaw solid food they will pick up the pieces of stuff they find on the floor and gnaw and suck them instead, unless they are supplied with a 'comforter,' which is perhaps nearly as bad and generally quite as dirty. After the child has had its bread and toast to supplement its milk diet, say twice a day for a month or two, then other things may be added, such as rusks and milk puddings made sufficiently solid, and as there is not an excess of albumin in the milk (it having been diluted), boiled fish and chicken may be given in small amounts. I have had some little experience of this method of feeding infants, and I can say most unhesitatingly that coughing, choking, or spluttering has been conspicuous only by its total absence. But this is not all; the desire for hard food remains. The teeth do not become tender nor the mouth dirty nor the teeth carious. The palate is not cheated and the desire for excess of food or sweets does not exist. The alimentary canal performs its functions in a natural and healthy manner, and

by the age of two and a half years, when it has its full set of temporary teeth, the child can and may be allowed to eat practically any food which adults habitually consume."

There are three normal processes for maintaining cleanliness in the mouth. There is the mechanical process of efficient mastication. There is, second, the chemico-physiological process of the secretion of saliva rich in ptyaline. There is, third, the saprophytic or bacterial process. "In the whole history of man or animal the mouth has never been free from bacteria. And the bacterial flora of the mouth seems to play an important part in its hygiene. There is no pepsin or other ferment in the mouth which can digest or liquefy the various albuminous shreds which are apt to lodge between the teeth. But there are many of the mouth bacteria which have this power."

Such being the most important factors in oral hygiene, it must be evident on the whole that the dietary of children should be of a consistency demanding or stimulating efficient mastication. In other words, porridge or milk, milk puddings, soft white bread, and things of this sort should not form a great part of the meal. As bread forms a considerable part of children's meals, the easiest way to insure a reasonable amount of hardness is to substitute crisp toast or baked bread or crusty bread rolls for the plain white bread. It is, however, of little consequence how the meal is made sufficiently hard to stimulate mastication so long as it is done. Whether oral hygiene, digestion in the mouth or digestion in the stomach be taken into account, the necessity for food which demands efficient mastication is obvious. We quote again:

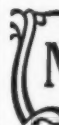
"We must bear in mind these two points: the necessity for food which demands efficient mastication, and, secondly, the necessity for finishing the meal in such a way that the mouth will be left physiologically clean. Then consider actual dietaries, such as are usually found at the present day, and we find that they frequently violate one or more of the physiological requirements we have referred to. For example, the following is quite a common breakfast: porridge and milk, an egg; bread and marmalade, and milk, tea or coffee. On the whole this meal is distinctly too soft, and on that account would rather discourage efficient mastication and stimulate simply swallowing the food. On this account the detergent effect which should accompany mastication is lost, and the food is not properly insalivated or prepared for passage into the stomach. Moreover, it may be presumed also that the stomach is not properly prepared for the reception of the food, for the mastication of food has an effect on the secretion of the gastric juices. Secondly, the meal being finished with

bread and marmalade, the action of the saliva is hampered by the presence of concentrated sugar, and the sticky or lodgeable nature of the food tends to establish all the requisite conditions for the destruction of the teeth. It may be asked what should be recommended rather than the breakfast which we have criticised. Well, a typical, somewhat similar, and yet satisfactory breakfast would be: bacon or bacon and egg, baked or toasted bread, fresh fruit, e.g., a slice of a melon or an apple, followed by tea or coffee. This might by some be regarded as too much. It is quite easy to reduce it by omitting the bacon or egg or both. And if for any reason the fresh fruit is not desired it may possibly be omitted also without harm resulting, provided the tea or coffee is taken *after* the meal.

"With regard to the next meal, the luncheon or dinner, I need not say much. The errors are similar to those already referred to in the breakfast, but generally not so pronounced, as it usually includes a piece of meat of some kind, and this as a rule stimulates at least a little mastication. Moreover, I have heard that it is becoming fashionable to provide toast or baked bread at this meal, and altho this probably originates from the fact that people may always be presumed to be suffering more or less from indigestion, still from whatever motives we may welcome the change. The midday meal, however, generally terminates with sweet puddings of some kind or another, and altho they may not be so bad as bread and marmalade or jam for leaving the mouth dirty, they certainly are not cleansing, and ought therefore to be followed by fresh fruit. With regard to what children should be given to drink with, or rather after, this meal, I am strongly of opinion that it should be water and not milk. But the reasons for this are numerous and it is unnecessary to refer to them just now.

"With regard to the last meal of the day. It generally resembles either the breakfast or the lunch, and we need not say much about it. Sometimes it is, however, what we might call a purely vegetarian meal, consisting chiefly of milk or tea, bread and butter, jam, scones and cakes. Now a meal such as this is particularly objectionable, as you will observe from what we have already said, but, being the last meal of the day, the harmfulness is augmented by the fact that the mouth has not the chance of being thoroly cleansed from the remains of such a meal till the next morning. It has been observed by many dentists that the teeth of vegetarians appear to be subject to rapid decay, and this has been my experience. It is not always so, and it is by no means necessarily so, for a vegetarian meal can be arranged physiologically just as a mixed meal can. If the meal is composed of baked bread, or toast and cheese, or ship's biscuits and butter, followed by an apple, there will be no reason to expect the slightest harm to result to the teeth."

It is not too much to hope, according to this eminent authority, that before the end of two generations the dentist—as we now understand the term—will find his occupation gone. The fact that dentists can earn large incomes is of itself an indictment of our civilization,



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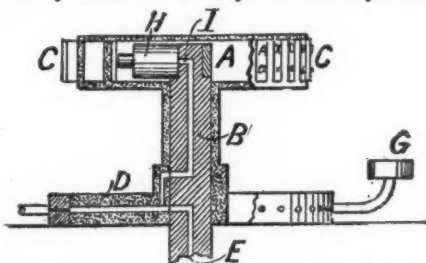
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A TYPEWRITER DRIVEN BY COMPRESSED AIR

MECHANICAL means for operating typewriting machines to the end that the typist may be relieved of superfluous exertion and the machine itself made to depress the characters with absolute uniformity has long constituted a problem which inventors seemed unable to solve. Now at last what seems to be a successful invention along these lines has been exhibited in Berlin. Compressed air, according to our contemporary *Prometheus* (Berlin), accomplishes all the labor. It is necessary for the typist merely to select the letters to be depressed, and to strike them with the slightest touch. There are no valves in the machine. The place of valves is taken by the fingers of the operator. The underlying principle of the machine is made apparent by the diagrams.

Normally the air in what is called "the rotating vane" of this new machine escapes through the keys by way of openings connected by tubes to the keys of the keyboard.

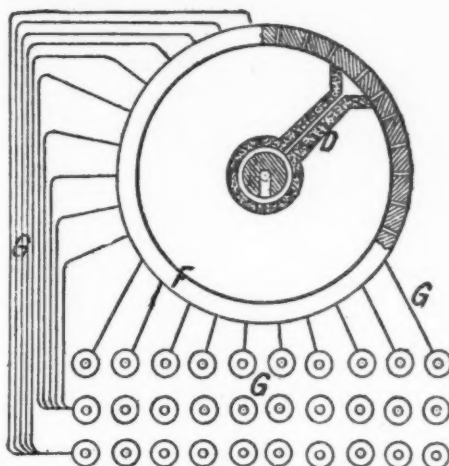


SECTION THROUGH TYPE WHEEL AND REVOLVING VANE

A represents a type wheel constantly rotating around the shaft B. The types C are thrown out radially against the platen. Below the type wheel, but mounted to rotate therewith, is a vane D, through which an air passage is drilled. The air channel is branched to communicate with the passages E and I in the fixed shaft B. The passage E connects with the compressed air supply, while the passage I leads to the diaphragm chamber H. A finger projecting from the chamber operates to strike the type C against the platen whenever the diaphragm is flexed. As the type wheel and vane D revolve, the end of the latter sweeps around the inner periphery of a fixed ring F. This ring is provided with openings connected by tubes to the keys of the keyboard.

But when a key is covered by the finger and the vane in its circuit passes the closed tube, the flow of air through the vane is momentarily checked. Instantly the type passing before the diaphragm at the time is thrown by the diaphragm against the platen. The character is printed in less than the hundredth part of a second.

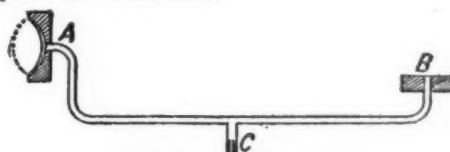
This extreme rapidity of operation causes the printing to be done with remarkable sharp-



VANE AND TUBE CONNECTIONS WITH THE KEYBOARD

This diagram should be studied in connection with that of the section through type wheel and revolving vane. The lettering above corresponds with the lettering in the other cut.

ness. The momentary stoppage of the wheel while the character is being impressed is hardly observable. The type wheel thus moves practically continuously. It will readily be understood that in certain cases a number of keys may be touched at the same time and the various characters will be printed in rapid succession. By a proper arrangement of the keyboard some of the shorter words and common syllables may thus be printed at a single operation. On this account the air-driven typewriter, which, if operated in the ordinary way, will attain the speed of any other form of typewriter, is enabled, by the simultaneous printing of several letters, to do faster work than the average typewriter of any make. The use of compressed air reduces the number of parts of the machine.



PRINCIPLE OF OPERATION

A B is a fixed tube, the end A of which communicates with a chamber covered by a diaphragm, while the end B, which is designed as a key, is open. At a point C in the tube, a supply of compressed air is introduced through a fine pinhole. This air normally escapes from the key as fast as it enters the tube, and hence has no tendency to flex the diaphragm. When, however, the key is touched, the aperture therein is covered by the finger of the typist, and the air backing up in the tube moves the diaphragm to the position shown by the dotted lines.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL PRICE OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULATION



HOSE very puzzling differences of opinion finding expression on the subject of alcohol in beverages are receiving attention from one who is perhaps the ablest living popularizer of medical science—Dr. Henry Smith Williams. Dr. Williams has made life-long observations of the influence of alcohol—both physical and social—first as a medical practitioner in the treatment of the insane at the great Bloomingdale and Randall's Island asylums and subsequently by study and observation in the leading cities of the old world. The result of all this first hand investigation is in process of submission to the constituency of *McClure's Magazine*.

Alcohol, Dr. Williams begins with remarking, is a curious drug, the effects of which upon the human organism are very mysterious. Not many persons are competent to analyze these effects in their totality. Still fewer can examine them quite without prejudice. But in recent years a large number of scientific investigators have attempted to substitute knowledge for guesswork as to the effects of alcohol, through the institution of definitive experiments.

In flat defiance of the conclusions of the eminent investigators who have approached the theme from a point of view mainly psychological, Dr. Williams insists that while alcohol does indeed stimulate the flow of the digestive fluids it also tends to interfere with their normal action. Ordinarily, one effect neutralizes the other. As regards the action on the heart, the ultimate effect is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. Experiments show that alcohol does not increase capacity to do muscular work but distinctly decreases it. Doubtless this seems at variance with many a man's observation of himself, but, says Dr. Williams, whose words we quote textually, the explanation is found in the fact that alcohol blurs the judgment:

"As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion. 'Both science and the experience of life,' says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, 'have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase of muscular power. The disappearance of this universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of al-

cohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor that alcohol and effective work are incompatible.

"It is even questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumberg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it cannot. Dr. Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that 'alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be defined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded.' He thinks that alcohol should be classed 'with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as hasheesh, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining foodstuffs.' Some of the grounds for this view will appear presently, as we now turn to examine the alleged stimulating effects of alcohol upon the mental processes. The celebrated physicist Van Helmholtz, one of the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century, declared that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort; all capacity to solve an abstruse problem. The result of recent experiments in the field of physiological psychology convince one that the same thing is true in some measure of every other mind capable of creative thinking. Certainly all the evidence goes to show that no mind is capable of its best efforts when influenced by even small quantities of alcohol. If any reader of these words is disposed to challenge this statement, on the strength of his own personal experience, I would ask him to reflect carefully as to whether what he has been disposed to regard as a stimulant effect may not be better explained along lines suggested by these words of Professor James: 'The reason for craving alcohol is that it is an anesthetic even in moderate quantities. It obliterates a part of the field of consciousness and abolishes collateral trains of thought.'"

The experimental evidence that tends to establish the position of alcohol as an inhibitor and disturber rather than a promoter of mental activity has been gathered largely by German investigators. Many of their experiments are of a rather technical character, aiming to test the basal operations of the mind. Others, however, are eminently practical. The earliest experiments were made by Exner in Vienna so long ago as 1873 and aimed to determine the effect of alcohol upon the so-called reaction time. The subject of the experiment, as is the case in these tests generally, sits at a table with his finger upon a telegraph key. At a given signal—say a flash of light—he releases the key. The time that elapses between signal

and response—measured electrically in fractions of a second—is called the simple or direct reaction time. This varies for different individuals, but is relatively constant, under even conditions, for the same individual. Exner found, however, that when an individual had imbibed a small quantity of alcohol his reaction time was lengthened, tho the subject believed himself to be responding more promptly than before.

These highly suggestive experiments attracted no particular attention at the time. Subsequently, however, they were repeated by other scientists, including the eminent Dietl and Vintschgau and in particular Kraepelin and his pupils. It was then discovered that in the case of a robust young man, if the quantity of alcohol ingested was very small and the tests were made immediately, the direct reaction time was not lengthened but appreciably shortened instead. If the quantity of alcohol was increased or if the experiments were made at a considerable interval of time after its ingestion, the reaction time fell below the normal. Dr. Williams describes the results further:

"Subsequent experiments tested mental processes of a somewhat more complicated character. For example, the subject would place each hand on a telegraph key, at right and left. The signals would then be varied, it being understood that one key or the other would be pressed promptly accordingly as a red or a white light appeared. It became necessary, therefore, to recognize the color of the light, and to recall which hand was to be moved at that particular signal; in other words, to make a choice not unlike that which a locomotive engineer is required to make when he encounters an unexpected signal light. The tests showed that after the ingestion of a small quantity of alcohol—say a glass of beer—there was a marked disturbance of the mental processes involved in this reaction. On the average, the keys were released more rapidly than before the alcohol was taken, but the wrong key was much more frequently released than under normal circumstances. Speed was attained at the cost of correct judgment. Thus, as Dr. Stier remarks, the experiment shows the elements of two of the most significant and persistent effects of alcohol, namely, the vitiating of mental processes and the increased tendency to hasty or inco-ordinate movements. Stated otherwise, a levelling down process is involved, whereby the higher function is dulled, the lower function accentuated.

"Equally suggestive are the results of some experiments devised by Ach and Maljarewski to test the effects of alcohol upon the perception and comprehension of printed symbols. The subject was required to read aloud a continuous series of letters or meaningless syllables or short words, as viewed through a small slit in a revolving cylinder. It was found that after taking a small quantity of alcohol, the subject was noticeably

less able to read correctly. His capacity to repeat, after a short interval, a number of letters correctly read, was also much impaired. He made more omissions than before, and tended to substitute words and syllables for those actually seen. It is especially noteworthy that the largest number of mistakes were made in the reading of meaningless syllables—that is to say, in the part of the task calling for the highest or most complicated type of mental activity.

"Another striking illustration of the tendency of alcohol to impair the higher mental processes was given by some experiments instituted by Kraepelin to test the association of ideas. In these experiments a word is pronounced and the subject is required to pronounce the first word that suggests itself in response. Some very interesting secrets of the subconscious personality are revealed thereby, as was shown, for example, in a series of experiments conducted last year at Zürich, by Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York. But I cannot dwell on these here. Suffice it for our purpose that the possible responses are of two general types. The suggested word being, let us say, 'book,' the subject may (1) think of some word associated logically with the idea of a book, such as 'read' or 'leaves'; or he may (2) think of some word associated merely through similarity of sound, such as 'cook' or 'shook.' In a large series of tests, any given individual tends to show a tolerably uniform proportion between the two types of association; and this ratio is in a sense explicative of his type of mind. Generally speaking, the higher the intelligence, the higher will be the ratio of logical to merely rhymed associations. Moreover, the same individual will exhibit more associations of the logical type when his mind is fresh than when it is exhausted, as after a hard day's work.

"In Kraepelin's experiments it appeared that even the smallest quantity of alcohol had virtually the effect of fatiguing the mind of the subject, so that the number of his rhymed responses rose far above the normal."

That is to say, the lower form of association of ideas was accentuated at the expense of the higher. In effect, the particular mind experimented upon was always brought for the time being to a lower level by the alcohol.

The effects of a single dose of alcohol, when administered, gradually disappear as a matter of course. But they are far more persistent than might be supposed. Some experiments by Fürer seem to Dr. Williams conclusive on this point. Fürer tested a person for several days at a given hour, as to reaction time, the association of ideas, the capacity to memorize and the facility in adding. The subject was then allowed to drink two stated portions of beer in the course of a day. No intoxicating effects whatever were to be discovered by the ordinary methods. The psychological tests, however, showed marked disturbances of all the reactions, a diminished capacity to memorize, decreased facility in add-

ing and the like, not merely on the day when the alcohol was taken but on successive days. Not until the third day was there a restoration to complete normality; but the subject himself—and this should be particularly noted—felt absolutely fresh and free from after effects of alcohol on the day following that on which the alcoholic beer was taken:

"Similarly Rüdin found the effects of a single dose of alcohol to persist, as regards some forms of mental disturbance, for twelve hours, for other forms twenty-four hours, and for yet others thirty-six hours and more. But Rüdin's experiments bring out another aspect of the subject, which no one who considers the alcohol question in any of its phases should overlook: the fact, namely, that individuals differ greatly in their response to a given quantity of the drug. Thus, of four healthy young students who formed the subjects of Rüdin's experiment, two showed very marked disturbance of the mental functions for more than forty-eight hours, whereas the third was influenced for a shorter time, and the fourth was scarcely affected at all. The student who was least affected was not, as might be supposed, one who had been accustomed to take alcoholics habitually, but, on the contrary, one who for six years had been a total abstainer.

"Noting thus that the effects of a single dose of alcohol may persist for two or three days, one is led to inquire what the result will be if the dose is repeated day after day. Will there then be a cumulative effect, or will the system become tolerant of the drug and hence unresponsive? Some experiments of Smith, and others of Kürz and Kraepelin have been directed toward the solution of this all-important question. The results of the experiments show a piling up of the disturbing effects of the alcohol. Kürz and Kraepelin estimate that after giving eighty grams per day to an individual for twelve successive days, the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened by from twenty-five to forty per cent. Smith found an impairment of the power to add, after twelve days, amounting to forty per cent.; the power to memorize was reduced by about seventy per cent.

"Forty to eighty grams of alcohol, the amounts used in producing these astounding results, is no more than the quantity contained in one to two litres of beer or in a half-bottle to a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, commenting on these experiments, points the obvious moral that the so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner—and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor—is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another. Neither in bodily nor in mental activity is he ever up to what should be his normal level."

This inference from laboratory experiments was proved in the practical sphere by experiments upon four typesetters conducted by Professor Aschaffenburg (a pupil of Kraepelin) in a printing office where the subjects worked at their ordinary places and in precisely the

ordinary way, except that the copy from which the type was set was always printed to secure perfect uniformity:

"The experiment extended over four days. The first and third days were observed as normal days, no alcohol being given. On the second and fourth days each worker received thirty-five grams (a little more than one ounce) of alcohol, in the form of Greek wine. A comparison of the results of work on normal and on alcoholic days showed, in the case of one of the workers, no difference. But the remaining three showed greater or less retardation of work, amounting in the most pronounced case to almost fourteen per cent. As typesetting is paid for by measure, such a worker would actually earn ten per cent. less on days when he consumed even this small quantity of alcohol."

In the light of such observations, says Dr. Williams, a glass of beer or even the cheapest bottle of wine is seen to be an expensive luxury. To forfeit ten per cent. of one's working efficiency is no trifling matter in these days of strenuous competition.

Taking up next the effect of beer-drinking on German school children, Dr. Williams refers to experiments conducted by Bayer, who investigated the habits of 591 children in a Vienna public school. These pupils were classified by their teachers in groups denoting progress as "good," "fair" and "poor" respectively.

"Bayer found, on investigation, that 134 of these pupils took no alcoholic drink; that 164 drank alcoholics very seldom; but that 219 drank beer or wine once daily; 71 drank it twice daily; and three drank it with every meal. Of the total abstainers, 42 per cent. ranked in the school as 'good,' 49 per cent. as 'fair,' and 9 per cent. as 'poor.' Of the occasional drinkers, 34 per cent. ranked as 'good,' 57 per cent. as 'fair,' and 9 per cent. as 'poor.' Of the daily drinkers, 28 per cent. ranked as 'good,' 58 per cent. as 'fair,' and 14 per cent. as 'poor.' Those who drank twice daily ranked 25 per cent. 'good,' 58 per cent. 'fair,' and 18 per cent. 'poor.' Of the three who drank thrice daily, one ranked as 'fair,' and the other two as 'poor.'"

Statistics of this sort are rather tiresome, concedes Dr. Williams, but these will repay examination. As Aschaffenburg, from whom Dr. Williams quotes them, remarks, detailed comment is superfluous. Neither in England nor in America, fortunately, would it be possible to gather statistics comparable to these as to the effects of alcohol upon growing children. The Anglo-Saxon does not believe in alcohol for the child, whatever his views as to its utility for adults.

The effects of alcohol upon the growing organism have, however, been studied with the

aid of subjects drawn from the animal kingdom. Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, gave alcohol to two kittens, with very striking results. In beginning the experiment, he says, it was remarkable how quickly and completely all the higher psychic characteristics of both the kittens "dropped out." Playfulness, purring, cleanliness and care of coat, interest in mice, fear of dogs, while normally developed before the experiment began, all disappeared so suddenly that it could hardly be explained otherwise than as a direct influence of the alcohol upon the higher centres of the brain. The kittens simply ate and slept and scarcely could have been less active had the greater part of their cerebral hemispheres been removed by the knife.

These experiments were extended likewise to dogs. Professor Hodges found that the alcoholized dogs in his kennel were lacking in spontaneous activity and in alertness in retrieving a ball. These defects must be explained in part by lack of cerebral activity and in part by weakening of the nervous system. Various other symptoms were presented, showing the lowered tone of the entire organism under the influence of alcohol. The most interesting phenomenon was the development of extreme timidity in all the alcoholized dogs.

Addressing those who affirm a willingness to pay the price of indulgence in alcohol for the sake of the pleasurable emotions and passions sometimes permitted to hold sway in the absence of those higher faculties of reason which alcohol tends to banish, Dr. Williams suggests that there is another aspect of the question to note:

"We have seen that alcohol may be a potent disturber of the functions of digestion, of muscular activity, and of mental energizing. But we have spoken all along of function and not of structure. We have not even raised a question as to what might be the tangible effects of this disturber of functions upon the physical organism through which these functions are manifested. We must complete our inquiry by asking whether alcohol, in disturbing digestion, may not leave its mark upon the digestive apparatus; whether in disturbing the circulation it may not put its stamp upon heart and blood vessels; whether in disturbing the mind it may not leave some indelible record on the tissues of the brain.

"Stated otherwise, the question is this: Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously effect the tissues of the body and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch,

when he says: 'Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable.' To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

"Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one: in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation and a retarding factor in the cure of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with a conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons."

After citing corroborative facts on the authority of eminent pathologists, including Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor at Cambridge, Dr. A. C. Abbott, of the University of Pennsylvania, and numerous experimenters in Europe, Dr. Williams observes that chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels is almost exclusively of alcoholic origin to say nothing of fatty degeneration of all kinds. Again, when a man in the prime of life dies of certain chronic kidney affections, one may safely infer that he has been a lover of beer and other alcoholic drinks.

Indulgence in alcohol increases greatly the liability to acute infections of all kinds, including cholera, erysipelas and tuberculosis. This assertion has been disputed, but the mass of carefully collected evidence is overwhelming, and to the impartial mind conclusive. Alcohol in fact promotes tuberculosis. Our expert sums up:

"So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery."

Recent Poetry



PERSONALLY I don't care particularly for poetry," so writes a frank correspondent from Texas to the *Times Saturday Review*. His mild dislike, he goes on to say, is due to two reasons:

"As a child I was stuffed with Shakespeare, Browning, Milton, all of which was more or less unintelligible to me. I could understand 'David Copperfield' and 'Pickwick' easily enough, but not this poetry. Thus what little poetical appreciation I had was fed so persistently with heavy, indigestible food that it soon died. Later on, when I put 'David Copperfield' aside, I again approached the poets, and after much disappointment I succeeded in creating and nurturing a second appetite for poetry. But it never grew strong and hearty. As a practical business man poetry now appeals to me as something childish, as something unnecessary, as a clever juggling with words."

The world is full of people who feel like that, tho not many are so refreshingly frank. The forcing processes of early life are responsible for the dwarfing of our natures in more than one direction. Wise students of religious psychology find in the emotional religious excitement of revivals unduly thrust upon young people the cause of much of the stunting of the spiritual nature. Poetry and religion are and ever will be closely akin, and the child upon which either is forced in excess will exhibit in its mind and soul something like those flowers stimulated into rapid bloom before their roots have had a chance to strike down deep and hard into the good rich loam. What a boon it would be to our literature if we could pass a law and enforce it that no one should hereafter be allowed to read a line of Shakespeare, Browning or Milton until he or she had reached the age of twenty or thereabouts! We might provide special licenses for exceptional cases, but a provision of this sort would be a benefit to a large majority of youngsters. In the meantime, we will have to put up with the weak "second appetite" that some of us have by persistence created in our souls.

There is a series of little books being published (E. P. Dutton & Company) called "The Wisdom of the East Series," the purpose of which is to create a greater measure of good will and understanding between the old world of thought and the new world of action—between the East and the West. The latest volume is entitled "The Diwan of Abu'l-Ala." It is an altogether delectable little volume, beginning with the vignette on

the first cover page (the Wind, represented by a female head, blowing away a thistle-down, with an inscription underneath it, in Arabic characters, signifying that all things pass away) to the last of 114 quatrains done in excellent English. Abu'l-Ala was a Syrian of the tenth century, being born forty-four years before Omar Khayyam. He was a man of parts, and this collection (or Diwan) of his reflections has in it a quality almost equal to that of Omar's, but is far less bacchanalian in its ring. We quote a number of the quatrains:

FROM THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

There is a palace, and the ruined wall
Divides the sand, a very home of tears,
And where love whispered of a thousand years
The silken-footed caterpillars crawl.

And where the Prince commanded, now the shriek
Of wind is flying through the court of state:
"Here," it proclaims, "there dwelt a potentate
Who could not hear the sobbing of the weak."

Beneath our palaces the corner-stone
Is quaking. What of noble we possess,
In love or courage or in tenderness,
Can rise from our infirmities alone.

We suffer—that we know, and that is all
Our knowledge. If we recklessly should strain
To sweep aside the solid rocks of pain
Then would the domes of love and courage fall.

But there is one who trembles at the touch
Of sorrow less than all of you, for he
Has got the care of no big treasury,
And with regard to wits not overmuch.

I think our world is not a place of rest,
But where a man may take his little ease,
Until the landlord whom he never sees
Gives that apartment to another guest.

Say that you come to life as 'twere a feast,
Prepared to pay whatever is the bill
Of death or tears or—surely, friend, you will
Not shrink at death, which is among the least?

Rise up against your troubles, cast away
What is too great for mortal man to bear.
But seize no foolish arms against the share
Which every mortal person has to pay.

* * * * *

There is a tower of silence, and the bell
Moves up—another man is made to be.
For certain years they move in company,
But you, when fails your song, do fail as well.

No sword will summon Death, and he will stay
For neither helm nor shield his falling rod.

We are the crooked alphabet of God,
And He will read us ere he wipes away.

How strange that we, perambulating dust,
Should be the vessels of eternal fire,
That such unfading passion of desire
Should be within our fading bodies thrust.

*Deep in a silent chamber of the rose
There was a fattened worm. He looked around,
Espied a relative and spoke at him;
It seems to me this world is very good.*

*A most unlovely world, said brother worm,
For all of us are piteous prisoners.
And if, declared the first, your thought is true,
And this a prison be, melikes it well.*

*So well that I shall weave a song of praise
And thankfulness because the world was wrought
For us and with such providential care—
My brother, I will shame you into singing.*

*Then, cried the second, I shall raise a voice
And see what poor apologies are made.
And so they sang, these two, for many days,
And while they sang the rose was beautiful.*

*But this affected not the songful ones,
And evermore in beauty lived the rose.
And when the worms were old and wiser too,
They fell to silence and humility.*

A night of silence! 'Twas the swinging sea
And this our world of darkness. And the twain
Rolled on below the stars; they flung a chain
Around the silences which are in me.

The shadows come, and they will come to bless
Their brother and his dwelling and his fame,
When I shall soil no more with any blame
Or any praise the silence I possess.

We have had occasion to note the poetic work of William Ellery Leonard (of the University of Wisconsin), in whose first series of "Poems and Sonnets" Arthur Symons found "intellectual quality, calm indignation and sonorous simplicity of expression." A number of poems from Mr. Leonard's second series are printed in advance in *The Pathfinder*, the excellent little magazinelet published in Sewanee, Tennessee. From these we select the following satisfying lyric:

THE SUNDIAL

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

A lord and lady set me here
Within their summer garden;
But they are dead for many a year
With all the mirth of Arden,
With all the mirth and gallant worth
That was the House of Arden.

I rest upon the marble cone
That long the ivy covers,
And where the ringdove used to moan

Wild bee or sunbird hovers,
And down the pathway all alone
By night come spectral lovers.

The marble basin now is sere,
Where foamed the carven fountain;
And toad and beetle, brown and queer,
Have found it good to haunt in,
But past the willows by the weir
Still looms the moorland mountain.

And touched are Arden Abbey walls
With some unnamed disaster,
And bit by bit the sandstone falls
From buttress and pilaster;
And weird, when sunset lights the halls,
Dance elf-lute, guest and master—

When down the roofless halls the sky
Gleams red through empty arches,
The shadows seem to flit and fly
In minuets and marches—
And Arden church is yonder by
The yellow yews and larches.

And on my disk the locusts leap,
The bronze is green and broken,
The snails they come and climb and creep
And leave their slimy token—
Yet somewhere men their harvest reap,
And somewhere words are spoken.

And still by night I dream of stars,
And still by day of flowers,
And still I wait the vanished Lars
And the eternal Powers,
And mark for me, tho no man see,
Only the sunny hours.

The simple, not the strenuous, life finds abundant expression in the very agreeable "Nature Poems" by William H. Davies in England (A. C. Fifield). You get the taste of the entire volume in this:

TRULY GREAT

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIES

My walls outside must have some flowers,
My walls within must have some books;
A house that's small; a garden large,
And in it leafy nooks.

A little gold that's sure each week;
That comes not from my living kind,
But from a dead man in his grave,
Who cannot change his mind.

A lovely wife, and gentle too;
Contented that no eyes but mine
Can see her many charms, nor voice
To call her beauty fine.

Where she would in that stone cage live,
A self-made prisoner, with me;
While many a wild bird sang around,
On gate, on bush, on tree.

And she sometimes to answer them,
In her far sweeter voice than all;

Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
Will dote on a stone wall.

With this small house, this garden large,
This little gold, this lovely mate,
With health in body, peace at heart—
Show me a man more great.

Something rather fine appears in the *London Spectator* from Queensland, Australia:

THE NATIVE-BORN

By M. FORREST

I looked at him and I laughed. "What have you
to offer?" I said,—
"The moonlit-marvel of silver—or the glint of
gold that is red,
The priceless dazzle of diamonds, silks of a delicate
hue?
—Empty-hand and Lack-o'-Land—is it thus that
you go to woo?"

The brown of his eyes was dauntless; the tan of
his cheek paled not.
"Love has grown grave in the Castle that smiled
in the reed-thatched cot,
And you say I have naught to offer, I, who am
Native-Born,
Heir to silver of countless stars and the rustless
gold of morn;
I, who have watched from the mountain the hosts
of the Lord grow dim,
And seen day flush o'er the rivers where the
monster saurians swim;
I, who have dusted the pollen of wattle sweets
from my arm,
And drunk the milk of the cocoanut I wrenched
from the swaying palm;
I, who rippled the crystal creek in joy of the
morning dip,
Brushed the honey of native bees away from my
bearded lip;
I, who have couched on the close green turf,
walled in by the blackbutt trees,
Trode a carpet of tall blue grass that swept to my
dew-damp knees;
I, who have gathered diamonds that lurk in the
buttercup,
Snatched a pearl from a daisy's heart, where
wand'ring brown moths sup;
I, who ride by the bridle track with no man to
say me 'nay'
To the rim of the mist-blue world, at shut of a
burning day;
I, who can dream in the moss-hung scrub, sing
to the grey belars,
Gaze my fill at the Southern Cross, built high in
an arch of stars!
I was born on the black-soil Downs, and rocked
by the Southern breeze,
The kingdom I have to offer is wide to Pacific
seas!
And the big grey spider hanging from a branch
of the swinging pine
Spins silks that were finest decking for a true
sweetheart of mine!
Let her take my hand and follow! The road to
the Northward runs.
She shall have silver of moonlight—gold of Aus-
tralian suns!

Was it Lack-o'-Land ye would call me? I, who
am Native-Born,
Have heard the twittering parrakeets in stalks of
the greening corn;
Have plucked the buds from the lucerne; pulled
grapes from the laden vine.
Empty-of-hand and Lack-o'-Land! Why, the
whole wide earth is mine!"

I looked at him and I laughed. "But a maid
asks more than this!
You think the key to magic doors is hid in a
bridal kiss!
Trees would be only trees to her—she would
crave a carven roof,
The clashing of a city band for beat of the chest-
nut's hoof."

The fire in his eyes died not; the smile on his
mouth lurked yet.
"Oh! Greybeard, in a heart grown cold, it is easy
to forget!
Man calls, a woman follows (an' she love him)
by ridge and dell,
To the creak of the saddle leather—the lilt of a
horse's bell.
An' she care not . . . the lighter does the
chestnut hack go forth
For plains of the purple vinca, the green of the
sea-washed North.
But Life of Life! An' she love me . . . our
skies will be always blue,
And then I have much to offer, Greybeard, as I
go to woo!"

I saw him cross the ranges, from shadow into the
shine,
And back came his gay voice floating: "The
whole of the world is mine!"

In the *Baltimore News* we come across these
eloquent verses in championship of Poe:

AT THE GRAVE OF POE

By WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS.

Was there no green valley by Auber's tarn
Or slope in the woods of Weir,
No sepulchre dim in the cypress glade
Where long ago lost Ulalume was laid,
Awaiting her lover's bier—
That they buried a prince of Poet's Land
In a street-side graveyard drear—
Was all that was left him of Poet's Land
But a shrunken grass-plot sere?

'Tis there in the noon men quivering feel
The shattering car-wheel sound,
And there in the night upon tense-strung ears
The scintillant arc-light's glistering spears
Hiss into the darkness round,
And never is peace till the pitying snows
Heal over the aching ground—
Till the sooth and silence of night-long snows
Lie deep on the echoing ground.

Do ye well, O People, to rate him dim
In the firmaments of home,
When over wide oceans he shines on high,
An unsettling star of the Western sky,
Far up in the purple dome
That glows with the "glory that once was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome?"

Nay, your city is old and wide and fair,
 And many a column tall
 And figure of bronze with a laurelled name
 Shows the pledges proud ye have given to Fame,
 But the proudest of them all
 Is the square gray stone with its carven harp
 That stands by the old church wall—
 Is the name and face and the carven harp
 By the old Westminster wall.

After the unhappy death of Arthur Upson, three completed but unpublished poems were found among his manuscripts. They are printed in *The Bellman* (Minneapolis). One of them is the following:

THE SONS OF MEN

By ARTHUR UPSON

The whine of the Weak to God on High arose:
 "Hast Thou made all things, O Lord, for the
 Great, our foes?
 Behold, how under the Strong our ranks are
 buried!
 Tell us, O Lord, for whom mad'st Thou Thy
 world?"

And the Ancient of Days looked down on the
 cripple throng,
 And answered, "I made My world for the Great
 and Strong!"

The rage of the Great arose to God on High;
 "We are baffled by cowards that twist our schemes
 awry!
 We are dragged to earth by the weaklings every-
 where!
 For whom mad'st Thou Thy world, O God, de-
 clare!"

And the Lord replied from His lofty place apart,
 "I made My world for the Weak and Faint of
 Heart!"

Those who have seen Mr. Sothern in "Don Quixote" will have special interest in reading his double sonnet in *Collier's*:

DON QUIXOTE.

By E. H. SOTHERN

Romance is dead, and knights have had their day,
 Old Time now dances to a soberer tune,
 No longer Strephon worships Phyllis' shoon,
 The very gods have fled this mortal fray;
 Yet one heart owns fair Dulcinea's sway,
 And bears her banner, praying as a boon
 That he may dare the mountains of the moon,
 The filched stars before her feet to lay.
 Here Don Quixote holds his forehead high,
 His lance in rest, his oriflamme unfurl'd,
 Tilting at windmills or 'gainst giants hurl'd,
 Honor and Truth and Love his battle-cry,
 Demanding only of a laughing world
 Gently to live and with brave heart to die.

Wiseest of madmen, maddest of the wise!
 We would adventure where thy fancies lead;
 Where knightly thought quickens to knightly deed,
 Where thy defeat shames meaner victories.

Did all men view life's pageant through thine
 eyes,
 Wield righteous sword when grief and weakness
 plead,

Then were this world from all enchanters freed,
 All mortals listen in thy high emprise.
 Quixotic we would be—to still declare
 Our cot a castle, and our lass a queen;
 Upright, unconquered, unafraid, serene,
 Finding God's poorest creatures brave and fair,
 Shedding a glory over all things mean.
 If this be folly, folly be our share.

There is something inherently poetical in a camp fire, and two of our younger poets have made good use of it within the last few weeks. Miss Kenyon sings of the camp fire that is; Mr. Guiterman of the camp fire that has been. The former's poem appears in *The Pacific Monthly*:

A CAMP FIRE IN THE WOODS

By CAMILLA L. KENYON

Flare red, flare high!
 Symbol of man's mastery,
 Here within the untrodden maze
 Of the forest's ancient ways,
 Let the prowling panther pass
 Velvet-pawed amid the grass,
 Let the lynx with stealthy tread
 Light as leaves in autumn shed
 Sniff and snarl about my bed,
 Not a beast that walks the night
 But is daunted by your light.
 He that dares the Fire invoke
 Lords it o'er the forest folk.

Flare red, flare high!
 Down the canyon comes the cry
 Of the lean coyote, bound
 On his nightly robber round.
 How the coward will slink and shiver
 When he sees your red light quiver.
 Mother-bear, beside her young,
 Tastes the smoke upon her tongue.
 She'll lie close, her cubs among.
 All the hunter-tribe is 'ware
 That their Hunter, too, is there—
 He alone that knows the spell
 Fire to make and fire to quell.

Flare red, flare high!
 Mocking at the moon's pale eye.
 Every upward-darting spark
 Seems a challenge to the dark,—
 That grim dark, so like a thing
 Lurking there alert to spring.
 Yet the leaping flame sinks low;
 Time o' dreams has come, and so,
 Blinking-eyed the embers glow,
 In the staunch oak-heart there purrs
 Still the flame the light wind stirs
 Now and then to fitful gleams.
 Kind Familiar, guard my dreams!

Arthur Guiterman is one of our wholesome outdoor poets who writes what he feels and sees. The following is an unambitious piece of work, but it stirs one to poetic feeling. We find it in *Smith's*:

BREAKING CAMP

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Farewell, wild hearth where many logs have
burned!

Among your stones the fireweed may grow.
The brant are flown, the maple-leaves have
turned,
The goldenrod is brown—and we must go.

Good-by, calm nights and unrepented days
Of brave, free life devoid of care and wrong,
Of hunters' fare, of merry-chorused lays,
And woodland hush more sweet than any song.

The owl shall hoot across a lonely lake
In whose full depths our moon imprisoned
shines,

Whose drowsy waves no flashing paddles break,
Whose pebbled shores are fringed with dream-
ing pines.

The buck shall stamp and lift a furtive hoof—
Where once we dwelt the bear shall make her
den;

The bat shall hang beneath a broken roof
Whose birchen cover knew the dreams of men.

"A Study in Race Consciousness" is the sub-
title which Mr. Clark affixes to the poem below,
in *The Forum*. It is not particularly profitable
as a "study"; that is to say, it does not get us
anywhere. But it is an effective and eloquent
poem:

THE AMERICAN BLACK

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Night! Night!
And of the dawn no promise. Wrong is right,
And right is wrong!

Long, long ago, ah! long,
I roamed the forests vast and awful, bending
Around me with their leafy aisles unending,
And smelt their dense sweet savors many a league,
And fought or loved their Shadows silent-striding
Without a fear; or, when a hard fatigue
Befell, would sink to utter sleep, confiding
In the fierce gods o' the Jungle I confest;
Ah, that delicious, peaceful, dreamless rest!
No hubbub of the kraal-folk now I hear,
No spear-songs, no war-music wild and thrilling;
Not now I shoot the arrow, hurl the spear,
And rush with warrior-rage unto the killing;—
The old is dead,
Or, if it live perchance,
It dwells in the so distant battle-dance
Unfindable again, and poisoned lance
With foe's blood wet and red,
That into Past and Place its ghost has vanished.

Instead,—
Instead,—
White faces, houses, streets; white ways, white
works;
Faces that frown and yet are not unkind,
Faces that smile where yet no kindness lurks,
(The gods were angry or were gracious, one!)

Houses that wear a shutter and a blind,
Streets all alike, and work that's never done,—
Work endless, pitiless, that craves and craves
Slaves for its worshippers, themselves its slaves;
Work without aim or meaning, save to breed
Money, the mother of more work, and greed,
Its father; work whose drudging devotees
Bear heavy loads with harness on their back,
The white men's golden, and we black men's
black,

And none has joy or ease:
The poor seek riches, and the rich seek more,
And both must have our service, hard and sore;—
And so we serve, and share not, nor rebel,
(For one must suffer when he is in hell)
And wear the yoke with silent, sullen shame,
And dream of Freedom that is not a name.

The same writer gives us in *Lippincott's* a
poem in a different key—a tribute to mother-
hood:

TO SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Did he, madonna, on thy bosom turning,
Look in thy woman-eyes and see soft fires
Glowing and melting, passioning and yearning,
Lit with the mother-light of far desires?
Oh, did he fix his still regard upon them,
Learning their meanings manifold and strange,
Climbing with wonder up to count and con them
Ere they should vanish and the moment change?

The visions that thy soul revealed him them,
Tho thou hast died, madonna, may never die:
They dwell eternal in pure Imogen,
Cordelia's truth and Desdemona's sigh,
Rosalind's Arden, Miranda's island wave,
Girlish Ophelia's love, and Juliet's grave.

There is a neat little song in Dr. Van Dyke's
poetical play, "The House of Rimmon" (*Scrib-
ner's*). It is as perfect a bit of verse as he has
ever produced:

SONG

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the
sun;
Along the mountain-ridges clear his rosy heralds
run;
The vapors down the valley go
Like broken armies, dark and low.
Look up, my heart, from every hill
In folds of rose and daffodil
The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of
night!

O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of
light!

For new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you!"

Recent Fiction and the Critics

THE rich background of old Virginia, with its stately homes, its lovely women, and romantic ideals, forms the setting for Mary Johnston's newest novel,* a narrative of dramatic power, portraying vividly the exciting days when the Federalists and Republicans were fighting for supremacy—the days of

LEWIS RAND Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Almost invariably has Miss Johnston turned to Virginia, her birthplace and home, for the characters and plots of her stories. "To Have and To Hold," "Audrey," and "Prisoners of Hope" are thoroly Virginian, and "Lewis Rand," after an interval of six years, once more revives our interest in the highly romantic history of that state. In her latest novel Miss Johnston gives us a romance of the historical past, whose fictional and human interest looms larger than the actual incidents involved, tho there can be no doubt of the reader's appreciation of the violence of the personal and political disputes or of the significance of the mental attitude of both Federalists and Republicans.

"Lewis Rand" is the story of a man gifted with rare abilities and great strength of character, fired with ambition for great power. The hero, whom we meet at the age of fourteen, is "a son of a tobacco roller, untaught and unfriended, who dreamed like a king." While camping out in the woods one night with his father, he lingered overlong at a nearby spring, and, like Narcissus, gazed reflectively at his own image in the pool. "When I am a man—" he said aloud; and again, "When I am a man—" And he sighed. The eyes in the pool looked at him yearningly, until the leaves from the golden hickories fell upon the water and hid him from himself.

With two natures warring within him, a heritage on his father's side from a black-browed plebeian race of strong passions, morbid revengefulness and indomitable will, and from his mother's of keen intellect and delicacy of feeling, he became a shuttlecock in the destiny that rules great events. No small measure of charm, says the *Boston Transcript*, is due to Miss Johnston's apt choice of word or phrase and to her imaginative revelation of complications that make up the personality of this victim of heredity.

*LEWIS RAND. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

When the boy grows up he is admitted to the bar, and his natural qualities as a speaker bring him to the forefront of the political world. His consuming passion is ambition, and after defeating a formidable rival for a high political office, and winning the hand of Jacqueline, he becomes deeply involved in a conspiracy of Aaron Burr's. In a dramatic scene at Monticello Lewis Rand casts off his allegiance to Jefferson, and becomes an associate of Burr, who unfolds before him the dream of a western empire. Ludwell Cary, Rand's rival in love and politics, provokes a chance encounter with Rand on the eve of the latter's western journey, from which he does not intend to return, even to his beloved but deceived Jacqueline.

Possessed by a fit of black rage, Lewis Rand kills the man. Overcome by remorse, his better nature reasserts itself, and dictates the final end of his career. He calmly gives himself up to justice, and takes his punishment like a man. It is a tragic finish, "strongly conceived and well worked out," declares the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "tho not a conclusion which the average novelist will fancy." The *San Francisco Chronicle* considers the finale one of the finest things in the book. The *New York Sun* concurs, in the main, with this opinion. For the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, the book marks "a decided advance in Miss Johnston's power and art," tho it admits that she leaves the reader "up in the air" as to the ending.

A note of disapproval is uttered by *The Bookman*, the *Springfield Republican*, and *The Interior*, a feeling which *The Interior* sums up as follows:

"Somehow—affectionately as we approach the book, much as we want to love it and praise it—we find it on the whole very disappointing. The history and politics obscure the story; the antiquarian interest transcends the human interest; the book is more a treatise on the times than a compelling drama. When we turn the last page we are far more conscious of the labor represented than of feeling aroused. Miss Johnston, in her painstaking devotion to her idea, has studied so deeply that not the end but the means has obsessed her. The book concludes, indeed, not as if finished, but as if broken abruptly off: the hero riding away to trial for a self-confessed murder, his young wife waving him a heart-broken good-bye."

It is undeniable, observes *The Argonaut* (San Francisco) that Miss Johnston in this book "has added something to the literature of her country that we would not willingly miss," while the *New York Times Saturday Review* avers that it is

"one of the strongest pieces of fiction that has seen the light of day in America." The critic in *The Nation* goes so far as to say that the story "is notable for a deepening of thought

and maturity of analysis that are almost startling in comparison with its predecessors." The *Boston Herald*, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and the *Chicago Record-Herald* support this verdict.



HY Robert Hichens took over two hundred thousand words to elaborate, through the medium of his latest novel,* what the London *Athenaeum* terms "the illusions and emotional experiences of a somewhat uninteresting middle-aged widow" is more than any reviewer can understand. The

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

excuse that the lady's spirit is "imprisoned" by "a false and mistaken idealism of her dead husband" would be less aggravating to the London *News* if only something happened before the many hundred pages had been well nigh all turned. To make matters worse, the long-winded hero is an elderly gentleman of sixty, whose nobility of character is pronounced by the *Boston Transcript* "monotonous," altho it was the very thing for which the widow worshipped him. He knew all about that dead husband's seduction of a peasant girl in Sicily years before, but he said nothing to the highly strung and emotional relict. Mr. Hichens deals with a situation instead of telling a story, the novel becoming, as our daily contemporary complains, "practically an interchange of theories of life and emotions" in which the sentimental widow's slightly wild daughter, the dead husband's illegitimate son, a Neapolitan marchese whose principal occupation is the pursuit of women, and an old family servant who, of course, knows everything, come and go under Italian skies. "Mr. Hichens, with his accustomed slow and voluptuous pressure, reflects the *New York Evening Post*, "wrings whatever emotional excitement he can out of the mental sufferings of his heroine, the widow. But she seems rather a dull and weak creature, a mere victim of nerves and self-indulgence, and it is hard to be glad for Emile (the hero) when she eventually comes to her senses sufficiently to marry him. That habit of portentous moralizing over the moods of insignificant egoism which we have noted as a characteristic of Mr. Hichens in the past is still his darling vice."

That "A Spirit in Prison" remains, notwithstanding the hopelessness of its material and the absence of a genuine plot, a novel which even the severest critic praises for its power of analysis, its inimitable descriptive passages, and above

all the arresting subtlety of the dialog from first to last, speaks volumes for the sureness of Mr. Hichens's peculiar touch. "That rare achievement, a sequel that surpasses its antecedent in merit and in interest," Frederic Taber Cooper calls it in the *New York Bookman*, for it is high time to explain that "A Spirit in Prison" works out a problem left unsolved by "The Call of the Blood," which Mr. Hichens wrote nearly four years ago. The two works stand independently. The last can be read without any reference to the first. The reviewers invariably take them together, for all that, the London *Outlook* even wondering if Mr. Hichens may not contemplate a sequel to his sequel. It says:

"The 'spirit' of the title is Hermione Delarey, imprisoned in ignorance of her dead husband's faithlessness by the well-meant lies of her friend and servant. Obviously, the business of the novel is to get Hermione out of prison; and when Ruffo, the illegitimate son of Maurice Delarey, appears as a Neapolitan fisher boy, but bearing his father's likeness in figure and feature, we seem on the brink of dramatic events. Unhappily, we remain on the brink, interminably. We have to hear all the details of Hermione's life on her lonely islet near Naples, to follow minute descriptions of Ruffo's diving and his cigaret smoking; in fine, to lose all sense of the central situation in trivialities. Nor is the situation itself satisfactorily worked out: for once Mr. Hichens seems to have lost his way. In the beginning a singularly close relation is suggested between Hermione and her daughter Vere. But—has Mr. Hichens never studied a really intimate companionship of mother and child, that he allows the girl to turn in her dreams and ambitions, not to her mother, but to her mother's friend Artois, and makes Hermione feel an actual hostility towards Vere the moment she claims Artois's attention? Vere is nothing to her mother in the crisis of revelation, when the dream of old love is shattered. In fact, in this story Hermione who is supposed to be an intellectual and cultured woman, appears in the painful guise of a middle-aged sentimentalist. It is man's love she must have, either in memory or present fact, and she must have it exclusively. So, her ideal of Maurice lost, she turns to Artois, and the rare friendship ends in a flat and belated romance."

The climax is so characteristic of the peculiar genius of Robert Hichens at its best that it is impossible for the sternest reviewer not to laud it. "The final dialog between Hermione and Artois in the Palace of the Spirits is stupendous," declares the *New York Sun*, "and we are pretty sure that it would be proper to call it stupefying."

*A SPIRIT IN PRISON. By Robert Hichens. Harpers.

We are satisfied that it is the most remarkable dialog that ever took place at night in an unlighted cave." Hermione, "mad with disillusion," as the *London Nation* suspects, "hurls out her arraignment of Emile Artois's measured friendship and of all the unrealities wherewith life has mocked her, and Artois reads her unuttered thought." The mastery of treatment and the poignancy of situation at this climax suggest to the *London Standard* that perfect episode in George Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," when hero and heroine swim and dive in the ocean together, unfolding the ecstasies of their mutual passion as the waves break over them. Hichens has gone Meredith one better, for, as the *New York World* affirms, "it is an amazing statement of a woman's heart needs which Hermione makes to Artois at the close. This passage is, in a sense, a new bill of rights of the feminine soul." But it is well that the reader gain a composite impression of the work as a whole, and this is best supplied perhaps by the *New York Times Saturday Review*:

WOULD a woman who was deeply in love with a man deliberately confirm her marriage with another man, whom she did not love, in order to save her foster-parents from humiliation? Such, baldly stated, is the problem raised by Robert Chambers's recent novel, "The Firing Line."*

THE FIRING LINE The critics feel that the motives and course of action thus outlined are so far removed from reality as to weaken the whole story. They point out that all Mr. Chambers's recent novels are marred by the same sort of lapses into improbability. In "The Younger Set," for instance, there is a husband who evinces a most extraordinary sympathy and consideration for his guilty wife; and in "The Fighting Chance" the hero sacrifices several years of his life and the good opinion of most of his friends to shield a man whom he knows to be a liar and a cad. But evidently the great mass of the reading public is untroubled by these critical objections. It greedily buys and devours Mr. Chambers's tales, and "The Firing Line" has already won a place at the head of the "best sellers" of the month.

Mr. Chambers owes much of his present popularity, it is generally conceded, to his ability in the portrayal of "high life." "Kitchen-maids and grocers' boys," remarks Ward Clark in *The Book-*

"Told in an ordinary way, 'A Spirit in Prison' would seem utterly commonplace. The mere materials are conventional. But the opulence of color, the mastery of words, are indisputable. It is a study of Southern Italy, and its glimpses of Neapolitan high life and low life are fascinating and probably veracious. The story moves slowly, but it is not dull, for there is life in some more or less delightful form on every page. It has a background of Sicilian tragedy, and there is a faint but effective blending of the Sicilian atmosphere with the Neapolitan environment. The principal personages are all highly emotional, even to the dwellers in the squalid tenement, to Gaspare and the cook Giulia. Humor is held in subjection. There is just a suspicion of it in the earlier chapters, in the doings and sayings of the little Marchesino and the stories of his home, humor of an Italian quality. But it soon fades. Vere is capable of joy, but scarcely of fun. Even when she makes big eyes, like the Marchesino, she is not actually droll. Her youthful spirits are held in check by an inborn sense of mystery. Surely we shall know more of Vere some time.

"Meanwhile, we may safely say that the multitude of readers who have taken up Robert Hichens since 'The Garden of Allah' will find much to admire in his new book. It is full of atmosphere, certainly. It is full of markable passages."

man, "find a peculiar joy in devouring the pages of romances dedicated to the doings of 'the smart set'; we are all, at times, kitchen-maids and grocers' boys." The depictees of "high life," however, as the same critic goes on to point out, fall into several categories. There is the worshipful attitude of the Miss Braddons and Mary J. Holmeses; there is the coldly intellectual attitude of Edith Wharton; and there is the Socialistic attitude of Upton Sinclair and Joseph Medill Patterson, who paint upper-class folk in lurid colors as beasts or demons. Mr. Chambers's attitude is something different from any of these. "Here is your much abused, much talked of smart set," Mr. Chambers seems to say; "you see, some of them are rather cynical and reckless and dissipated, and some decidedly decent and unselfish. They have their ambitions and disappointments, and tho they are not all game, the best of them are about the best to be found anywhere." Or, as a writer in *Town Topics*—who surely ought to know!—puts it:

"Mr. Chambers is gay, concise, brilliant, and makes all possible sacrifices so only he achieves his object: to amuse the ladies. He amuses them, let us not doubt that; they would indeed be ungrateful if all his merry wit did not entertain them tremendously. For deny him what we may of seriousness or of real convictions, we can never truthfully deny Mr. Chambers's facility in writing English. Colloquial, or merely evolving a brilliant style, he is always quick, apt in phrases, vivid in the color and voice of the fashionable

*THE FIRING LINE. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co.

moment. He is the fashionable novelist of America in the most essential presentment."

"The Firing Line" is a story of the winter colony in Florida and of a fashionable resort in the Adirondacks, with, as one critic expresses it, "a dash of finance and a climax that is highly tragic." The opening of the novel is decidedly unconventional. The hero, Garry Hamil, one of those Richard-Harding-Davis young men of unimpeachable character, serious purpose and manly charm whom Mr. Chambers so delights to depict, is drifting in a row-boat off Palm Beach when a wet, slender shape, in a bathing suit, emerges from the ocean and plumps itself into one end of the boat. This turns out to be Shiela Cardross, the heroine of the story. She is a Northern girl of surpassing physical beauty, the foster-child of a neighboring millionaire, and she explains that she has been out swimming and became so tired that she *had* to seek refuge in Garry's boat. "Here under this southern sun," she adds, "we of the North are in danger of acquiring a sort of insouciant directness almost primitive. There comes, after a while, a certain mental as well as physical luxury in relaxation of rule and precept, permitting us a simplicity which sometimes, I think, becomes something less than harmless." Garry is only too pleased to accept this explanation, or any other, for he is already head over heels in love with the young lady.

But of course there is an Obstacle; else there could be no story. The Obstacle is a husband, and here appear the elements in Mr. Chambers's story which so many critics regard as unnatural. It seems that the beautiful Shiela, who from childhood had always supposed she was Cardross's daughter, had been suddenly informed, two years before, that she was actually his ward or foster-daughter. In her mortification she had rushed into the arms of a certain Louis Malcourt, whom she did not love, but with whom she contracted a secret marriage. It was a marriage in name only; the two had never lived together. Louis Malcourt is portrayed as a quixotic, careless, rather dissolute young man, capable both of generous and of base motives.

When Garry Hamil is admitted into the Cardross family as landscape gardener, and Shiela comes to reciprocate his love, she candidly confesses her situation to him. Not only that, but she tells him that she feels it her duty to re-marry Malcourt, this time publicly and openly before the world. She does not love Malcourt. At that very moment he is making ardent love to another woman. Nevertheless, he is her husband, and she is unwilling to cause her foster-parents the worry and newspaper publicity that

would surely ensue if her plight becomes known. So she sends away Garry and re-marries Malcourt. No good comes of the marriage, and the two continue to live separately. Malcourt knows of her love for Garry, and when the young landscape gardener falls ill of pneumonia it is she who nurses him, and wins him back to life. In the end, Malcourt frees the woman whose career he has clouded by committing suicide.

If Mr. Chambers, in spite of this unlikely plot, still keeps his vast circle of readers, it is because of his racy style, his powers as a story-teller. "It shows the skill of the novelist," comments George Hamlin Fitch in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "that he is able to hold the reader's interest when he actually flies in the face of common sense and the ways of real life." Or, as the writer in *The Bookman* puts it:

"It is not to be supposed that 'The Firing Line' is nothing more than a mere love story. Mr. Chambers has learned the trick too well to offer his many-mouthed public anything so simple. We are grown exigent in these matters; every author who would please us must bring us novelties, tickle a jaded appetite with this or that unaccustomed spice. Next to his complete familiarity with the world of the unco' smart, Mr. Chambers's special 'line' is outdoors life. Whether or not you have camped in a Florida forest, you will enjoy his picture of the experience, his stories of game and snakes, his discourse of woodcraft and learned talk of rare butterflies. But even this is not enough. Out of deference to a prevailing mode, the tale has a picturesque fringe of supernaturalism. There is a table-tipping scene so preposterous that I anticipate a solemn statement from author and publishers proclaiming it a literal report of some actual occurrence. These are the elements that the popular author, the genius, of to-day throws in for good measure. And yet the story remains the real thing—a good, honest, likable story, about a decent, likable set of people, who, if they are a trifle too sentimental, are at least not disfigured by an undue loftiness of brow."

On the other hand, Mr. William Morton Payne, of the *Chicago Dial*, declares:

"Since Mr. Chambers has taken to writing novels about the lives of the idle rich, he has lost much of the charm which compelled us in his earlier books. There is little human interest in his new theme, and neither artificial sentiment nor smart dialogue is an acceptable substitute. It is true that his genuine feeling for nature—the feeling of both naturalist and artist—contrives to find some expression in these later inventions, and that saves them from absolute aridity. It is also true that he usually takes the precaution to give us a heroine who is superior to her moneyed environment, and a hero who is not handicapped by millions, and these are saving graces. But such books as 'The Younger Set,' 'The Fighting Chance,' and 'The Firing Line' are weak productions when considered as successors of 'Cardigan' and 'Lorraine.'"

THE MYSTERIOUS ANGER OF MRS. MAYBERRY

The well-meaning Mrs. Mayberry and the wise Mr. Steuer had different notions on the subject of corporal punishment. Hence this story. It is by Mary Heaton Vorse, and we reprint it, by permission, from *Success Magazine*. It is a very likable tale, and if you want to regard it as a problem story you can; but you don't have to.



R. STEUER stood in front of his grocery store and called out into a street apparently empty of boys: "I see you vell! Clear out of dat, or I catch you und lick you goot!"

He turned back into the store and resumed an interrupted conversation with a customer.

"Der kids comes up from der side streets und svipes off me vat dey can. Dey svipes parrels for to make ponfires mit; potatoes, maybe, for t'rowin'; und abbles—yes; und ven I see dem doing it, maybe I run oudt, maybe Anton he run oudt, und ven ve catch some one, ve hammer him goot. Dat's all right, aind't it? It don't make no difference if it aind't der von dat's been svipin' to-day; maybe he's been svipin' some other time; maybe he's goin' to be a-svipin' somethin' soon. It don't do him no harm to get hammered—it does him goot! It makes him think. Dere is only von vay to make a poy think, und dat's by hammerin' him goot on his britches. Mein Gott!" he went on reminiscently, "I wouldn't haf no brains to-day if I hadn't been hammered goot vere I sit down. Der natural poy," went on Mr. Steuer, "is full of goot-for-nodings; und dere aind't been no vay found, und dere nefer vill be no vay found, but dot to drive oudt der goot-for-nodings und to drive in der goot-for-somedings."

Mr. Steuer and his customer resumed a discussion of local politics. Steuer's grocery store was the scene of much political talk, for Steuer was by way of being quite a politician. He had early realized the necessity of affiliation with the powers that be. It had been "influence," indeed, as dispensed by Mr. Louis Mosenberg, that had accounted for the increase in Mr. Steuer's business. He stood in with Mosenberg, and Mosenberg stood in with him. Janitors in several apartment houses in the neighborhood belonging to Mr. Mosenberg had mysterious ways of wafting trade toward Mr. Steuer, and Mr. Steuer returned benefit for benefit. He and Mosenberg bossed the precinct.

He was interrupted by the arrival of a customer. She was a very small one indeed, and her face looked out white under her shawl. Mr. Steuer looked down on her kindly.

"Vat can I do for you, Miss Malone?" he inquired politely. "Ve haf some fine Malaccas, und some fine, juicy fegetables,"

"Not to-day, thank you," she broke in with decision. "I'll look at them jellies, tho." She appeared to be lost in thought. "I think I won't want any."

She strutted through the store with an air of seeking something to tempt a worn-out fancy. Then at last she said: "No, I don't see nothin' I care for. I'll just take five cents' worth of sugar, a three-cent loaf, an' five cents' worth of tea." She gave out her order with the air of ordering half the store.

"All right, ma'am. Do up the young lady's things, Anton; put in some of dem fancy crackers for a samble, und an oranche." Mr. Steuer commanded. "Von't you try a pickle, ma'am, for a samble?"

He fished six cubic inches of salt pickle from a large glass jar. The little girl took it with thanks—lofty thanks. The sample pickle was the last scene in the little comedy that she and Mr. Steuer were wont to play together—whenever time allowed her. She loved parading through the big grocery store with what she fancied was the air of a distinguished young lady. For a moment poverty vanished; she was rich. She declined jellies and sniffed at the quality of fruits. She even carried the game far enough to deliver her tiny order with a lofty air.

Mr. Steuer saw her to the door with a flourish, and watched her across the street, beneficence written large on his broad German countenance. He liked children.

I have purposely shown Mr. Steuer in an engaging light, so that you might avoid the mistake concerning him into which Mrs. Mayberry fell. I wish, however, before going on to the next scene, to have it understood that Mr. Steuer was no Jekyll and Hyde character. There was nothing complex about him. He liked children—good children, children who had been brought up as he had in the vaterland, where the young walked decorously to and from school; where stealing fruit and overturning crates outside a respectable, newly enlarged grocery store were unknown. As far as might be, he intended to maintain order—order that in the land of his birth was maintained by a paternal government.

As he watched the little girl make her way across the street, he saw things going on at the side of his store which displeased him. He mobilized with a rapidity no one would have suspected

from his usual leisurely movements, and rushed down the street after some small boys, disappearing with pilfered apples. It was not for nothing that Mr. Steuer was a member of the Turnverein. It was a fine race; people turned to watch the grocer eating up the distance between him and the hindmost boy, whom he caught by the coat-collar, and whom, with a practised hand, he twisted around, taking his head and shoulders between his legs, thus leaving the most vulnerable part of the culprit in easy reach. Systematically, Mr. Steuer applied a spanking. He applied it with calmness, with good will. The child squirmed and screamed. Mr. Steuer spanked on. A large policeman on the corner watched him, grinning. Then Mr. Steuer held the child out at arm's length.

"You sdeal mine abbles again," he said—"yes? You knock ofer mine crates—huh? Negst time, ven I catch you, I shank you—not mit mine handt, but mit a shingle—see? Next time I catch any of you," he said to the world at large, deeming it probable that some of the foe were lurking in the areaways, "next time I catch any of you, I lick you till der skin flies. I lick you till you don'dt sit down to eat for tree days!"

Conscious of having performed a good deed in the interests of order and justice, he walked back toward his store, not noticing an angry woman who was puffing up behind him. She stopped before the officer standing on the corner.

"You saw that, officer—you saw that?" she sputtered.

"Yes, ma'am, I seen it," the officer admitted.

"You saw it, and didn't do anything?" she demanded.

The officer, a large Irishman, grinned. He had taken in the situation.

"The other side of that street ain't my beat," he explained. "My beat ends right here."

"And you mean to say," the fiery little lady asked, "that you can't stop an outrage across the street—that if you saw a man murdering a child on the opposite corner you couldn't cross the street to stop it?"

"No, ma'am, I can't go off my beat," he assured her politely.

"Well, I can do something," she proclaimed confidently, "and I will! I didn't believe the things one reads in the papers about the police force were true. I wouldn't have believed," she flamed, "that an officer of the law could stand by and watch a great, grown man beat a helpless little child mercilessly."

The officer was one for whom feminine vituperation had never lost its poignancy; he saw Duty beckoning him along his beat.

The self-appointed protector of the down-trodden heard sobs. Turning, she beheld a little boy, with one hand rubbing his breeches.

"Did he hurt you badly, you poor little boy?" she inquired.

"I'll kill 'im!" he sputtered. "I wasn't doin' nothin'—he run out an' grabbed me, an' I'll kill 'im!"

"Tell me how it happened, dear," Mrs. Mayberry urged.

For answer, she only got more sobs and threats against Mr. Steuer's life and property.

"Well, don't tell me anything about it if you don't want to," she soothed again. "But if ever such a thing happens again to you, or to any of your little friends, come straight to me, dear."

She opened her purse and drew from it a card, and also saw that she had nothing smaller than a quarter, which she gave to the crying little boy. Others of the gang had approached, and Mrs. Mayberry found herself the center of a circle.

"Does Mr. Steuer often do things like that?"

The boys "were on." They knew their Lady Bountiful.

"Yes'm," they replied, "Steuer, he licks de fellers every chanst he gots. He don't like no boys playin' near him, Steuer don't."

"Well," Mrs. Mayberry said, "there's an end of all that. I shall make Mr. Steuer promise that he'll never lift a hand against a boy again. You can play in the streets all you want—it's not Mr. Steuer's business. You come right to me now, boys, if he interferes with you again."

"You can't stop him," said a doubting Thomas.

"Oh, yes, I can," responded Mrs. Mayberry. "I have ways to stop Mr. Steuer."

She went away, leaving a large sense behind her of having some mysterious grasp upon Steuer.

Sympathy had not cooled Mrs. Mayberry's anger. She stalked onward to Mr. Steuer's grocery store. He greeted her cheerfully.

"Goot morning, Mis' Mayberry. Goot morning; und vat can I do for you dis morning? Ve haf some sbeacial fine Malaccas—"

He stopped, for the stern person he saw before him, the aigrettes on her bonnet a-quiver with indignation, was not the pleasant customer whom he knew.

"I saw what happened just now, Mr. Steuer," she replied coldly.

Mr. Steuer sighed. "Oh, dem kids is fierce around here, Mis' Mayberry! But," he went on, a confident smile growing slowly on his broad face, "I shank him goot, und next time I catch him I shank him better!"

He was as confiding as a child, sure of sympathy for his virtuous act.

Mrs. Mayberry froze still further.

"So that was it!" she said. "You beat that poor little boy because he took a miserable apple! Well, Mr. Steuer, let me tell you this: that is the way custom is lost!"

Mrs. Mayberry was no one's fool; she knew how to strike at a vulnerable spot.

Blank astonishment had taken the place of the smile on Mr. Steuer's countenance.

"Dem kids is fierce, ma'am," he began. "Dey would hook potatoes to t'row at each other. T'rowin' und stealin' is all dere is in dere hearts."

Mrs. Mayberry checked him with a gesture.

"I saw what happened, Mr. Steuer," she said with dignity. "There is no need of telling me anything—*anything*. I have been a customer of yours for three years; I have thrown in your way the custom of such of my friends as I could. I have one thing to say before I withdraw my patronage from you—and," she added tartly, "that of my friends. I wish you to promise me that you will never let your temper get the better of you again. I know, when you have had time to think this over, you will be sorry. Here," she said, handing him a slip, "is my order. You see, I am going to give you another chance. Will you promise, Mr. Steuer?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mr. Steuer replied with prompt meekness. Custom such as Mrs. Mayberry's was the backbone of his trade. He had an instant realization of what it would mean should he get a bad name in the neighborhood; he saw the dago grocer down the street gathering in the trade that he had tended like a growing plant.

"I knew you would promise," Mrs. Mayberry said kindly. "But I shall have means of knowing if you keep your word, and if—" She did not need to finish her sentence, and she let the crestfallen Steuer bow her from the store.

He turned to his grinning clerks.

"Vell, aind't vimmin fierce!" he said aggrievedly. "Aind't vimmin de teffil! Und dat Mrs. Mayberry, vich is such a sensiple voman, too!"

There was silence for a while. Mr. Steuer studied a row of canned tomatoes attentively.

"Vat you s'pose now, Anton," he finally broke out, "vat you s'pose was in her mind? Vat struck her?"

Anton shook his head. For him the ways of women like Mrs. Mayberry were past finding out.

Mr. Steuer studied over the mysterious anger of Mrs. Mayberry all morning.

"I nefer t'ought Mrs. Mayberry vas a grank," he said later. "But you can't tell mit vimmin. Vimmin iss all kveer."

Cautiously, stealthily, the boys tested the power of Mrs. Mayberry's promise. They hid behind

garbage barrels, they lurked in arcaways, waiting for a moment when it would be safe to rush the out-door greengrocer stand.

Mr. Steuer, the kids knew, was a power in the land. Now it appeared that there were powers which could coerce him. Red O'Hara had his explanation.

"She ain't batty," he said. "She ain't got no bugs in her head! She's got it in for old Steuer, all right, all right! She's set us on—see? And Steuer, he knows it. Let's swipe somethin' big on Steuer, an' she'll give us a dollar, maybe," spoke the helpless and innocent youth.

Little by little they pressed in on poor Steuer, almost to the limit of his large patience. Before this he had been subject to occasional raids, like other grocers of the quarter; like the fruit man across the way; but Mrs. Mayberry's emphatic action had centered attention upon him. From an occasional swiping, they now systematically looted Steuer. He was the enemy entrenched, and they the valiant, conquering army.

Mrs. Mayberry, meantime, had become a heroine. Little boys bobbed up before her with "Good morning, Mis' Mayberry." She stopped them to inquire if Mr. Steuer had dared interfere in their play. "No, ma'am," they answered her, "he dassn't. He don't do nothing, and Anton don't do nothing, but swear—he swears fierce, Anton does."

In spite of the swearing, Mrs. Mayberry felt very pleased with herself at her success, and pleased too with Steuer.

Still, while Mr. Steuer basked in the favor of his well-meaning customer the depredations of the boys were getting serious. The gang became daily bolder. The crisis came in a concerted attack of all the forces one Thursday noon. It happened that Mrs. Mayberry was in the store.

"Why, Mr. Steuer," she exclaimed, "see those boys!"

"Yes, ma'am," Steuer responded, "I see dem efery day, Mis' Mayberry. Now dey haf no more fears on me dey act someding awful."

"Why, this is vandalism!" cried the scandalized lady. "Why, they've got a box of those Bermuda tomatoes—see, they're throwing tomatoes at each other, Mr. Steuer!"

"Yes, ma'am, Mis' Mayberry," Mr. Steuer replied calmly. "Dey svipes on me all dat dey can, und dey spoils vat dey can't svipe."

Here a tomato, riper than the others, flattened itself juicily against the plate-glass window.

"I can't permit this!" Mrs. Mayberry cried. "This is too much! I had no idea, Mr. Steuer, that they were so lawless."

"Dey ain't nefer noding else, Mis' Mayberry," Mr. Steuer explained. "The lawlessness has to be truv oudit of poys mit a shingle. But you say not to trive, so I don't trive."

They were out on the street by this time, and a little boy with a tomato in his hand ducked past Mrs. Mayberry. She arrested him with a firm hand. He was a well-dressed little boy, which enraged her still further.

"Has this been going on much, Mr. Steuer?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with philosophical calm, "efery day; und ven I chase dem off, dey say, 'Ve vill go to Mis' Mayberry.'"

"Why!" gasped Mrs. Mayberry, "Why"—surprised, as all reformers are when they have set machinery which they do not understand in motion, and have seen it manufacture differently from what they supposed it would. She held the little boy with a firm grasp.

"Aren't you ashamed," she said to him, "to steal Mr. Steuer's things?—a boy that should know better!"

The child wriggled uncomfortably.

"Lemme go!"

"What's your name, little boy?"

"Georgie Mosenberg's my name."

"Well," announced Mrs. Mayberry, distinctly, "I'm going to make an example of you, Mr. George Mosenberg. I'm going to have you arrested. Is this your beat?" she inquired of an officer passing by.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to arrest this little boy. I've caught him stealing tomatoes—see this?"

"He's got the goods," the officer admitted.

Amazement wide and far-spread had covered Mr. Steuer's countenance.

"Oh, ma'am," he protested, "you can't do that! You can't go und arrest a poor leetle poy! Vy, it's fierce, arrestin' poys! Und vat you dink—der whole breshingt would haf lafs on me if I arrest a leetle poy who sdole von poor leetle tomato."

Mr. Steuer's concern was real; nor was it concern for his pocket that came first—it was a concern for his good name.

"Vy, I can't arrest dese poys like dey vas pad poys," he argued. "Dese poys aind't tough aroundt here—dey aind't efen old."

Mrs. Mayberry looked at him with amazement.

"But," she argued, "you were just complaining to me of how they act!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," answered Mr. Steuer, "I complain of how they act—but I don't want to go arrestin' any of dem!"

"What do you want to do?" inquired Mrs. Mayberry.

"Vy, I vant to do, if you ask me, vat I done before. I vant to gif a poy von good lickin', ven I catch him svipin' dings on me."

Georgie Mosenberg sobbed noisily, still in the grasp of the officer, who stood waiting for the cat to jump.

"Well," Mrs. Mayberry replied, "your methods and mine differ. The wise course is plain to me. This boy ought to be arrested. He won't be shut up, of course; he'll just be fined. It'll be a lesson to his parents to keep him off the streets; it'll be a lesson to him not to play with bad boys."

"Here comes mine fater!" cried little Georgie

Mosenberg. "Oh, Mr. Steuer, you make me to hide in your store!" he implored.

Coming down the street Mr. Steuer beheld his friend and ally, Mr. Mosenberg. The scene appeared to him from a new point of view. He saw the just anger of Mr. Mosenberg that his son should have been subjected to arrest in front of the grocery store with whose prosperity he had had so much to do. The officer also saw Mosenberg, and knew his power in the community. He loosened his hand.

"Cut quvick into the store, Cheorgie," advised Mr. Steuer. "You don't say nodings to your papa, and I don't dell on you."

Mr. Steuer, still shaken with the violence of the vision of what an arrest would mean, greeted his friend, as he passed, with urbanity.

Mrs. Mayberry looked at the officer. She looked at Mr. Steuer. Once started on her path, she wished to have her own way.

"Are you going to arrest that child, officer?"

"Are you making any complaint on him, Steuer?"

"No," Mr. Steuer replied tranquilly; "I gif him der tomato."

"Why, you saw him, officer—you saw those children steal!"

"I didn't see nothin', ma'am," the pillar of the law asserted gently.

Mrs. Mayberry stood between Mr. Steuer and the policeman, an impotent but angry little person, opposing forces larger than she knew; opposing the unwritten law of etiquette of the world to which Mr. Steuer belonged, which forbids the arresting of neighbors' children; opposing the friendship of Mr. Mosenberg and Mr. Steuer, which was one of the props of the politics of the district in which she lived; opposing, too, Mr. Steuer's sense of the decency of things.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Steuer," she gasped. "You complain of the actions of these children, and now you refuse to take any stand against them."

Mr. Steuer looked apologetic.

"I would be glad to do anything to please you, Mis' Mayberry," he said earnestly. "I would arrest von of de kids, efen, to please you, if it vas a bossible ding for me to do, but I'm a fater, too—tho only of girls"—he thumped his heart—"I'm a barent, und I know how diziblin should be abblid and how it should not be abblid. Dere's only von place to abbyl diziplin to der yung—und it iss not dere abblid in the bolice court."

"I'm sure I've tried to do my best for you, Mr. Steuer," said Mrs. Mayberry, and fluttered home.

Then a little trembling figure emerged from the grocery store.

"Is de cop gone?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, Cheorgie," said Mr. Steuer, kindly. "You see der sgrapes vot bad poys gets you in. If it wasn't for me you would haf been arrested! You go und tell der fellers dat Mrs. Mayberry was going to haf dem pulled in only for me. But I make no charge."

He reached out a large orange.

"You dake der orange und run along, Cheorgie, und you tell der fellers if I catch dem makin' disturbances on me, I'll hammer der life out of dem; tell dem I'll shank dem goot, und dat Mrs. Mayberry, maybe, gets dem arrested, too."

Humor of Life

WANTED TO GO THE SAME WAY

We were taking a little trip into the country. The only vacant seats in the train were turned so as to face each other. I told my little girl, four years of age, to take the seat in front of me, as riding backward would not make her sick. She hesitated, and said:

"I know it won't make me sick, but if I ride backward will I go to the same place you are going to?"—*The Delineator*.

HE GUESSED RIGHT

A crowd of small boys were gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in one of the small cities in New Hampshire one day, trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The man did as requested, and when the last one had gone, he turned and said, "Twenty-eight."

"Good!" said the man, "I guessed just right," and walked off.—*Exchange*.

DISAPPOINTED.

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how d'ye like the law?" asked his father.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."—*Lippincott's*.

SHE COULDN'T DISPUTE IT

TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address?"

JOHNNY—"Heaven."—*New York Sun*.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, who had many supporters for the Democratic nomination for President, was asked what his attitude on the matter was.

"Why," he said, "I can best explain my attitude by telling you about a man I knew out West who went to town one night and imbibed very freely at the various bars.

"He was weaving an uncertain way homeward along the road when he almost ran into a large rattlesnake, that was coiled in the road and rattling ominously. He looked at the snake for a moment and then drew himself up as well as he could. 'If you are going to strike, strike, drat ye,' he said. 'You will never find me better prepared.'"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

OBEYING MOTHER

A man had just arrived at a Massachusetts summer resort. In the afternoon he was sitting on the veranda when a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son came out. The little fellow at once made friends with the latest arrival.

"What is your name?" he asked. Then, when this information had been given, he added, "Are you married?"

"I am not married," responded the man with a smile.

At this the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said:

"What else was it, mamma, you wanted me to ask him?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

HE KNEW.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.—Ah, professor! What would this old oak say if it could talk?

PROFESSOR.—It would say, "I am an elm."—*Puck*.

SOMETHING GREEN AND FRESH

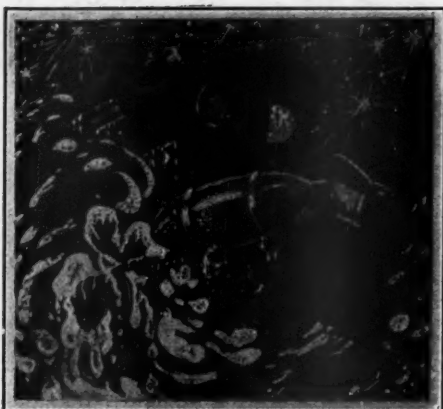
THE EPICURE (at village store).—I want to see something green and fresh.

STOREKEEPER (calling).—Cy, come here and wait on this gentleman.—*Exchange*.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE FOOTBALL HERO

—*The Bohemian*.



"Chaufeur, Chauffeur, I have a dinner engagement in Mars in a few moments. Why this delay?"

Chauffeur.—"Very sorry, sir, but I have struck the Milky Way, and the propeller is clogged with butter."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE PENALTY FOR REPEATING

"Now, politics," said Private John Allen, reminiscently, "is a mighty uncertain and precarious business. You never can tell where you are going to come out.

"There was a fellow once down in my State of Mississippi, who had ambitions. He wanted to go to Congress, but he couldn't get the Democratic nomination. So he decided to turn Republican and run on the Republican ticket. He ran."

The Private stopped and puffed at his cigar. "Well," said everybody, "what happened?"

"Why, he got two votes and was arrested for repeating."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

HE MIGHT HAVE FLARED UP.

WILLIE OCEANBREEZE.—What did her father say to the match?

TESSIE SUMMERGIRL.—Oh, he made light of it. —*Smart Set*.

WHAT TO DO WHEN BROKE

"The evident distress of some of our leading citizens," said Irving Cobb, "over the disclosures of their past affiliations along corporation lines, and their painful endeavors to discover just what is the right thing to do, reminds me of a man down in Paducah who invested in a sure system for beating the races.

"He sent his money to New York and received by return mail an elaborate set of instructions how to bet, with a certain capital, to bring about the utter annihilation of the bookmakers and get for himself all the money at the track.

"He followed the system carefully, losing, it is scarcely necessary to state, all his money. Then, disheartened but not discouraged, and still retaining faith, he wired to the men who sold him the system: 'I have followed your system carefully and am broke. How shall I act now?'

"A few hours later he received this reply: 'Act like you are broke.'"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

TOO PARTICULAR FOR THIS EARTH

At the recent Lake Mohawk conference one of the speakers, Mr. William H. McElroy (formerly of the New York *Tribune*) told the following anecdote:

There was a sweet young lady by the name of Maud who was telling her father about the kind of man she expected some day to marry. "I will never," she said, "marry a man who uses tobacco in any form, or swears, or plays cards, or goes to the theater, or belongs to a club, or drinks. I will never marry a man who is shorter than I am, or who is getting bald, or who squints, or has red hair, or wears a beard."

Her father rose, placed his hand on her brown locks, and said, with a voice choking with emotion: "Maud, my dear daughter, you are but a pilgrim and a stranger here. Heaven is your home!"



Aubrey (after a searching gaze from Bruce).—"Now, old chap, candidly, what 's the matter with the tie?"

Bruce.—"Well, dear boy, I should have suggested something less alluring. It hardly gives your face a chance!"—*Punch*.

WHEN HE MISSED HER

It is still the custom in certain parts of New England, when a marriage ceremony has been performed, for the bridegroom to address the company in a few well-chosen words.

On one such occasion, when a Vermont widower had been married to his second choice, he is said to have formulated his observations in the following strain:

"Friends and neighbors, you all know that our good friend here, who has just done me the honor to share my joys and sorrows, is something of a stranger to our town. Being a mere man, I feel that I need your help to make her feel at home amongst us; so I'm going to depend upon you women folks to make her feel perfectly at home here. I know you will do this, just as my first wife would do if she were here to-day. I miss her considerable at times, but more than usual on an occasion like this."—*Lippincott's*.

BIBLICAL LORE

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10; others say Eve 8 and Adam 8 also, total 16; but if Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total will be 90; now, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total would be 893; then if Eve 81 1st and Adam 812, the total would be 1,623; or again, Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total, 82,056; tho we admit Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8181242 keep Eve company, total 8,182,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably felt sorry for it, and Adam, in order to relieve her grief, 812, therefore, Adam if he 81812420-fy Eve's depressed spirit, hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.—*The Independent*.

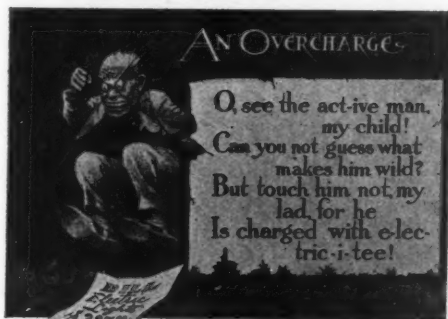
TAKING NO RISK

A clergyman in Chillicothe, Ohio, was summoned in haste by a woman who had been taken suddenly ill. The reverend gentleman went in some wonder, for he knew that she was not of his parish, and was, moreover, said to be devoted to her own minister, the Reverend Mr. W—.

While he was waiting in the parlor, before being shown to the sick room, he fell to talking with the little girl of the house.

"It is very gratifying to know that your mother thought of me in her illness," said he. "Is Dr. W— out of town?"

"Oh, no," answered the child, in a matter-of-fact tone, "Dr. W— isn't away. Only we thought it might be something contagious, and we didn't want to take any risks."—*Lippincott's*.



—Saturday Evening Post.

THE HUNGRY MAN

A certain town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow-councillors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I ham astonished, I ham surprised, I ham amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"—*Til-Bits*.

A FINE POINT OF ETHICS

When discussing the growth of prohibition the other day, Hoke Smith, ex-Governor of Georgia, told the following story:

"You can't buy rum and rump with the same half-dollar," he remarked, "but you can, with the same coin, buy beef and brawn. That's as true in the right sense as it was false in the case of an old slave once owned by the father of a friend of mine. The planter had lost a pig, and accused old Sambo of appropriating the same.

"Sam, you stole that shoat," he declared.

"No, I didn't, Marse Ridgely," answered Sam, "deed I didn't, suh."

"Why, Sam, both Tom and Sylvester saw you do it. They tell me so themselves."

"Dey do, suh? Well, dey des didn't see nuffin' o' the kind. Case why? Case I didn't steal yo'-all's shoat: I des tuk 'im."

"I don't understand you, Sam. There's no difference between stealing and 'just taking' something that doesn't belong to you."

"Oh, yes, dey is, Marse Ridgely," Sam contested. "If I'd sold 'im, dat'd been diff'rent, but I only et 'im. It's dis-a-way: dat's yo'-all's shoat, an' I'm yo'-all's nigger. Well, suh, now it's true yo' got less shoat, but yo' got more nigger."—*Lippincott's*.

THE AMATEUR M.D.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly.

She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured; "it is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—*Exchange*.

HE COUNTED

A physician who had had scarcely any sleep for two days called upon a patient—an Irishman—who was suffering from pneumonia. Sitting down in a chair beside the sick man, he bent his ear to his chest to hear the respiration, calling upon Pat to count.

The doctor was so fatigued that when the patient had counted up to ten he went to sleep, with his ear on the sick man's chest. Awakening, he heard Pat still counting, "Tin thousand an' sivynty-six, tin thousand an' sivynty-sivin."—*Harper's Weekly*.



Query.—This being so, what will happen in another fifty years?—*The Bohemian*.

A PROTRACTED VISIT

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me last week he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."—*Penny Pictorial*.

APPEALING TO HER WEAKNESS

GERALDINE.—No, I cannot marry you.

GERALD.—But I know a minister who will perform the ceremony for \$4.99.

GERALDINE.—I am yours.—*The Bohemian*.

SO CARELESS OF HIM

"Barker and his wife never got along well together. He had no sense of the proprieties."

"I should say not. When he came to die, he did it in the living room."—*The Bohemian*.

WHERE HIS TREASURE WAS

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—*Success*.

NOT AN UP-TO-DATE CHURCH

Two colored sisters living in a suburban town met on the street one day, and Sister Washington, who had recently joined the church, was describing her experiences.

"Deed, Mrs. Johnsing, I've jined the Baptist Church, but I couldn't do all the jining here, 'cause they had to take me to the city church to baptize me. You know there ain't no pool-room in the church here."—*Success*.

"THE LAW."

Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local Board of Health.

In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this postcard recently:

"Dear Sir,—This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HE SIGHED

The thin, pale man sighed.

"Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?"

"Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife."

The friend's lips curled superciliously.

"But you are married again," he murmured.

"Yes," said the thin, pale one, "and my second wife won't go near the water."—*Exchange*.



Mrs. Jenkins (returned from a visit to London).—"Ay that Lunnon 's a wonderful place! What wi' the 'orse buses and the motey buses, and the 'lectric underground railways! An' now I 've comed away, I expects it's all goin' on just the same!"—*Punch*.

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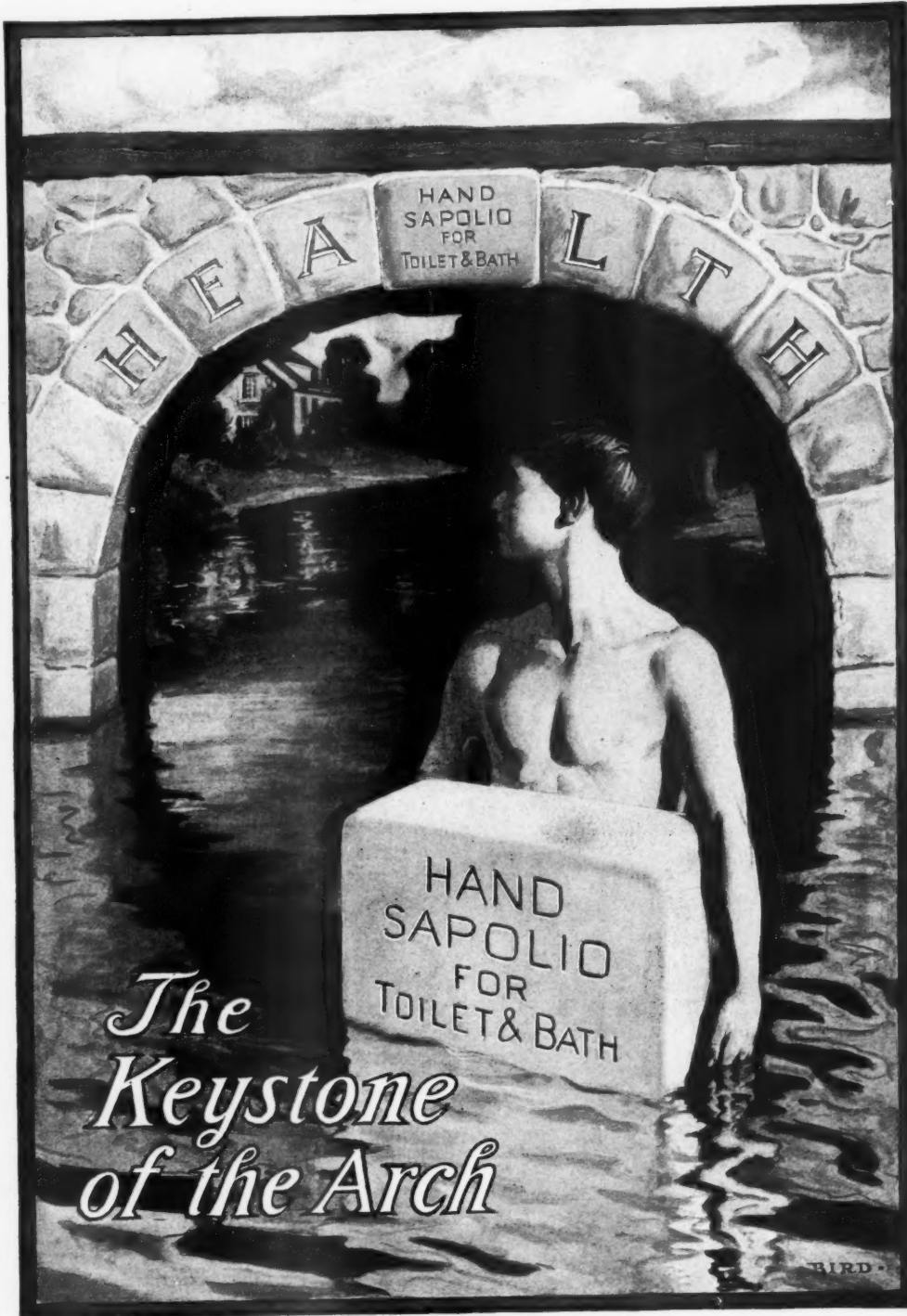
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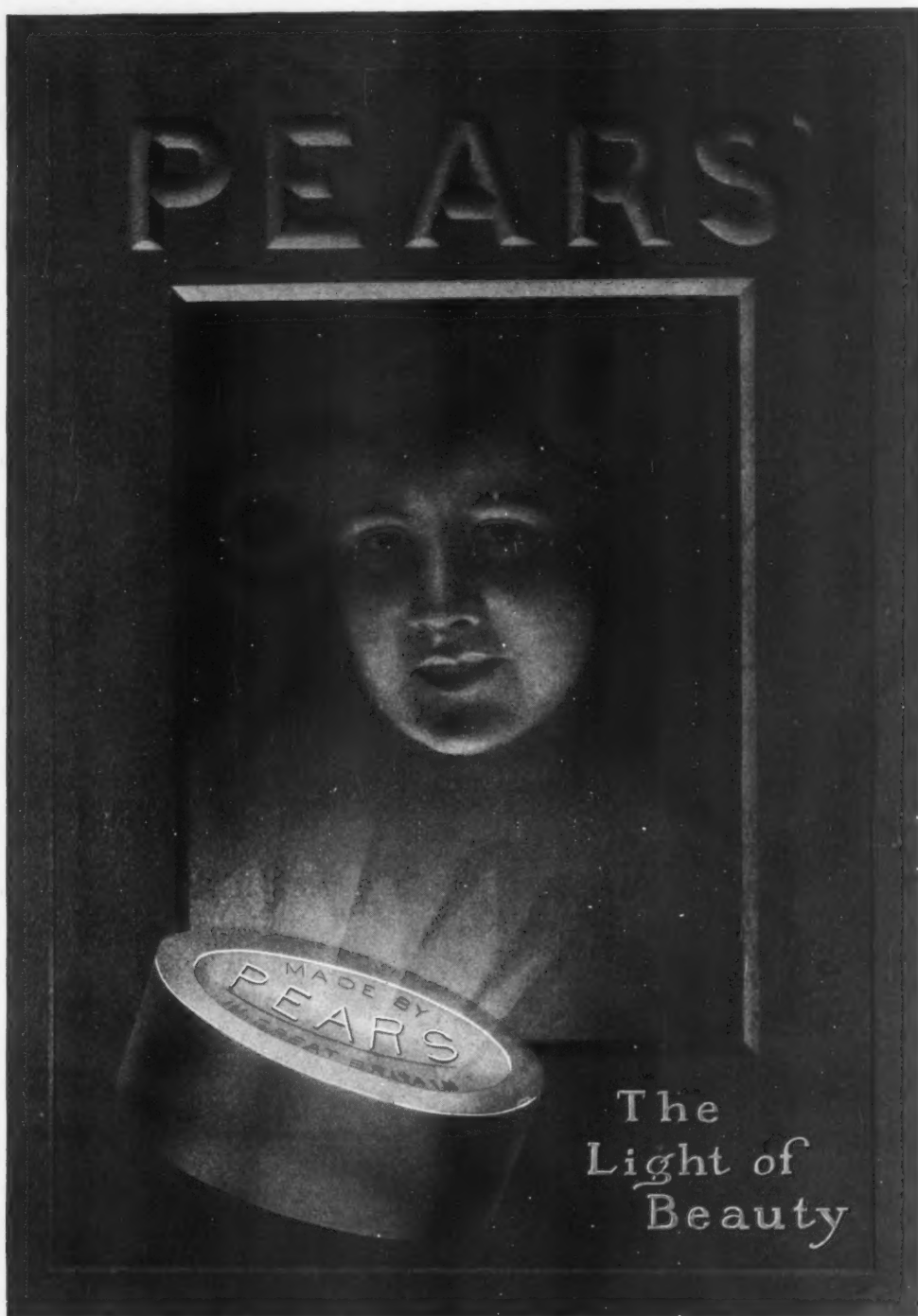
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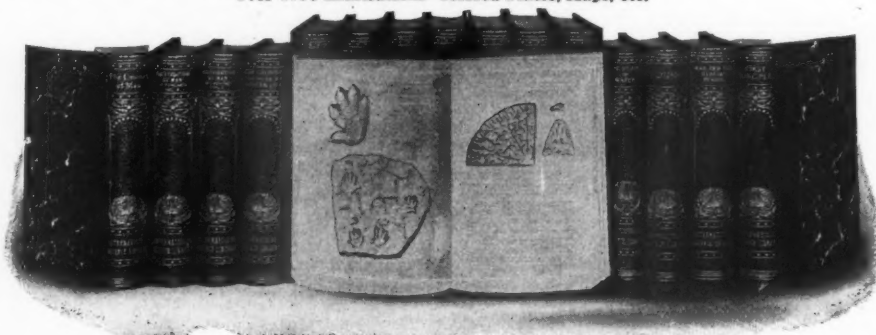
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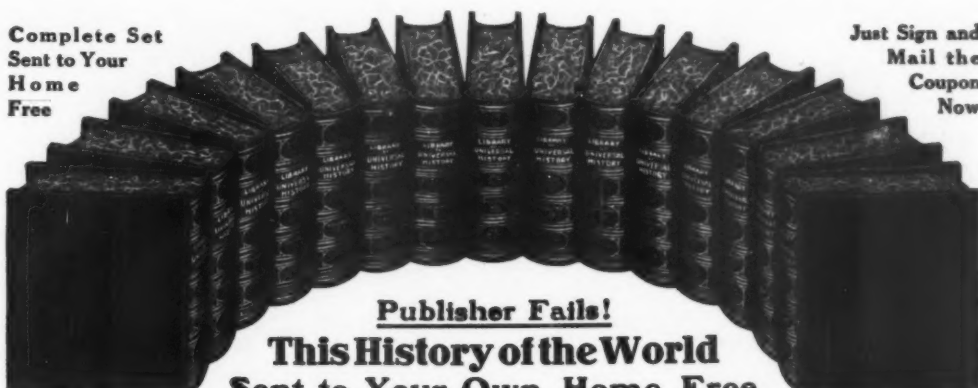
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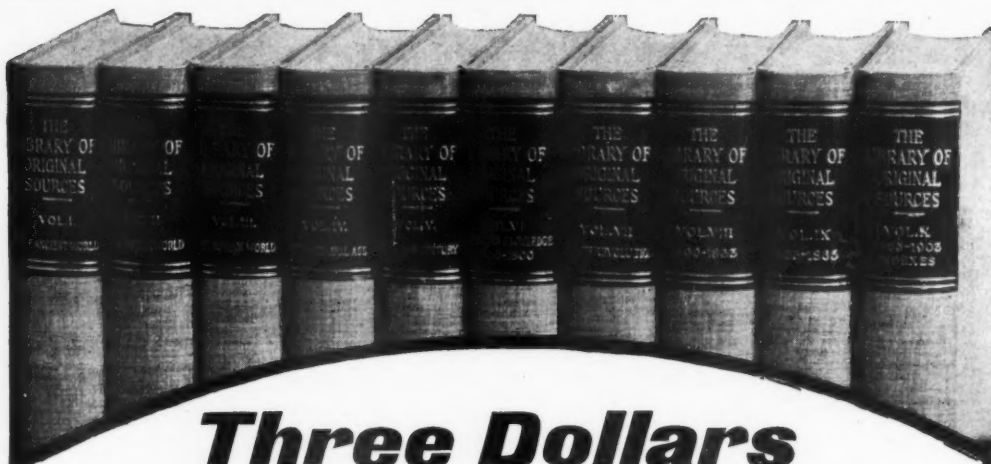
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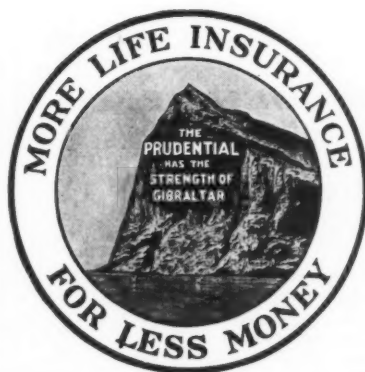
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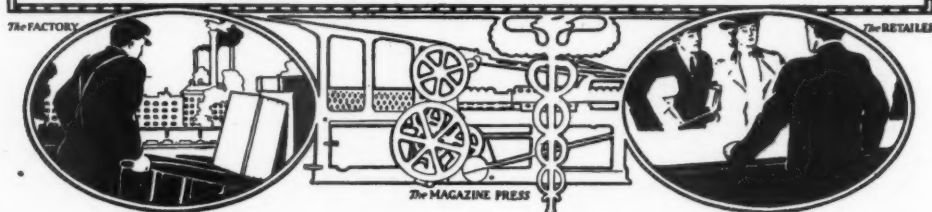
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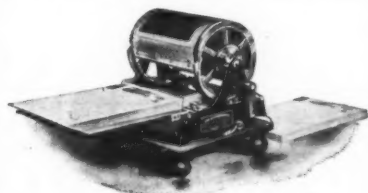
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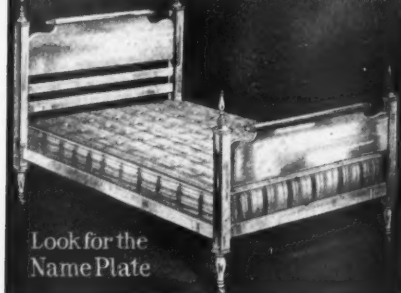


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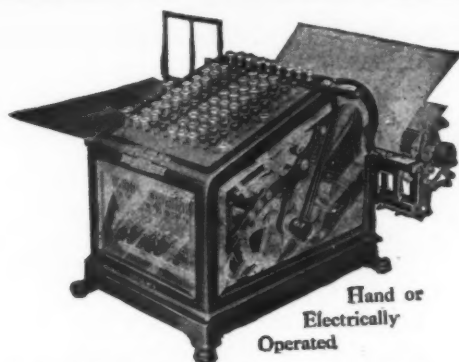
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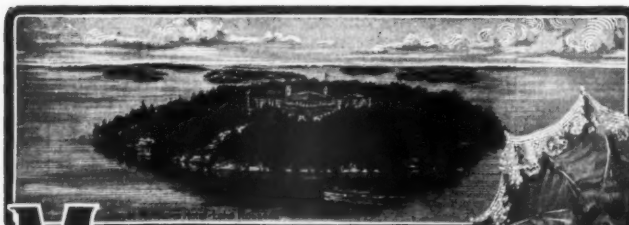
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cottages are not built exactly alike as to size of rooms, height of ceiling, amount of window or glass surface; nor are they all constructed of equal quality of material, or weather tightness, or so located

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(With apologies to Aesop and Geo. Ade)



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At the End of a month, he had Saved nearly, but not quite, enough Money to have his Shoes half-soled. They needed it.

Shortly afterward, his Wife became Economical, also. She made up her Mind to Save Money on Soap. She Decided to Wash her Dishes with ordinary laundry soap rather than with Ivory Soap, as had been her Custom for Years.

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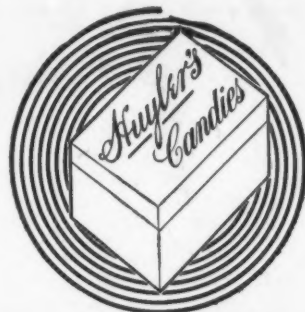
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